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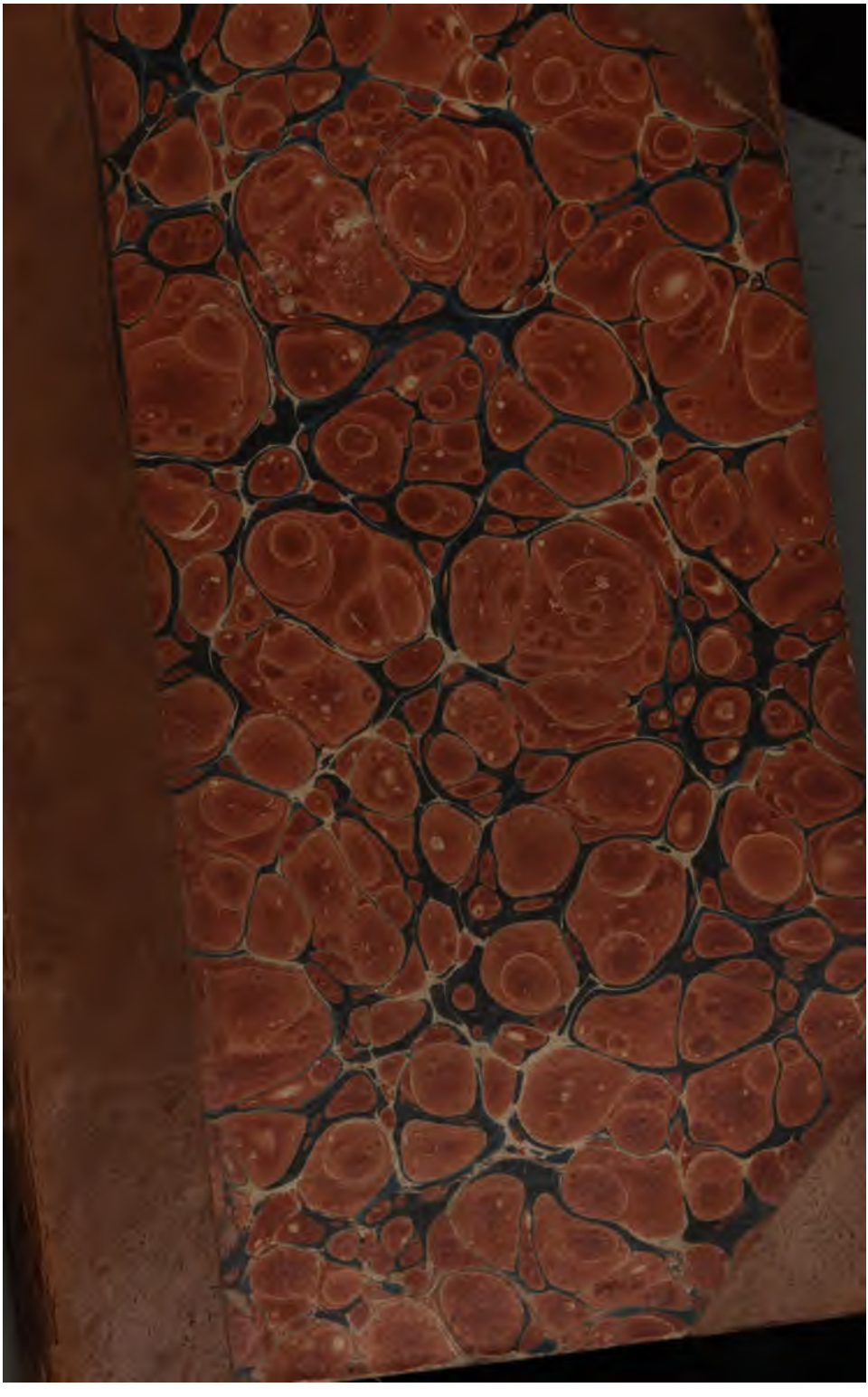

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Drawn by Wm Bartlett, M.D.

Engraved by Wm Jordan.

DURNACH, IN THE BLACK FOREST.

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# JOURNAL

OF A

# RESIDENCE IN GERMANY,

Written during

A PROFESSIONAL ATTENDANCE

ON

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES the DUKE & DUCHESS of CLARENCE.

(THEIR MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTIES)

*during their Visits to the Courts of that Country in*

1822, 1825 & 1826.

BY

WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

Member of the Royal College of Physicians London.

&c. &c.

SAXE-MEININGEN.

VOL. I.

London,

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1831.

17.

# TO THE KING.

SIRE,

THE sanction so graciously vouchsafed me in the dedication of this work to YOUR MAJESTY, demands my grateful acknowledgment.

To contribute to the historical literature of my country, and (deeply impressed with the dignity of the throne, the profound respect due from the subject to his SOVEREIGN) to record some of those exalted traits of character which are now the strong bond of union between the KING

and his people, have been the sole aim and impulse under which I have written.

That YOUR MAJESTY'S reign — so auspicious in its dawn, so splendid in its progress, and so pregnant with glorious promise — may long embellish the present, and become the boast of after times, is the prayer of,

SIRE,

Your Majesty's

Devoted Subject and Servant,

WILLIAM BEATTIE.

*London, May* 18. 1831.

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## CORRIGENDA.

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# JOURNAL.

On board the Royal Sovereign Yacht,
June 30. 1822. 8 P. M.

THE echo of the last salutation gun has died away; the royal standard floats lightly on the breeze; the gallant vessel ploughs her way proudly through the waves. The last bold features of England — the lofty Foreland, and the heights of Walmer, are dimly shadowed on the still warm verge of the horizon.

The tide runs fresh — the wind is favourable. Two distinguished Admirals command. The Yacht is manned by able and experienced seamen — veterans who have unfurled their sails in every quarter of the globe and to every wind of heaven.

All predict a propitious voyage. The breeze steadily increases, and the ship, running nearly

thirteen knots an hour, promises to reach her destination early to-morrow afternoon.

With feelings of mingled awe and pleasure we walk the deck, or stoop over the stern of a vessel at her speed; when the well filled canvass has tightened every rope, and a foamy furrow tells the direction of her prow.

The eastern sage confessed that the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, was one of three or four things past his comprehension. That science which has subdued the winds, or at least rendered them subservient to the pursuits of man, may surely take precedence of all his other inventions. That complicated cordage, which, to the inexperienced, appears as intricate as the spider's web, constitutes those important sinews by which the mariner expands his wings and shapes his course.

Eleven o'clock. The ship is now a solitary speck on the ocean. The night has closed in, and the wave, as it breaks and recoils from the prow of the vessel, seems to dispute with the surrounding darkness, and leaves a long streamer of light in the ship's wake.

To the inexperienced landsman it presents a scene of fearful grandeur and solitude.

Monday, July 1st. The admirals have remained on deck the greater part of the night,

and at one time, I am told, felt some anxiety respecting the ship's course. It has blown, and continues to blow very fresh; the vessel at times pitches violently, and, as the vapour gradually parts from the water's surface, a long and rugged ridge of breakers is observed ahead. This is a coast of perilous renown, and as we approach Flushing, it has a very forbidding aspect. On the left, as far as the eye can reach, and seen through the grey light of morning, the line of breakers has very much the appearance of a scene in the Alps; when, as the vapour clears away, the traveller perceives nothing in the distance but an endless chain of serrated and snowy summits.

Half past eight. Hailed a pilot who brought us through a heavy sea into Flushing. The motion in the river forms a very agreeable contrast.

The Ladies have now appeared on deck. All have suffered the usual penalty of a night at sea; but the Duchess, we rejoice to learn, less than any of her attendants.

Eleven o'clock. The day fine. Breakfast is served on deck. The ship runs at ten knots an hour. Well acquainted with the localities, his Royal Highness continues pointing out their

prominent and remarkable features as they present themselves in succession. Middleburg on the left, Bergen-op-Zoom in the distance, and directly ahead, at the computed distance of forty miles, the far-famed cathedral spire of Antwerp.

The landscape is completely Dutch — a veritable Cuyp; cattle, trees, village churches, windmills, and here and there a broad-built native fisherman with his nets.

The intricate navigation of the Scheldt is well known, and demands great skill and caution on the part of the pilot. The one to whom the helm of the Royal Sovereign is intrusted on the present occasion, is old and experienced in the service. He can read his way on the face of the waters with as much accuracy as the Indian threads the pathless solitudes of his native forests. Diedrich, it appears, served on board a French ship of war, during great part of the recent hostilities, and on being questioned by His Royal Highness what he *did* on board the man of war, or rather what the man of war did? "Vat shee do? Vy shee run away like de *Duyvel*." A reply which not a little amused the young midshipmen on board.

As we proceed up the Scheldt very few vessels, scarcely any of burden, are to be seen; and in this respect it forms a striking contrast with the

Thames. But rivers, like nations, have their day. The Tiber is not more changed from its former self than the Scheldt is changed from the Scheldt of former days. In the reign of Charles V. it was often so crowded with shipping, freighted with the industry of Europe, that from Flushing to Antwerp it appeared like one continuous forest of masts, and rivalled, in commercial prosperity, the great mistress of the Adriatic.

Along the whole of this part of its course the Scheldt is confined by strong embankments, and the country on both sides much below the bed of the river, so that should Pitcairn's curse ever be verified, it must unavoidably sweep off both people and pasture.*

At three P. M. the vessel came to anchor off the town, and in front of the esplanade built by Napoleon. The Custom-house, on the present occasion, very readily dispensed with its usual scrutiny — one, and not the least important, advantage of travelling *en prince*.

At four o'clock, a collation was served in the state cabin. The pier was crowded with spectators, attracted by the superb vessel which had just dropt her anchors in their port. The royal yacht

* Amphibious race! This curse upon you fall —
May man un-dam you, and G— d— you all!

is a rare phenomenon in the waters of the Scheldt, and was greeted with hearty bursts of welcome and admiration. As a safe and swift sailer she has few equals. Time and distance compared, the present is recorded as an extraordinary run.

At six o'clock the yards were manned, and, attended by the English consul, the admirals, and suite, the Royal party disembarked. At eight, a sumptuous dinner was served at the *Grand Laboureur* ...

Tuesday. This morning at nine o'clock the Royal party visited the cathedral. That celebrated picture, copies of which are in every gallery of Europe, the Descent from the Cross, was particularly admired.

Among the architectural objects, the house formerly prepared for the reception of Buonaparte was pointed out, under which runs a wide arched canal — a circumstance of which he was not aware, till after the repairs and decorations had been completed. The moment, however, he ascertained the fact, all idea of entering the house was abandoned. The canal, he shrewdly conjectured, was a ready constructed *mine*, by means of which a disaffected spirit might send both house and inhabitant into the air !

Crossing the Scheldt, and taking horses at the *Tête-de-Flandres*, we proceeded along a fine avenue-road towards St. Nicholas. Vistas over a highly cultivated, and at times picturesque, country, were every moment opening. Cottages neatly thatched, with an air of rural comfort, in shape much resembled the same class of habitations in Scotland. This district is very populous, waving under a rich harvest, and every where presenting an aspect of peace and plenty. It is surprising how soon the Low Countries have recovered from the desolating effects of war. Like the elastic heath, you have no sooner trod their soil under foot, than it again springs up as fresh and fertile as ever.

At Ghent the Royal party were met by the aid-de-camp of His Serene Highness the Duke of Saxe Weimar, commandant of the garrison, and escorted to his country residence a few miles to the westward.

* * *

Thursday, 4th. This little villa is approached by a broad avenue leading from the great road, and in its exterior presents no indications of the birth or rank of its inhabitants. Through the whole the greatest simplicity prevails, and the retreat is such as a poet or a philosopher might choose for the

cultivation of intellectual endowments. Embosomed in woods, and embellished with fruit and flower gardens, the eye is attracted to the study of nature, and the heart softened by its calm pursuits. — It is the *Hoc erat in votis*, realized.

Here, as every where else in the Netherlands, the economy of time is very different from that which is observed and practised in England. The dinner hour is *one* o'clock, and immediately after this meal the party retire to the open air, or to the drawing room, according to the state of the weather. The delicious shade afforded by the trees which skirt the lawn, form, during the fervours of noon, a never failing source of pleasure and relaxation.

The young prince and princess are extremely interesting children — full of vivacity, and healthy as flowers that bloom under the peculiar auspices of sky and sunshine. The flaxen ringlets, fair tint, and blue eye of Saxony, make them fit originals for the Cherubini of Raphael, or the Amores Volitantes of Rubens. The young prince is sprightly, active, and ingenuous. Already he has begun to wield the mimic weapons of his ancestors -- to drill his paper battalion — but some years must yet roll away before he can draw that sword from the scabbard which his father wore on

the field of Waterloo. His yet fairer sister, if I mistake not, is formed for the achievement of more bloodless victories: —

Νικᾷ δε και ΣΙΔΗΡΟΝ
Και ΠΥΡ ΚΑΛΗ τις εσα.

Few towns of the Netherlands offer historical details of equal importance with those of Ghent. The birth-place of Charles V., the *berceau* of alternate patriotism, treachery, and political intrigue, it presents to the moralist and the statesman a wide field for reflection. The advantages it commands, and the various objects it presents, are of proverbial interest.

Though the saying of the above monarch is no longer applicable, "Je mettrai tout Paris dans mon *gand* (Ghent)," it is still a noble and extensive city. Every object around proclaims the splendour of past times. The Cathedral and Hotel-de-ville exhibit in their structure, decoration, and arrangement, the perfection of architecture, sculpture, and painting. The latter displays, in its elaborately carved exterior, more of the extremes of minute and ingenious variety, than any thing of its kind to be met with on the continent, except, perhaps, at Louvain.

* * *

6th. Here every day brings its pleasure or pastime. The superior officers of the garrison are daily guests. Ancient and modern political questions are ably discussed; ancient and modern fields of battle explored, and here every green field has its story of blood, where armies have met to reap the harvest of steel. This is the ground on which, for so many ages, the nations of Europe have been arrayed for the adjustment of their claims and quarrels: —

Quemque suæ rapiunt scelerata in prœlia causæ!

This morning, attended by the Duke of Weimar, His Royal Highness made a military pilgrimage to the field and town of Oudenarde. They have returned, much gratified with the excursion, and the proud association to which it gives rise. There, to the eyes of a soldier, the victorious steps of Marlborough still imprint the soil.

There are at present in this villa, Flemish, Dutch, German, English, French, and Scotch. All now meet as friends, in a country where, at one time, all have met in turn as enemies.

* * *

Walked through the military hospital, accompanied by the medical superintendent, Dr. Klusykins, who is very conversant with the English writers in

medicine, and the able and classical translator of Darwin's Botanic Garden. His observations upon the intermittent fever of this country have been of great practical utility. His patron, the Commandant, considers him one of the ablest surgeons who were attached to the army in the late campaign. The university lately established here is a flourishing institution, and most ably appointed.

To His Serene Highness's principal aid-de-camp I am indebted for much valuable and interesting information. Though a young man, he is an old soldier, and with that knowledge of military tactics which is only to be acquired in the field, he combines a cultivated taste for literature and the drama. Frederick the Great showed that such an association was not incompatible with arms, and the major is of his opinion.

This afternoon we talked of Germany, and the tour about to recommence. The subject was more readily suggested by situation and circumstance. We sat under a fine broad linden, which overshadows a pool of water to the left of the villa. A richly chased German pipe — that indispensable instrument of a soldier — diffused its fragrance around; and as the thin curling vapour rose under the fringe of his moustache, an innate feeling of some pleasant, military reminiscence,

discovered itself in the extended angle of the lips and lessening of the eye.

"You have a charming journey before you," said he; "nothing — nothing like the Rhine! To him who has once traversed its banks, with a heart at all alive to the beauties and sublimities of nature, the remembrance is imperishable. Those patriarchal bastions, which are now grey with the dust of centuries, and stand as the sepulchral monuments of a race of warriors which they have long survived, leave an impression upon the senses never to be effaced. The tour upon which you are now entering I made at the commencement of the last campaign. The strength of the Rhenish provinces had orders to proceed on the route to Leipsic, and Frankfort was appointed as a partial rendezvous for the troops stationed on the Lower Rhine. The result of that campaign is universally known, but a thousand traits of individual bravery and of individual suffering are now buried with their authors, or only survive in the breast of a few." . . . . .

"Well," said the Duke of Weimar, as he drove up at the moment, "I hope you are pleased with this part of the Netherlands." I expressed my satisfaction with the place and the people, as far as facilities had enabled me to judge. . . .

" No doubt," interrupted his illustrious visitor, " it *is* a magnificent country."

7th. The preparations for the departure of the Royal *cortège* are at length complete, and the *estafette* despatched as far as Tirlemont. It is a beautiful evening. The prospect of having fine weather on the journey, which is so soon to be resumed, imparts a cheerfulness which seems to be reflected from the sky to the faces of all present. He who predicts that to-morrow will be fine is ever listened to with pleasure. Our thoughts always harmonise, more or less, with the season and the sky. A serene summer evening, like the present, is an intellectual treat. The last rays of the sun tinging with gold the summits of an interminable forest — the lofty spires, with which this country abounds, serving as landmarks of place and distance, and reflecting the evening light from their gilded vanes — the occasional song bursting at intervals from the *trackschuite*, as it ploughs the frequent canal — the tramp of horsemen — the bugle-note, and the evening-drum, are only a few of the sights and sounds that variegate this Sabine retreat.

Among the anecdotes related within the last three days I remember the following : —

" A Grenadier officer of the imperial guard, who

had served twelve campaigns, and distinguished himself in each, after giving proof, for the last time, of unparalleled courage, fell to rise no more. A charge of cavalry had twice passed over him: — he was mortally wounded. Notwithstanding the ghastly scars with which he was disfigured, he still retained a sense of his own situation and that of the army. His actions had made his features familiar to us all. I had but a moment in the awful pause which preceded a fresh charge to stoop down. He recognised me — I offered to render him the only service in my power, to convey him a few yards, to the side of a shattered gun-carriage, less immediately in the track of the charging column. In making the attempt, he pointed to a deep wound on his breast, which, on the slightest motion, and at every inspiration, streamed afresh. 'No,' said he, feebly; 'no; it is too late... I have done my duty... Assist me in putting on my *casque*... Turn my face towards the enemy, that I may die like a soldier!'... I did so; I put on his grenadier cap; — I turned his face, with his head slightly raised, to the approaching troop, and had just time to resume my place before we had to prepare for a charge of cavalry. As we advanced, I saw his hand feebly raised in token of farewell and encouragement, but I saw him no

more. The fortune of the day led me to a different part of the field, and the consequences of that Field into temporary exile.

" Three months afterwards I was in Paris. A family calamity led me to visit an establishment for the insane in the Champs Elysées. The keeper, in conducting me to the object of my visit, directed me to observe an interesting figure, in a small apartment at the extremity of the gallery. ' This young lady,' he said, ' has excited more compassion and curiosity than almost any individual that has ever entered these melancholy walls.' I observed her attentively — she appeared to be about seventeen years of age; in person extremely elegant; but the wildness of her dark eye betrayed the mental aberration under which she laboured — The flash of that eye was still full of tenderness, though its light seemed quenched in tears. At the moment of my approach, it was steadfastly fixed upon what appeared a gold ornament, suspended from her bosom by a black riband. I felt a painful interest, for which I could not at all account. I turned round to my guide, to enquire the particulars of her history. Before he could answer my question, the lady raised her eye, uttered a piercing shriek, and swooned away. We rushed to her assistance — she returned to life — fixed a wild but

tearless gaze upon a part of the uniform I then wore, and with that loud hysterical laugh, which is infinitely more distressing than sobs and tears, she again became insensible. The ornament before mentioned, and which she had hitherto held with a convulsive grasp, now hung idly on her breast. I looked at it for a moment. 'Good God!' I exclaimed, 'this is the miniature of Letellier!' It was so; a striking resemblance of my gallant friend — such as he appeared the very morning of the battle. Part of the mystery was now explained. I had often listened to Letellier, while he passionately descanted upon the charms of a young lady to whom he was betrothed. So frequently described, the picture had made an impression upon my memory, and this, I felt assured, was the original. The uniform I wore, added to other resemblances, and more particularly to a small scarf which I still wear in memory of my friend, clearly explained the sudden cause of her agitation.

"From that moment her reason returned. The following day I repeated my visit. I found she had anxiously enquired for me. I went and sat by the side of the little couch where she lay. One or two observations introduced the subject. I related briefly the particulars that had come under

my own immediate observation, smoothing them as well as I could. On concluding, she clasped her hands, and looking up to heaven with an expression to which no words could give utterance . . . . ."

[Here a sentence, or more, was unfortunately lost by the sudden entrance of a servant with despatches.]

"I promised to return the following Sunday. I was ordered, however, to proceed with my detachment to St. Germain, where I remained for three weeks. On my return to the capital, I hastened to the asylum;—she was gone. I was directed to the garden of *Père la Chaise*. To the right of the entrance, near the mausoleum of Abelard and Eloise, a small black cross attracted my attention, on which was painted the following memorial:—

Ci-gît Mademoiselle de ———
Morte à Paris, agée de 17 ans.
Priez pour elle!

"At the gate of this garden of graves, are stalls containing garlands, which are eagerly purchased by the mourners who frequent the place. I hung several of these wreaths of flowers upon the simple cross that hallowed the spot. As I returned home, my mind was totally absorbed in

painful reflections. . . Never were two hearts more fondly, more firmly united. In him she loved all that was noble and estimable in man. In her he adored all that was lovely in woman — *Ses vertus sentaient la rose.*"

July 8th. — This morning, at nine, the horses were at the door — the postillions mounted; — a wave of the hand, a crack of the whip, and the rapid wheels rattled upon the broad *chaussée* which had witnessed so many marches and counter-marches of the *grande armée.* The west gate is of granite, and of handsome design. The N. N., which so lately told the name of him who held its keys, have been carefully and religiously obliterated.

From Ghent, through Quadrecht, Alost, Asche, Brussels, Coortemberg, and Louvain, we proceeded to Tirlemont, and alighted at the *Plat d'Etain.* Leave this to-morrow at seven o'clock, pass through St. Trond, Orey, Liege, La Battice, and sleep *Au Dragon d'or*, Aix-la-Chapelle.

Bonn on the Rhine, Wednesday, 10th. — I am at last on the banks of that beautiful river, of which I have read much, heard much, and fancied more; whose political history is pregnant with such deep interest, and whose legends have been the charm of many a romantic and solitary hour. Those scenes,

of which I have hitherto only dreamed, are now unfolding themselves in reality. The moon, which has not yet cleared the barrier of the "Seven Hills," is gradually rising upon the scene, and her mellow light will shortly silver the turrets on a hundred towers. We shall see their dusky banners waving over the stream. We shall see the glancing of their steel armour as the sentinels sullenly pace the battlements. We shall hear the shrill note of the bugle, as it floats from tower to tower, and flings upon the ear its thrilling notes of friendship or defiance. Hark! the trampling of steeds — the clash of armour — the soldier's curse, and the maiden's shriek — the groans of the captive, and the shouts of the conqueror: — the festive hall, and the donjon keep — ruin, riot, revelry — the mingled sounds of victory and despair — the monk and the troubadour. Such, in former times, were the sights, and sounds, and subjects of contemplation, presented by a night on the Rhine. . . But all these are no more! The feudal lords are no more! The proud banners that crowned these castled heights are no more! The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne are no more! That illustrious army of heroines, after struggling long and courageously against the insinuations of sin and Satan — the strong current of earthly affections — have rested

at last on their oars, and, like the barge on my left, passed smoothly down the stream of time into the haven of eternity. There, it is charitably hoped, they have joined those holy monks and abbots by whose glorious example they became the mirrors of earthly perfection.

* * *

Here, as at every halt on the journey, the Illustrious Travellers were welcomed with music. Among the band who composed the serenade to-night, there was one who wore the *pelerine*, and over this a small cross and rosary, with other emblems in dress and manner which indicated the consummation of a long and distant pilgrimage. His harp had the appearance of having seen much service, but its strings were sweet, and thrilled under his touch like those that are swept only by the hand of a master. His features were bronzed with the arid sky of the south, and bore testimony that he was no stranger either to mental emotion or to bodily pain: while that clime, which had made so free with his complexion, had contributed not a little to the brilliancy of his eye. Wandering and privation seemed to have left more visible traces upon his outward form, than the mere unaided lapse of years. He crossed himself as he entered, bowed, passed his hand slightly over the

chords, and, with a powerfully flexible and sonorous voice, adapted a popular Rhenish air to the following words: —

The Rhine, the Rhine — The beauteous Rhine!
What rapture did I prove
On those romantic banks of thine,
In buoyant youth to rove!
And now, when worn with years and care,
I hail my native Rhine,
Whose castled summits cleave the air,
And nurse the blushing vine!

The barge floats lightly on thy breast
With oar and snowy sail;
Yon shadowy cliffs' embattled crest
Looks princely o'er thy vale! —
Here oft has vengeance wreaked her vow,
And spread loud war's alarm;
But thou, majestic river, *thou*
Defiest the tyrant's arm!

All else that moves must wane and waste,
Time tracks us to the grave:
But time hath no memorial traced
On *thy* unchanging wave!
Still rolling on through realms of peace,
Thou smilest at man's control —
No voice shall bid thy torrent cease,
But *his*, who bade thee roll!

The brier has wreathed yon ruined court,
The nightshade climbs the wall,
And the wild fox's brood doth sport
Where barons held their hall!

In vain I seek their names — their dust —
Both, both have passed away;
The shrine that held their urns in trust
Is crumbling like their clay!

Here he paused. His eyes filled suddenly with tears. There was an expression of feelings that struggled for the mastery, but struggled in vain. There was withal the visible evidence of a spirit which, although half subdued by the conflict, still sufficed to keep them in check. His story, indeed, was no romance — He bethought him, too, that the song or the sorrows of an outcast were little calculated to interest strangers, and bowed to retire. But, being assured that all felt a hearty interest in his sorrow, and could well endure the song, he again advanced to the middle of the room, and, in compliment to the words which had just been dropped — perhaps to the sympathy beaming in the countenances of those around — he touched the chord; but instead of an *encore*, proceeded thus: —

The willow weeps upon the grave
Of every kindred name;
Their towers are toppling to the wave —
All faded, but their fame!
And I, the last of that proud race,
No welcome waits for me;
No spring this withered stem shall grace —
No leaf this blighted tree!

Ah, 'tis a sad and stirring sight,
  Thus lonely and unknown,
To pause on each dismantled height
  That once was all my own!
For we did part as lovers part:
  I've wandered faint and far;
But still my heart, like lover's heart,
  Turned fondly to its star!

No streams through Judah's land that flow,
  Nor Arno strewn with flowers,
Nor lordly Tiber, could bestow
  One ray of those sweet hours —
Of those sweet hours, beside thy stream,
  When fancy's fairy train
Locked up my heart in that sweet dream
  I ne'er shall dream again!

My native Rhine! amid thy bowers
  A pilgrim let me be!
Here live my last and lonely hours
  With solitude and thee!
At length, in yon sweet isle of thine —
  Its green turf on my breast —
And lulled each earthly care of mine,
  How calmly could I rest!

"Yes, my friend," said a stranger, as he concluded the measure, "you have embodied in your rhyme the very train of thought in which I was indulging at the moment of your entrance — the great moral and physical changes which are here apparent at every step. To you, who look back to the olden time with a poet's eye, these

transmutations must be doubly ungrateful. You appear to have been long absent; and have found, perhaps, that none of the young warm hearts that sighed at your departure remain to welcome your return. In this I cordially sympathise with you. But it is an instance of bereavement in which you are by no means solitary. While you have health and your harp, you will not lack either friends or companions—nay, nor a flask of Rhenish. It is folly to embitter the present with the past; to deny ourselves the blessings which Heaven has left, in the vain regret of others it has seen fit to take away. That very *changeableness* of which you complain, is one of the great sources of our happiness. I am sure you will think with me, that any change is better than a dull uniformity. Nothing can be more exanimating than the tedious, unchequered, routine of life that some men are condemned to pursue. Difficulties stimulate, dangers invigorate, griefs soften and ameliorate the heart; while, on the contrary, prosperity corrupts, security enfeebles, and indolence destroys it. Let us submit with becoming cheerfulness," concluded the stranger, "to the evil when it comes, and welcome by anticipation the good with which it must alternate sooner or later."

The speaker paused, as if he wanted matter, or

waited for encouragement to proceed; but finding neither, hastily withdrew from the circle.

During supper the music was resumed; and what was so well intended, has been equally well received — the minstrel has had his reward.

* * *

*L'Etoile.* This is a very comfortable inn. The arrangements have given great satisfaction. The whole establishment moves on tiptoe, and the greatest anxiety is evinced to insure a comfortable night's sojourn to the Royal guests. Such occasions, the landlady expressively states, are, unfortunately, as rare as they are desirable. All continue well. Sleep to-morrow at Coblentz.

Andernach, Thursday, 11th. — The royal party were here met by the Princes of Nieuwied, with felicitations on their arrival. From their observations on the early history, antiquities, political changes, productions, and improvements in these provinces, I derived, in a very short space, much essential information.

About two o'clock the carriages were embarked on the Rhine, and by means of the *pont volant* — the first which had been attempted — the party were in a few minutes in the hall of the Château; this is an edifice of modern erection, but rich in architectural design and execution, as well as tasteful and chaste in decoration.

After dinner, the Prince Maximilian conducted his Visitors to a private museum, lately fitted up, and peculiarly rich in subjects of natural history. To this the Princes' travels and residence in the Brazils had materially contributed. Various animal and vegetable productions, collected on the spot, and imported by the Princes on their return to Europe, gave the collection a novel and interesting character. In elucidation of this department of natural science, I am referred to a recent publication from the Munich press, accompanied with engravings of drawings taken by the Princes from nature, during their residence in the Brazils.

In addition to the above, their Royal Highnesses were shown a small cabinet of antiquities, collected exclusively from excavations made in various parts of the family demesne. Among these I remarked a massy gold ring, such as were worn by Roman knights, some household gods, with various implements of war, and utensils employed at the altar or in particular sacrifices. This demesne is very rich in the treasures of antiquity — particularly of the Roman colony. Several specimens of domestic arts were next exhibited, to the high gratification of the Maximilian travellers and their suite. Among these, the most pleasing and ornamental, if not the most useful, were the handiworks of some fair Mo-

ravian artists, comprising a long series of toilet ornaments, embossed or embroidered in a style peculiarly their own. They excited great admiration in that quarter where works of taste, or merit, never fail to secure patronage and encouragement. Like the surgeon who lauds Homer for his accurate and scientific description of wounds, I greatly admired these objects of art for their correct outline, delicate colouring, and beautiful delineation of some flowers and botanical subjects with which I am acquainted. For the encouragement of the artists, as well as for personal gratification, a quantity of these articles were purchased, and will form pleasing souvenirs of Nieuwied on more than one royal toilet in England.

It is only here, I am informed, that work of this description has been attempted with equal taste and ingenuity.

During the late war which agitated Europe and overran the fair provinces of the Rhine, the Princes of Nieuwied were among the first to draw the sword in defence of their liberty. When the violated rights of nations were expiated, and the balance of power restored to its equilibrium, they were the first to return to the tranquil arts of peace. They retired to the bosom of their family, to the halls of their ancestors, with — what is better

than all the trophies of war — the consciousness of having discharged their duty. To this was superadded an ardent love of letters — a province which they have successfully cultivated, and as permanently adorned.

Friday, 12th.—Left Coblentz this morning at half past seven. Between Boppart and St. Goar we had the treat of a sublime thunder-storm. I remained on the box for the benefit of observation. All was bright when we lost sight of Ehrenbreitstein. At this point, clouds were suddenly observed hurrying together from all quarters, till the mountains on either hand were entirely obscured, except here and there, where some ruined fortress, perched on the summit of a tall cliff, discovered its mouldering battlements amid the storm. Then burst forth the vivid lightning, which was rapidly answered by the long and loud roll of thunder till it died away in a thousand varying echoes amid the mountains. This continued three quarters of an hour, when all again became unclouded sunshine.

St. Goar is that part, which, of all others on the Rhine, most powerfully arrests and fixes the attention of strangers. It is an epitome of all that is picturesque, a concentration of all that is romantic in these provinces.

The first idea that struck me, as conveying a resemblance to St. Goar, was that of a large crater. The sides are at one time gently sloping, at another precipitous, and present the varied aspect of trees, rocks, and green terraces of vines, which encircle the perishing remains of baronial magnificence. The centre of the crater, to prosecute the simile, is occupied by the Rhine, spread out in form of a lake. Its inlet and outlet are concealed by the projecting rocks and tortuous course of the river. Foaming and boiling through its contracted channel, the stream rushes on as if in eagerness to reach this peaceful little bay, and again enjoy a moment's rest and tranquillity.

As the carriages halted at the post-house, bouquets of flowers were presented at the chariot windows, — tokens of welcome which Her Royal Highness condescended to accept. The smile by which her acceptance was expressed, appeared to afford infinite satisfaction to the fair representative of the Rhenish Flora.

* * *

The Pfalz, rising from the centre of the stream, crowned with its multiform spires and pinnacles — a miniature of Gothic importance — is as striking in style, as it is singular in situation. At a distance, it presents more the ap-

pearance of a vessel full rigged, than of a state prison, or — lady's bower — to both of which it lays claim.

It was in a small room of this river fastness that, according to tradition, the Ladies Palatine gave heirs legitimate to that princely dignity.

Mayence. — Here we arrived sufficiently early to devote a couple of hours to the inspection of the cathedral — a magnificent structure, exhibiting models of all the different styles of architecture from 900 down to 1600. His Royal Highness was much pleased with the descriptive detail of the cicerone who attended. He expressed himself no less so with the striking scenery through which he had passed in to-day's route. The survey of the cathedral occupied a full hour.

The choir on the east, and its approach, are of the remote date of 900; the nave, 1000; and the choir on the west, 1100. The cathedral has two choirs, two cupolas, and four towers.

The chapels along the nave are of the fourteenth century; the eastern cupola, of the thirteenth, as well as the columns which support it internally. The view from the central tower was strongly recommended for its beauty and extent, but was not taken advantage of on the present occasion.

The next objects were, the cloister, over which there was formerly an excellent library; the hall of the chapter; the gate of the south-east near the choir — a great favourite with antiquaries, entirely Roman, and built in the reign of Constantine. — Next was shown the gate on the north, over the market-place, — an imitation of the ancient Roman, and of the twelfth century; the baptismal fonts of metal in the eastern choir; the sepulchral monuments, most of them of rich materials and exquisite workmanship, but shamefully mutilated by the Vandal troops, who lately converted this splendid and sacred edifice into a riotous caserne.

On quitting the cathedral, a Prussian detachment, preceded by an excellent band, passed the gate. The music was of that stirring, martial composition which is so strongly characteristic of the German style, and pleased His Royal Highness so much, that he walked for upwards of an hour to keep within hearing of it. In that time it made the circuit of the town.

Frankfort, Saturday, 10 P. M. — On arriving here, their Royal Highnesses were received by the Landgrave and Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Landgrave of Hesse, &c. A sumptuous entertainment was prepared at the *Weidenhof*, to

which they sat down, at the early hour of two o'clock, later by an hour than the usual time of dinner.

Here I had the honour of being presented to the Princess Elizabeth, as Landgravine of Hesse Homburg. Under the latter title, this amiable Princess has done more for the happiness and prosperity of the inhabitants than all the combined events of the last century.

The Landgrave is in appearance, what he is in reality, a soldier. With the interest of his country warmly at heart, he has the good wishes of every one who has passed an hour in his company. Nothing can exceed his affability and goodness of heart. The former is conspicuous in his conversation and intercourse with strangers, the latter is exemplified by the actions and occupations of every day. In company, he has the dignified ease becoming his station, and the happy tact of neither feeling restraint, nor imposing it upon others.*

Their Royal Highnesses will make a visit of some days at Homburg on their return.

* * * *

To-morrow, on the way to Fulda, we are to

* This excellent and patriotic Prince died early in 1828.

pass the outskirts of the field of Dettingen, through Hanau, Gelnhausen, Saalmünster, and Schlüchtern; all of which have made a figure in the late and former wars.

* * *

Fulda, 14th.—Arrived here this evening, where the Royal party were met by the reigning Duke of Saxe-Meiningen and suite. His Serene Highness is a tall, handsome young man, princely in his appearance and deportment, and just come of age. He is partial to England, where he spent some time, and has acquired much of the English manner and character.

Altenstein. Monday, 15th. — Left Fulda this morning in company. Escorted from the Meiningen frontiers by a detachment of the Duke's Hussars. In approaching Altenstein the country presents a series of striking and romantic objects. Of these, the most prominent is a small chapel, or observatory, on the pinnacle of an isolated rock. Arrived here to dinner at five o'clock, where a large party was assembled to welcome the royal visitors.

The Banquet. During the first course, "God save the King" was struck up by an excellent band in the ante-room, with a variety of other national and complimentary airs.

16th. — Here every thing has a new aspect. Nature has a new face, and old faces a new expression. The forests are new. The appearance, even the produce, of the fields is new. The peasant youths, with their three-cocked military hats, buckskin breeches, and shoe-buckles of the last century, are all new.

The village maids, with their bright hair, blue eyes, sunny faces, close jerkins, long queues, helmet-caps, hoops, and streamers of black riband — all new. The osier basket harnessed to the maternal shoulders, with one or more family treasures therein — interestingly new. Groups of these happy creatures sauntering about the courts, peeping in at the windows, and lounging in the hall of the Prince — as they would in their father's house — particularly new, and speak well for the paternal government under which they live and thrive.

The urbanity of the Court — the rational conversation of the officers — the interesting faces and unaffected manners of the ladies — the language, the voices, the uniforms — the civil and military decorations — several points of etiquette — the music — the mixed military and classic air which pervades the whole, — all are new, and not more new than pleasing.

Though living here in comparative retirement, His Serene Highness's style and retinue are such as well become a sovereign prince. The officers of the household are numerous. The equipage, in and out of doors, elegant and costly. The fare sumptuous and abundant, served after a fashion between French and English, which is the character of the German *cuisine*.

The Court livery is green and gold. Some of the uniforms very handsome. The domestics are numerous, much beyond previous calculation. I have never heard music equal to that of the private military band here in attendance.

* * *

In front of the Château here, there is a rock which commands an extensive and charming view over the valley of the Werra, till closed in the distance by a pine-clad ridge of the Thuringen.

From this rock, according to tradition, the doctrine of the Cross was first promulgated to the stray sheep of Hercynia. I have not yet learnt the name of this proto-apostle, but his labours were crowned with success; and, after a lapse of many centuries were at last perfected, on the spot where they were first begun, by the immortal Luther.

In reference to the tradition connected with this rock, a cross was erected on its apex, and

underneath, in conspicuous letters, MDCCCXIV. to commemorate the recent epoch at which religion was again vindicated, and peace restored. I have just enquired, and find that the name is St. Bonifacius — a good name.

* * *

During the eight days' journey to this country, His Royal Highness has not *dined* more than twice. He breakfasted in the morning at seven, upon tea and a simple slice of dry toast — Spartan fare, in abstinence at least if not in substance. — A slight luncheon, consisting of cold fowl, Westphalia ham, veal, or *gibier* — the latter a favourite viand — was prepared, and put into a small basket in the chariot. One or more of these with bread, formed the staple banquet of the day, and were resorted to at pleasure.

At night, on arriving at the inn, His Royal Highness took tea — and only green tea — of which a supply was brought from Ghent. This summed up the day's entertainment. However late the hour or potent the infusion, the beverage, I understand, never interferes with His Royal Highness's rest. Such is the power of long habit.

This system of abstinence is always attended with the best consequences. It supplies what, under a more generous regimen, exercise alone

could ensure, — health and activity; and with these, their never failing accompaniment, cheerfulness.

Wednesday evening.—The walks, or promenades round the Baths of Liebenstein *, are kept with all the neatness of our private walks in England, and meander through the richly wooded acclivities in every direction. The principal of these leads to the Alten Schloss, the ancient baronial keep of the lords of Liebenstein. From the walls of this castle the eye takes in a complete panorama of the surrounding country. On the north and east, tower the highest ridge of the Thuringen forest, and the grey fantastic rocks of Altenstein: on the south and west, the windings of the Werra, and the rich cultivated valley through which it flows. In the latter direction there is little wood, except where the horizon is bounded by another forest ridge of the interminable Thuringen; the towns and villages with which this space is interspersed, may be individualised and counted as far as the eye can reach. In the distance there is a conical volcanic hill, rising abruptly from the level plain, covered with pines, and crowned by an extensive feudal ruin, which forms a strong

* Some account of the baths of Liebenstein, will be found in a subsequent part of these volumes.

contrast to the monotony of corn-fields and cultivated plains which border the Werra. The sun is now setting behind it in great beauty. At this hour the outline of the buildings and the form of the trees are delineated with great accuracy on the deep blue horizon, in which they seem to float. The clumps of pine, where they are densest, rise in dark pyramids around the shattered keep. Through its less compact foliage, the light struggles in bright golden patches — kindling up its ancient avenues, and streaming through its loopholes and unlatticed casements. Contrasted with the dark ground on which it plays, it has all the effect of artificial illumination. Taken under the present favourable circumstances, a picture of this part of the valley would present the peculiar qualities of truth and novelty combined. To relieve the more level parts, it would be only necessary to introduce the river, touched at intervals as it now appears, with the bright sunset sparkling on its waters; the village spires, with the wreathing smoke from the evening hearths soaring slowly and majestically to the sky.

* * *

The Germans, like the nations of antiquity, particularly the Romans, have the custom of erecting little votive altars to the *Genii loci* where

they have passed any time agreeably or beneficially. — These generally bear inscriptions adapted to the scene or the subject. They are erected by friends in memory of friends, of feelings and enjoyments there communicated or experienced. Disappointments, losses, or crosses in love, past pleasures, and anticipated sorrows, are all thus commemorated: — each with its votive altar or tablet, and all interesting in subject or situation.*

The Germans are naturally a thinking, contemplative people, and these little monuments of the mind are generally met with in solitude. I have just passed one of them in a sequestered spot at the outskirts of the forest.

Liebenstein is the favourite summer residence of the Duchess Dowager, who has a pretty Italian villa here. Her Serene Highness is universally beloved. Wherever she appears abroad, she is greeted with blessings and acclamation.

There will be a great fête here on the 11th of next month, Her Serene Highness's birthday.

Altenstein. Thursday, 18th. — No man can be

* At the Baths in certain districts of the Black Forest, such as Deinach, Wild-Bad, and others, these altars are numerous and characteristic.

more attentive and anxious to limit and reduce his expenditure, as much as that is possible or consistent with his exalted station, than His Royal Highness.

He looks over all the accounts himself, sums up, calculates, adjusts, and compares, nicely balancing every item.

When the first account of the expenditure from England to Altenstein was yesterday given in, he examined it for half an hour with great attention, and expressed much surprise at the smallness of the amount. "I advise you to take it back and recalculate the items. It is impossible that I can have travelled from Antwerp to Altenstein for this sum. How many miles is it? I observe — here it is specified in stages — nine days from the coast — fifteen persons — sixteen horses — three carriages — estafette included, — one horse being charged for each person."

* * *

The account has been recalculated minutely, and returned this morning. His Royal Highness is now perfectly convinced that the journey has been accomplished for the sum specified: — no more having been drawn. He expressed additional pleasure and surprise, and enclosed it to the treasurer. 'There is no man,' he added, 'a

better judge of accounts than Barton, and none more particular and correct. This will please him.' *

* * *

July 19th. Luther's-Büche.—From the Château of Altenstein to this solitary and attractive spot is a delightful walk of half an hour. Its claims upon the stranger's attention are much greater, and of a higher interest, than the place of itself would seem to indicate. It is a lofty and ancient Büche, stretching forth its protecting arms over the adjacent shrubbery, and shooting up its leafy apex over the other trees. What Luther was in the church, Luther's-büche is in the forest — pre-eminent and alone. Its great age is attested by the moss with which its trunk and branches are liberally sheathed, and by the partial decay which which has commenced in its northern aspect.

Names and initials numberless, and in mutual defiance of each other, are every where inflicted upon its innocent and defenceless bark. Some deeply cut into the patriarchal boll. Each in its

* The English and German poste-tarif are very different. To the former that of Germany is as three to seven, varying a little in the different states. It was this which attracted observation. Throughout Germany every thing else was in proportion. The best dinner served at the best inn not exceeding five shillings.

kind evincing the different degrees of veneration wherewith the pilgrims were individually inspired: all anxious to perpetuate their own beloved memory by linking it with that of the great Friar of Erfurth.

"Ludwig von Biberach!" His claims are especial; the size of the letters — the depth of the incision — all evince his special longings after immortality! But time, the pernicious influence of many springs, has made sad encroachments upon the venerable name! Its grooves are fast disappearing under the invading bark. The L and w and the von are grown up; and the initials of obscure intruders planted in their place. . . . . What am I to learn from this? Much that is moral in application, but melancholy to contemplate — Much that is exemplified in daily life.

On one of the higher boughs I observe 'Karl Köpper,' but scarcely visible to common speculation. 'Karl' must have been a man of sense and precaution — perhaps an Alsacian. He foresaw, no doubt, that his immortality would be endangered by the common herd of pilgrims, and their envious knives. He therefore took a loftier flight, seized the highest niche in the temple, where he rests in quiet, unapproachable possession. His motto — *Per ardua ad alta.*

His next neighbours are, " Wilhelm Kreutzer nebst seine Frau Gemahlin." So wedlock did not extinguish your devotion, but ye have invoked the Büche to witness your union. — Alas! the knives of the season have parted " Frau Gemahlin" from her beloved " Wilhelm," and the interval is occupied by " Friederich Schmidt!" Knowest thou this, Wilhelm Kreutzer? . . . . . .

The names of three generations are liberally scattered over this sacred tree — the latter regularly replacing the former, and all conspiring, by their angles, intersections, and encroachments, to assimilate its bark with the hieroglyphics upon an Egyptian obelisk, or, more properly, a scroll of papyrus.

There is a *greater* Name, however, than any of the preceding, associated with this ancient and illustrious tree. It is this association which draws so many pilgrims to its shade, and so many ambitious travellers to court distinction among its lettered branches. In a word, this is the Tree where the immortal LUTHER was surprised and carried off by a troop of masked emissaries.

The boldness of the Reformer, whom a persuasion of the truth made bold, though it alarmed and confounded his enemies, excited the liveliest fears in the minds of his friends. The former had

every thing to apprehend from the daily exposure to which his life and doctrines had reduced them. The latter apprehended some sudden and summary act of violence directed against his life or personal liberty. This fear was founded upon a notorious precedent — the Council of Constance, and the victims of that conspiracy. They thought that what was once perpetrated under the eye of Sigismund, might be rehearsed in the person of Luther. Charles V. had been applied to by the Pope's nuncio, reminded of the glorious example left him by his Predecessor, and that he might immortalise, nay canonise, himself by following so bright an example! Charles, however, answered in the ever memorable words, *That he had no ambition to blush with Sigismund!* and Luther retained his liberty. But fearing that some act of the Church might, under the covert of delegated authority, be enforced against him, the Elector, who was his friend, resolved to snatch the Reformer from the impending danger. But on this point opinions differ.

Luther, returning from the Diet at Worms, had made a tour connected with the spiritual interests of the infant Church. He was then far on his way to the village of Schweinau, on the outskirts of this demesne. He had advanced to the

stream which here escapes from the depths of the forest, under the shade of the tree where I now write. There was a sudden rush from the thicket of several men in arms, masked and mute. They seized the Reformer, mounted him on one of their steeds, and disappeared in the forest. This was but the work of a few seconds. When Luther demanded an explanation, they put their fingers to their lips and pointed towards Eisenach. As far as signs went, their treatment of the prisoner was as courteous as its object was mysterious. He felt that he could obtain no explanation, but felt also that he had nothing to apprehend personally.

In this manner they traversed the forest by solitary and unfrequented paths. When morning broke upon them, Luther was a prisoner in the towers of the Wartburg.

The happy consequences of this manœuvre are well known. The circumstance took place about 29-30th of April, 1521.

* * *

Saturday, 29th. — To-day His Royal Highness visited the Æolian Harp — a very remarkable phenomenon — as much so in point of situation, as for the wild and powerful effect which it ex-

erts over every stranger who visits these romantic solitudes.

The whole of this mountain ridge is of volcanic origin. The previous state of fusion is every where exemplified. The rocks, as they cooled and returned to the solid state, have left many vacant spaces, varying in dimensions from a simple crevice to a cavern such as Glücksbrun.* In one of these, this natural Æolian harp was discovered. It is produced by the rushing of the wind through the perpendicular fissure of a rock opening to the west, and enclosing a space sufficient to contain several persons. Fortunately, this morning the wind was westerly, and this harp of nature's minstrelsy in fine tune. It was the first visit, and the effect was powerful beyond any thing we had previously fancied. It promises to be one of the few harps which lose nothing on better acquaintance. There was nothing of that changeless monotony of which Æolian harps are so freely accused. Its notes seemed to vary every instant, and, while we remained, bore no resemblance to one another.

* An extensive cave discovered by the late Sovereign, and hereafter to be noticed in these pages.

From the cavern's dark recesses,
  Faint and far they come — they come!
Waken'd by the wind's caresses —
  Strengthening like the wild-bee's hum —
Floating on the zephyrs' tresses,
  Seraph-sounds, they come — they come!
Faintly sighing, soaring, swelling,
  As the fitful breeze comes on;
Changeful ever, silent never —
  Tuned to song by Heaven alone.
Sounds beyond the minstrel's reach —
Music art could never teach!
Mystic Harp of Altenstein *,
Who shall weave a song like thine?

Expressing himself much pleased with this gratuitous exhibition, and remunerating the keeper of the melodious oracle, His Royal Highness ascended to the Observatory, where he spent some time in contemplating the wide and varied prospect which it commands. From its singularly isolated position, it is a conspicuous land-mark to the whole country, and the first object that catches the eye of the traveller on his approach to the Meiningen frontier. There is a striking resemblance between this district and the ancient Æolia; so much so, that the description of the 'Patria nimborum' is a very correct geological and topographi-

* Pronounced Altenstine.

cal chart of the country where I now write. Here are the 'vasta antra,' 'luctantes ventos,' 'tempestatesque *sonoras*,' and 'magno cum *murmure* montis,' &c.

* * *

July 22d. — His Serene Highness is a perfect adept in equestrian graces. Every time I see him mount, manœuvre, and dismount, he reminds me of the Roman eques:

> Modo spumanti permittit habenas
> Quadrupedi, modo calce citat, modo torquet in auras
> Flexibiles rictus, modo jam cervice rotata
> Incipit effusos in gyrum carpere cursus, &c.

His Serene Highness employs great care, and spares no expense, in the breed and purchase of his horses.* The stud at present, I am told, consists of upwards of fifty, and selected from the most approved *race*. The four silver greys which he usually drives in his *Droshka*, as well as those reserved exclusively for the saddle, comprise some of the most beautiful animals I have ever seen. They have not the bone, nor perhaps the spirit, of the English horse; but they have all the docility,

* Tacitus, De Mor. Germ., says that "the German horse had neither swiftness, elegance, nor training." It is a very different animal in the present day.

playfulness, and symmetry of the Arab or Barb. The coach-horses are bright bays, of the choice Mecklenburg breed, sixteen hands high, accurately matched, and such as would make a figure in Hyde Park. I have just seen a superb English hunter, imported by His Serene Highness, one of the best, and no doubt one of the dearest, that could be purchased in London. But after a trial, I understand, he prefers the Saxon horse, or at least his own breed. The hard trot of the English horse is not the style of pace adopted in this country.

Of all the studs in Germany, that of the Grand Duke of Weimar is one of the most remarkable, both in point of colour and quality — snow white, swift, and stately: —

Qui candore nives anteirent, cursibus auras.

* * *

The Baths are now crowded with visitors, whom the peculiar attraction of the season, as well as the virtues of the spring, have brought together. Groups of smokers are distributed under the magnificent lindens. A band of musicians is in full tune and attendance, and judging from all that here presents itself, these waters

seem to confer happiness as well as health upon their votaries.

Perhaps there is no situation or period in life where happiness is felt in greater perfection than during the state of gradual convalescence from some painful disorder. Here are some apt illustrations.

There is a public table here, which is thronged with guests. At this, the well appointed baron and the simple *baur* come into friendly contact. Such meetings neither imply degradation to the one, nor impose restraint upon the other. All dine alike at the table-d'hôte, lounge under the same trees after dinner, and light their Oriental pipes at the same taper.— O! nimium fortunati sua si bona, &c.

Booths are erecting for the celebration of the approaching fête. The long avenue is covered with promenaders. In the gasthof all is bustle and anticipation, for the shrill note of the post bugle has announced the arrival of strangers.

* * *

At half an hour's walk from the Baths, and approached by a very beautiful serpentine walk through the wood, I have visited a singular congeries of rocks piled and distributed in such a manner as much more to resemble the labours of

art than the sport of nature. They rise from an arena of about fifty yards in circumference, and resemble the successive grades of an amphitheatre. At the top, the tall lindens with which the space is encircled so intermingle their branches, as to form a dense silvan canopy over the whole arena. It is a very secluded, romantic spot, and a most agreeable retreat during this oppressive weather — quum caput attollit sitibunda canicula.

At what period of Saxon history, or from what circumstances, it acquired its distinguishing appellation of Fursten-théâtre, the deponent saith not. It seems not at all improbable that these rocks have witnessed the resolutions of more than one chapter of Teutonic knights; or it may have been the rallying point of some branch of that dread Secret tribunal which at one period ramified itself all over Germany, haunting even the Emperor in his sleep, with the poisoned chalice, or the assassin's dagger.

Now, however, it is devoted to much more laudable purposes, being the sacred rendezvous of lovers and nightingales; where a stranger, if cautious and discreet, may listen, with edified ear, to the songs or the sorrows of both, without incurring the charge of an eaves-dropper.

From this point there is a delightful walk along the heights, and back to the Baths; every where shaded with luxuriant woods and odoriferous plants, with seats stationed at commodious intervals, and each opening in charming vistas over the distant country. Immediately under, and westward, is the principality of Barchfeldt — a family nearly allied to that of Meiningen, and illustrious for the patriotism and high military character of its princes.

During the week there have been balls and concerts, alternating with the representations of a select corps dramatique.

Monday, 22d. — I have been absent for six hours in a botanical excursion, through field and forest. This country abounds in plants and flowers. The neglected field-flowers, which I have remarked no where else, are here exceedingly beautiful and varied.

The medicinal classes are no less abundant and accessible.

23d. — To-morrow, His Royal Highness will set out to visit his sister the Queen dowager of Würtemberg. The journey will occupy three long days. As usual, no courier is employed; but an *estafette* is dispatched, which has hitherto answered

extremely well, and proved a most efficient substitute for the other.

* * *

WERNECK. — Wednesday, July 24th. — Left Altenstein this morning at five o'clock. The country is beautiful throughout, and the road from Liebenstein winds through a rich cultivated valley, bounded on either side by mountains and pine forests. Here and there a break in the midst invites the traveller to plant his cottage, and enliven the stillness of its leafy solitude.

Meiningen the capital is a handsome town, called proverbially the city of the Harp. Completely imbosomed in green silvan hills, it extends along the immediate right bank of the Werra. The suburbs are richly planted, and sprinkled with numerous white summer-houses. At this time the river was covered with rafts of wood, the only fuel here in use. Coal, I am informed, might be had for the working; but against this fossil they entertain an ancient prejudice. Every inhabitant, I am told, is allowed an acre of forest for the annual supply of fuel. Compared with the population, a wide territory of forest must be thus exclusively appropriated.

About half way to Melrichstadt, near the Duke's pheasantry, are the very romantic ruins of Hen-

neberg. Nothing can be more picturesque and striking. It was the ancient family residence of the counts of that name, so often met with in Saxon history. Betwixt this and Melrichstadt, a very old dilapidated Catholic town, we entered the Bavarian territory. The road is as good as any in England, well Macadamized, of ample width, and skirted with fruit trees. The toll, as usual, was levied at the frontier. This regulation prevents any further interruption or delay, till we reach the march of Würtemberg.

KUNZELSAU. — Thursday. — Halting this afternoon at a small town on the frontier, to change horses, a fine hearty postilion started from the hottest part of the fair, celebrating with great glee at the time, and threw the harness hastily upon four spirited horses, as restless and impatient as himself. Various symptoms led me to suppose that he was too reluctant to resign the play of the fair, to give travellers fair play. He had a spur on either heel, and strong evidence of one in the head. I remonstrated with the postmaster: I represented the serious consequences to which one false step might lead. I hinted at the rank of the traveller; the vicinity of Stutgardt; and the law that must inevitably be visited upon him in case any mishap should accrue from negligence in his department,

— which was too probable from the extreme and *unnative* vivacity of the new postilion.

The postmaster discharged, with great nonchalance, the volume of smoke which he had just inhaled. He assured me that my apprehensions were groundless, and my suspicions ungenerous, as they regarded *Schwager*. To himself, though he gave me credit for meaning well, my language was nevertheless incomprehensible. In a word, the postilion in question was the best and safest postilion, and himself the most cautious and accommodating postmaster, on the road. He pledged, moreover, his oath of loyalty, that no mishap would, or *could* happen under so skilful a guide. As a concluding argument, "there was *no other in the place.*" This was the truth, and a poser.

His Royal Highness, though not indifferent to the result, was amused with the colloquy; and accepting the pledge tendered by the postmaster, stepped into the carriage.

The postilion appeared in the full Würtemberg uniform, — yellow, black, and red. A post bugle slung from his shoulder, and an upright military feather in his hat. He addressed a friendly word to his horses, vaulted on the back of the near wheeler, gave his whip a most scientific crack; the leaders plunged, sprang forward, and away we went, as

if drawn by the devil, and driven by an attorney.* The road was good, confined between two hedges, and rising in a gentle acclivity, which was speedily overcome. Our postilion, suiting the word to the action, admonished his mettled steeds with an alternate kick, and crack of the whip which carried us in quick time to the top of the ascent.

So far well. Here began another experiment, the descent — much too rapid and slippery to be safe. The road was bordered by a rugged precipice, and turned at the foot of the descent by a sharp angle to the left, which to have described at this our present rate, must have been attended with imminent hazard. Crossing the road also at right angles, there was a second precipice, defended only by a slight parapet of two feet high. The danger was, that the sudden check which must be given to the carriage in order to turn the angle safely might be so sudden as to overbalance it; or that the horses, either incapable of opposing sufficient resistance, or becoming unmanageable, it might be hurried over the precipice: the latter seemed the more probable, and one or other inevitable at the time.

It was to no purpose that I vociferated "Langsam! langsam! langsamer! Halt! ich bitte sie.

* Local idiom.

Halt!" The attendants were equally unsuccessful.

The postilion continued his career, every moment accelerated by the increasing momentum. It was abundantly evident that *Schwager could* not obey. He did every thing in his power, but in vain, to check the velocity with which he was proceeding. He had by no means calculated the weight of the carriage. His leaders, as usual, had neither bit nor rein; so that he had no command over them, but instead of driving was dragged after them.

The danger was at its height. The precipice upon which we were rushing suddenly appeared. The feeling it excited was like that of the boatman who feels himself hurried irresistibly towards the cataract of Rheinfelden. Though momentary, it left an impression of all that is sublime in fear. The leaders touched the parapet: the wheelers, by a momentary and desperate manœuvre, were thrown on their haunches, almost under the body of the carriage. They offered all the resistance which living muscle and wretched harness could oppose in such an emergency. The effort succeeded. The leaders bolted instinctively from the precipice. The carriage reeled for a moment — the wheelers sprang to their legs — the danger

was over, — but an instance of more imminent danger is of rare occurrence.

To his lasting credit the postilion never once lost his balance, nor his presence of mind, nor — his pipe. He excused himself very readily by assuring us that there *was* no danger, not even at the turning. So replenishing his pipe, and promising his horses a good slice of *schwartz-brod* at the next relay, we proceeded slowly up the steep hill that succeeded, and have reached this by a difficult and hilly route.

* * *

Bischoffsheim offered an interesting and antique feature in the landscape as we suddenly debouched from the deep shade of the Spessart Forest, and commenced the long steep descent which leads to its ancient bridge and gate. Here, as in every part of Bavaria which we have yet seen, altars and crucifixes may be said to line the way. There is a small votive chapel on the right, which appears to claim special attention from the pilgrim.

The road to Mergentheim winds through a highly cultivated and most productive valley. There the piety of the inhabitants was even more than usually conspicuous in the profusion of Catholic symbols which bordered the road. Some

of these were horrid caricatures, equally revolting to the eye and the imagination. On the right was a J. H. S. of colossal dimensions, and bedaubed from head to foot with blood-red spots — a true remnant of the fourteenth century. This is a favourite representation. With the degraded symbols of Christianity which we have passed within the last two days, there is nothing even in the papal states that can enter into competition. They serve as landmarks to announce the moral character of a people — those peculiar districts where the grosser ensigns of superstition have found, in their decline, a safe and retired sanctuary. Mergentheim is the ancient capital, and this the immediate territory of the Teutonic order.

On passing the Würtemberg frontier all those emblems gradually disappear.

At Mergentheim, where we halted for a fresh relay, His Royal Highness was presented with a letter from the Queen, congratulating him on his arrival in that territory. It had been given in charge to the master of the post, so that his welcome might be received at the frontier. The letter was addressed À MONSIEUR MON FRÈRE, &c. I had some difficulty in convincing the postmaster that "the Graf von Münster," in whose name

the horses had been ordered, and the "Queen's Brother," were the same personage.

The Prince of Langenbourg met His Royal Highness at Künzelsau. This town is a fine specimen of the ancient oak architecture of Franconia. It is in such places that painters should seek and find the picturesque. It is a valley scooped out by nature as a habitation for romance.

Louisburg. — Friday night. — Left Künzelsau this morning at seven o'clock. Between Besigheim and Louisburg, at three leagues distance, the carriage was met by a special messenger from the Queen, mounted on a fine charger; livery, bright orange with black facings. He drew himself up in front of the carriage; expressed his royal mistress's welcome; then, wheeling round, led the way to the palace, where we arrived at six o'clock.

This is His Royal Highness's first visit. He has benefited much by the tour, and makes frequent observations upon the striking features of the country.

Saturday morning. — I am to be presented to the Queen this forenoon. To be in the drawing-room at half past twelve. Her Majesty dines at one. The court etiquette is to appear in boots; in other respects I am to observe the same ceremony as on a presentation at St. James's.

The Comte de Goërlitz, Baron de Germmingen, and General de Buneau, the principal officers of the Queen's household, have been in my apartments, and pointed out the *amenities* of the place. The windows command an extensive and beautiful view of the garden, the forests, and more especially that portion of the Neckar which has acquired classic interest as the birth-place of Schiller.

* * *

Monday. — The Queen has something exceedingly prepossessing in her manner and conversation. There are few whom, after a very brief acquaintance, she does not attach to her for life. She seems to possess the true art of securing the fidelity of subjects, and the unflinching attachment of friends. Napoleon entertained a very exalted opinion of Her Majesty, and took every opportunity to evince, by word and action, the high estimate which he had formed of her qualities both of mind and heart. Several anecdotes are recorded of him during his imperial visits to this court. He slept here on his way to head his last, and fatal, northern expedition. He was confessedly a disciple of the fatalists. He told the Queen that he had, all along, had a presentiment that, after the age of forty-five, all his military projects

would miscarry, and fortune take a final leave of his standards.

The Queen enquired upon what principle he founded such an apprehension. He did not know. It was an old presentiment; but when, or in what it originated, he could not tell. It was his opinion however, that men, generally succeeded but rarely, even in the common business of life after that age, and never achieved any thing great or lasting. He considered that at this period of life, there was a general decay of intellect — often rapid, but always in proportion to the vigour of its early developement. In proof of this he adduced instances; and, at last proceeded on his way to exhibit the most striking *instance* of all in his own person, — to verify the presentiment.

Several panes in the windows of my apartment have the signatures of members of the Vieille Garde. Though frail, perhaps the only memorial that now survives them.

* * *

August 1st. — To-day, Sir E. and Lady Tucker were presented to Her Majesty, and dined at the royal table; also Colonel Dalton of the Duke of Gloucester's household. All are on their return

from Italy, with which they appear to have been highly delighted.

The Queen's establishment is here on a magnificent scale. The rank and number of the members composing her household, and every other accessary, are in strict harmony with the truly regal palace she inhabits.

Two young princesses of Würtemberg reside with Her Majesty. The elder of these is affianced to the Grand Duke Michael. A patriarch of the Greek church is here, deputed as a preparatory step, to initiate Her Highness into the mysteries of that religion. He is a venerable personage, justly proud of his holy task, and entertaining that opinion for her as a pupil, which every one here entertains for her as a princess. She is lively, amiable, and unaffected. After dinner, when the company are re-assembled in the drawing-room, these young princesses walk round the circle, and address a few sentences to each of the guests. To strangers they have always something agreeable to express, — pleasing it cannot fail to be, where the power to please is so freely seconded by the wish.

Quem Citharâ dignatus Apollo.

Tuesday. — The sacred *locale* where the im-

mortal Schiller first inhaled that air which, to him, was the breath of inspiration, has afforded us this afternoon a delightful excursion. To the stranger, whether judge or admirer of Schiller's genius, it must ever be a topic of deep interest. In the house, taken singly, there is nothing remarkable. It forms one of a row, opening upon the south-east, and owes every thing to the proud association with which it is identified. A gentleman who was well acquainted with the poet informs me, that in order to assist the imagination in some of the "Robber" scenes, he would, at times, shut himself up, and exclude every glimpse of day. At other times, that he would hang the chamber with dark drapery, and guiding his pen with a solitary taper, thus stimulate the imagination and prosecute his work. I have heard the same anecdote elsewhere: — anecdotes multiply, — one will serve as groundwork for ten.

In visiting Danekker's studio, we were shown a bust of Schiller, from the chisel of that celebrated sculptor. I was forcibly struck at first sight with the resemblance which it bore to the antique busts of Nerva, but between whom and the great poet of the Neckar there are few *moral* points of resemblance. It is a fine study for the phrenolo-

gist. Such a bust of the first poet, well becomes the first sculptor of Germany : —

Ecce duas tibi, Daphni, duas altaria Phœbo.

'La langue universelle' is here the usual medium of conversation — 'la langue de la cour.' In a late conversation, in which the royal visiter was detailing an important series of occurrences to the Commandant of the garrison at a *soirée* given by the Queen, a momentary hesitation occurred, and the only one I ever observed. It was caused by the lack of a technical French term for a marine subject. The officer could not comprehend the English expression; and neither he nor those around could suggest the French, till the Queen, with great good humour, and much to His Royal Highness's amusement, gave the word, and the conversation proceeded.

Saturday, 3d. — This morning the carriages were at the door at half past seven. At eight, the Queen and His Royal Highness, attended by most of the ladies and officers of the household, were on their way to visit some scenery which I had heard much of since my arrival, but of which the beauty was still but half told. The circuit has occupied the whole day.

The first halt, was at a pretty little villa in a

rich valley bordering the Neckar, and surrounded by green meadows and wooded acclivities. In this solitude the King has caused extensive *écuries* to be erected; and in addition to the others already seen, has here also a numerous stud of the horses of all countries. The finest of these were shown, and much admired for their symmetry. One was pointed out as a particularly fine specimen of the English breed. A constant attention on the part of the King to the improvement of the native breed is every where observable, and the object thus far has been completely attained. An experienced equerry is annually despatched into Bohemia, and other countries, for the express purpose of bringing home the finest horses that are to be had for money. His Majesty is now allowed, I am told, to possess the most extensive and best selected stud in Europe.

Ascending a very steep and winding track through a forest, where it was with much difficulty and apparent risk that the carriages proceeded, a second halt was made. It was in a fine, open, high ground, every where surrounded by a dense forest, and in appearance a perfect solitude. Here a *yager*, dressed in "Lincoln green," wound his forest horn, and forthwith at full gallop, a troop of apparently wild horses darted into the circle.

Here they continued, in the most natural and beautiful evolutions, to wheel round the carriages, pursuing or pursued by one another, but still acknowledging the authority, and obeying the signals of the yager. The apparition of these beautiful animals was as sudden as it was unexpected, and produced an effect more strikingly novel and pleasing than any forest incident which I can remember. Among the herd, I remarked in particular two snow-white Arabs, which seemed to vie with one another in the display of their spirit and symmetry. Now they would stop suddenly in the midst of their circular career; snort indignantly; paw the green turf with their unshod hoofs; prick up their ears; shake their flowing mane; approach, with cautiously enquiring eye, to within a few paces of the royal carriage, and again bound off with the velocity of suddenly inspired terror. But still they returned — sometimes together, sometimes singly — till one or other gave the hint, and in an instant they again darted off with the rapidity of lightning.

After a halt of half an hour, the yager wound his bugle; the troop answered the signal by an immediate clang of hoofs, as they gathered round. He wound the bugle a second time, waved his

hand, and in the next instant the whole troop were lost in the depths of the forest.

The third halt was at *Scharnhausen*, another royal forest villa, where an abundant collation awaited the party. This is a place of great antiquity, and a delightful retreat, such as Cicero might have chosen for one of his "ocelli Italiæ." Among its classic embellishments there is the elegant monument erected in honour of Zollikofer.

The fourth halt was at the palace of Hohenheim, crowning an eminence which forms the centre of a congeries of wooded hills, and green pastoral acclivities, commanding a panorama of some of the richest and most varied scenery in the kingdom. It is an extensive pile, with a regal design and finish about it, which announce themselves at first sight — but now deserted and in ruins. The first object that confirms this melancholy change, is the transformation of the late extensive *orangery* into a *potatoe*-garden. The exterior is still perfect; the façade of elaborate workmanship, and of lofty imposing dimensions. Several of the apartments appear to have suffered little, hitherto, from their untenanted and dreary abandonment; others are crumbling and discoloured by the damp: all are designed and ornamented with such taste and luxurious invention, that it is impossible to

suppress the regret one feels in beholding them under the circumstances of such untimely decay. It is only seventy years since they were completed. Here seems to be a rich assemblage of all that genius can plan, and art carry into execution. I particularly remarked the lucid, rich, mirror-like scagliola with which the walls are covered internally, the profusion of precious marble, and the elegant Corinthian pillars and pilasters. The cause of its being abandoned I have not learnt; probably, the great expense of keeping up so many splendid habitations was found to be inconvenient. The scale and number of royal châteaux, retreats, &c. — all within the circuit of a few leagues — would appear incredible to any one not acquainted with the country. To see Hohenheim in detail would require a summer's day. Besides the royal dairy, to which its offices have been converted, and one of the best in Germany, — there are the tomb of Cestus, the "ruins," the Roman baths, the mill, the tower, &c. Hohenheim takes its designation from the family of that name, who, during the middle ages, held a high reputation in the country. The celebrated Theophrastus Paracelsus was the last recognised descendant.

After leaving Hohenheim, a halt was made at another royal park, richly planted, and pleasingly

variegated with alternate rock, wood, and water. It comprises an extensive pheasant walk, and offers the striking Oriental feature of a Moorish temple or mosque, the position and construction of which are singularly effective.

It was now late in the afternoon; and after winding through the forest for a considerable time, the road suddenly opened upon the palaces and spires of the capital, and greatly surprised those who had not seen it before, with a very novel and highly embellished picture. It caused a very agreeable halt of some minutes. His Royal Highness expressed great admiration of the scene, and recommended it to my particular attention. The evening sun contributed not a little to heighten the effect, gradually descending behind the forests of Ludwigsburg, bronzing the summits of the vine-clad hills that intervened, and tinting every prominent feature in the landscape with light and animation. The villages sent forth their evening smoke, curling upwards in those fleecy wreaths of ultramarine, which always distinguish the wooden from the pit-coal fire. By their specific lightness, as the atmosphere condensed towards evening, they shot up in tall transparent columns, till identified with the sky itself.

As we descended, groups of villagers met us returning from the vineyard, each with a hearty salutation of *Guten abend*, and a glance of grateful recognition to the "good Queen."

From this point, till we changed horses in front of the King's palace, the sound of music and singing was incessant. It was the hour which, in this apparently happy country, invites the young and the old to conclude the cares of the day with music or the dance. In the suburbs, small summer-houses, scattered among the vineyards, are the usual place of rendezvous; and if, in such tempting neighbourhood, the musician is not remunerated by a glass of the peculiarly wholesome beverage they produce, it must be his own fault.

As we left Stuttgardt, the palace gardens were crowded with promenaders. The military band, which plays every evening for the entertainment of the populace, no less than for practice, is a never-failing attraction, and one that exerts a soothing and beneficial influence upon the minds of the people. Every thing here seems open to the public. The royal gardens, with all their appendages, sources of amusement and relaxation, are as open to the simple *bourgeois* or *baur*, as they are to the first minister of state.

On our return home at nine o'clock, the band

was playing as usual under the windows of the supper apartment. The promenade was covered with groups of happy and well conducted inhabitants. This is the routine throughout the season. All seem to know, that to be happy, is to be the cause of happiness in others. They do their best to authenticate the saying, in personal endeavour and mutual experience. During supper the windows were open, and several bats, invited by the light, entered freely and continued their evolutions during the repast; but as soon as Her Majesty rose from table, the winged intruders were warned to depart. All obeyed but one: he, as if assured that the royal mistress of the mansion wished every thing under her influence to live and enjoy life, obstinately resisted the voice of authority, and at last I regret to say, paid the forfeit with his life. "*Pauvre malheureux!*" sighed a beautiful young lady; "how readily would the royal hand have interposed even in thy behalf, had she suspected the smallest design against thy little summer existence! I heard the crush, as he placed his iron heel upon thy late happy and defenceless breast. I witnessed, and cannot forgive the act! Thy little roost under my window will be empty tomorrow! I shall have one fewer in the evening to welcome me in my forest walk! This brief

life was thy immortality — the blow, therefore, doubly cruel!"

"Ah, surely nothing dies but something mourns!"

* * *

To-day's excursion has occupied full twelve hours, and has presented a multitude of objects and ideas which I can neither enumerate nor characterise.

August 5th. — Since arriving here, the time has been much, and very agreeably, occupied. During the day, the Queen has generally made short excursions into the country, where we have dined. On our return in the evening there have been regular concerts. Stuttgardt is accounted the second place in Germany for music. Mr. Hamilton is chargé d'affaires at this Court. He is nearly related to the premier Duke of that name, and one of the most intelligent and gentlemanly men I have met with. To him I am indebted for much interesting information relative to this country. He dines almost daily at the Queen's table, and is a favourite with all the Court.

Mon Répos. — I this afternoon made one of a small party of the Queen's household to visit this favourite retreat. It is within an easy walk of the palace, and approached by a

succession of beautiful avenues through the forest. It is a perfect solitude, but a solitude sweetened by whatever is most agreeable in natural scenery or artificial embellishments. It is a palace in miniature, with all the usual appurtenances on the same scale, and was a great favourite with the late King. It is not less so with Her Majesty the Queen Dowager; but from its circumscribed dimensions, and the supposed insalubrity of the surrounding forest, it has never been used but as a temporary retreat. It is precisely such a place as the philosopher would choose for the indulgence of learned lucubration, or which the statesman might select for mental relaxation. To the late King, who united a love of letters to a profound knowledge of politics, it served as both. Simplicity and convenience appear to have been the desiderata when it was first laid out, and these have been fully attained. Its south front opens upon a beautiful sheet of water, which rises brimful to the steps. Over the surface of this several islets are scattered: more particularly in front, a pyramidal eminence rises out of the water, covered with every species of foliage, and crowned with majestic pines. We were invited into the royal barge to make a circuit of the islands, and in a few minutes landed on the

largest. A serpentine path conducted us to the top of the cone, occupied by a Gothic chapel, elaborately ornamented with sculpture, carved work, rich stained glass, Gothic inscriptions, and much that carried the mind back to the days of chivalry and the crusaders.

Descending by the same winding avenue, we were suddenly introduced to a full Chapter of Knights Templars, all engaged in deliberations of the deepest interest! The instant we appeared, the Grand Master, as announced by his peculiar badge, rivetted his eyes upon us with a fixed and sullen glare, that produced an effect of startling reality. Whichever way we moved, the eyes of the whole circle seemed to follow us with a look of threatening scrutiny. Their swords lay naked on the table, with various insignia of the Order. They were individually dressed and armed after the fashion prescribed by their laws, and encircled a huge round table, with here and there their cloaks and scarfs thrown negligently aside, and discovering their mailed arms and waist. All were of gigantic stature, and of remarkably varied and striking countenances. The effect was greatly heightened by the presence of a monk, who seemed to take his place at the table as the spiritual and indispensable referee under the decision there

pending. The light was well managed, and fell upon the features of the group in such a manner as to occasion a complete delusion of some minutes. This cave, or Hall of the Knights, occupies the centre of the cone, and upon its arch supports the Gothic chapel. The whole is planted thick with trees, and rises in fine relief from the bright surface of the lake, which is still farther animated by detached squadrons of beautiful swans navigating its lucid waters.

From this island we rowed to another, consecrated "to Venus and the Graces," and containing a beautiful statue of the Paphian Queen, by Danekker. Various other pieces of sculpture give a classic air to the place, and cannot fail to please and surprise the stranger.

On leaving the barge, we were lastly shown the royal dairy at a short distance. It is kept with remarkable nicety, and is not to be surpassed by even Dutch proficiency in this department of rural economy.

As we returned through the forest to Louisburg, the pleasing effect produced by the afternoon's ramble was not a little alloyed by meeting chained convicts returning from their labours, and driven by one or more musqueteers.

* * *

Hinc Aper excitus medio violentus in hostis
Fertur: ut excussis elisus nubibus ignis.
Sternitur incursu nemus, et propulsa fragorem
Sylva dat: exclamant juvenes, protentaque forti
Tela tenent dextrâ lata vibrantia ferro.
Ille ruit, spargitque canes, ut quisque furenti
Obstat, et obliquo latrantes dissipat ictu.

6th. — The late King was particularly partial to forest sports. There is a stag and boar hunt on record, given to Napoleon. It is spoken of by every body here as the grandest thing of the kind that ever took place in "forest green." It afterwards became the subject of a magnificent painting, and now forms a prominent feature in the banquet-hall. I was surprised to find the "wild swine," as they are called, so diminutive, — so unlike the noble *aper* described in the text. Like every thing else that degenerates in a long peace, these animals seem to have lost their natural ferocity with the persecution by which it was formerly fostered and kept on edge. Being no longer hunted, or very seldom so, and never in the ancient *style*, they are almost identified with the ordinary domestic herd. Of the original wild boar, however, the King still preserves a genuine black bristly herd in the forests of the Solitude, where Peter the Great was received with such pomp on his visit to a former Duke. These

suffice to show what they were in the good old times, when boar hunting was the royal and knightly sport, and a theme for poets! The length of tusk and bristle have not greatly diminished. The small sunken eye becomes red, and sparkles like a suddenly ignited match paper, if irritated by a stranger, or insulted by a brother of the herd. I did them wrong in saying that they are degenerated. It might be answered for them, that they are still a match for *modern* hunters, and reflect no discredit upon that brawny and bristly ancestry by which many a gallant knight has been left *terrassé* in the chase. The boar's cheek is still an occasional dish at the royal table.

* * *

KUNZELSAU, 8th. — Left the palace this morning at eight o'clock. The Queen was full of regret at the departure of her royal brother, whose visit had been hailed with the liveliest demonstrations of joy. It is to be repeated within three years; an event to which all the Court look forward with pleasure, not unmixed with apprehensions. The Queen is far from enjoying uninterrupted health. She is averse to exercise, unless when she receives the visit of some member of her illustrious family, and resumes her drives in the open country.

Her Majesty has alluded occasionally to a long projected visit to her native land, but mentions no definite period for its accomplishment. She has been thirty years out of England, and her attendants speak ominously whenever the subject of a *re*-visit is mentioned. They dread the *brouillard* and the *trajet*; they almost imagine the citizens of London a Cimmerian people.....

9th. — Our trusty brother-in-law, *Schwager*, * is at times a little obstinate in his opinions and pretensions. He has an hereditary propensity to observe, with religious veneration, the old rules of "use and wont," and to perform his task *leisurely* and well. He has certain specific ideas of expedition and despatch, which have been handed down to him from his grandfather, and sanctioned by that great legislator, antiquity. These do not warrant his proceeding at a quicker rate than is consistent with the quiet enjoyment of his pipe, — the cherished object of his tenderest assiduities. He knows, what every one ought to know, that a rough trot, with a heavy bulbed pipe dangling from his teeth, is neither comfortable nor becoming. Full of this persuasion, he takes upon

* *Schwager*, i. e. brother-in-law, the German synonyme for *postilion*.

himself the task of regulating the travellers' advance by his own notions of post haste.

But although a great stickler for principle and the legitimate *pace*, he will nevertheless, upon an emergency, yield to the force of argument, and adopt greater expedition. That which I find most potent, is the *argumentum ad — argentum.* The French boast that they were the first who initiated the German postilion into a trot.

At every fresh relay, my directions, cautions, and promises, are comprised in a few words, varied or softened according to circumstances, and repeated at short intervals during the stage.

" Hören sie, Schwager, fahren sie rasch auf gutem wege, und langsam im umwenden, auf den Brücken, in den Städten und Dörfern. Ich will ihnen als dann auch *gutes Trinkgeld* geben ! Wo nicht ; so gebe ich ihnen *nur den bestimpten Satz!*"

It is very seldom that accidents occur through the negligence or inexperience of the postilions, but occasionally from the state of the less frequented roads, late travelling, or the breaking of their rope harness.

It is very difficult to impress upon *Schwager's* mind the necessity of using the drag-chain, even in descents where the road is both steep and slippery. He will, in nine cases out of ten, prefer

trusting to the haunches and collars of his horses, as the opposing force. With the ordinary carriages of the country this may do, but mere rope and muscle are by no means adequate to insure the safety of English carriages; such, at least, as carry much luggage, and their full complement inside. It is in all cases unpleasant where the only security against a serious accident is a few yards of brittle homespun rope. This I have often observed with apprehension, and the words of Cicero seem fully as applicable to him who travels in this way, as to him "qui navigat," &c. It is, moreover, but poor satisfaction to hear afterwards from the postilion, that "*the rope never broke till this time.*"

In Germany the post-horses vary considerably in the different states. They seem to be of no particular *race*, or size, but are harnessed as they come to hand, and often present ludicrous contrasts. All, however, are equally expected to perform their task, and where strength appears to flag, the whip is freely applied as the never-failing stimulus.

* * * * * *

"Heil Dir, ò Herzogin, der Herzen Königin!
Nimm diesen Blumenkranz, der Ehrfurcht Opfer hin!"

August 11: — This Anniversary has been looked

forward to with as much pleasure and anxiety as any fête that occurs in Saxony within the twelve-month.

Had an ungenial atmosphere thrown a damp over the morning of this day, the occurrence would have been registered as a national calamity, and the number of bright eyes in tears incalculable. On the present occasion, happily, no atmospheric change, felt or foreboded, offered the slightest check to the festivities. The sun rose as bright, and the sky shone as blue, as the many thousand wakeful eyes that had longed for his rising. The most resolute *Somno* would, this morning, have found some difficulty in prolonging his slumber beyond four o'clock. The dawn was ushered in by the finest music in Saxony, and the music of Saxony, say her poets, is equal to that of the spheres. This fact is beyond contradiction.

The eve of the fête was spent in a manner becoming the joyous occasion. Two lights, in front of the Gasthof, burnt out the night, and afforded prompt ignition to the hundred cigars which had vanished in the wake. There, a knot of patriotic companions resolutely awaited the dawn, enveloped in clouds of their own making. I spent a considerable time with this party, and, like themselves, had resolved to meet the sun with

open eyes; but I take shame to myself in stating, that in spite of the tempting baits of sparkling *Nierstein* and odoriferous tobacco, I was compelled to forfeit the glory of receiving the sun with wassail and welcome.

My companions, endowed with more perseverance, — I will not say more loyalty, — continued their jubilee, under the trees, from supper to sunrise, each singing his own song and emptying his flask in honour of the day.

I had turned myself for the third time, anticipating one of those morning dreams, "which poets tell are true." But it was four o'clock, and impossible to bar my ears against the host of silver sounds that were so sweetly, so irresistibly, demanding entrance.

This musical reveillée lasted for an hour. It was then resumed by fresh minstrels, with fresh music, and the band, taking its station at the steps of the Duchess's villa, greeted Her Serene Highness with selections from the popular music of her country, with much original composition in honour of the day.

At ten o'clock a very great concourse of strangers had assembled, and favoured by one of the finest days of the year, continued to parade the

beautiful and shady avenues which run parallel with the Duchess's villa.

The pillars at the entrance hall were festooned with a profusion of garlands, which the taste and industry of the "fair maids of Meiningen" had woven for the occasion.

All hail! nor cloud nor sorrow
Shall damp its welcome ray,
Each eye is bright, each heart is light,
On this auspicious Day.
All hail!

Our grateful hearts the centre
Of jubilee and joy,
No grief nor gloom can enter —
No cares can bring alloy,
All hail!

Life's boon of bloom, — the treasures
Of health and hope entwine
Their wreath of ripen'd pleasures, —
*That fadeless wreath be* THINE!
All hail!

From nine o'clock till mid-day, the Grotto of Glücksbrun was thronged with visiters, and afforded to every individual ample store in reserve for the astonishment of the whole circle of his fire-side acquaintance. It is one of those scenes which, once beheld, are ever after remembered.

There is nothing in all Saxony which, as a natural curiosity, can vie with the Grotto of Glücksbrun.*

The cavern is of extensive but variable dimensions, and abounding in sinuosities. At one time we walked with difficulty two abreast. A few steps farther, we entered a lofty vaulted dome of impending rocks. It seemed as if an infant's touch might precipitate them upon the intruders, who here violated the *penetralia* of nature. But no accident having hitherto occurred, although the place is thronged every *jour de fête*, all seem satisfied that the vault is as firm as a *rock*.

This morning the company was preceded in their subterranean adventure by their Royal and their Serene Highnesses, attended by several neighbouring princes and their suites.

What commanded especial attention in the survey of this remarkable grotto, was a stream of fine water near the centre, and expanding itself into a small pool. Here, with a minute attention to classic fable, there is a boat always ready to convey the adventurous to the opposite, but undiscovered shore.

The great charm attending the whole was the good taste with which it was illuminated. Hundreds of flambeaux were distributed through its

* More particularly described in a future page.

long dusky labyrinths, casting a wild, often a terrific glare over the faces of the passing and retiring groups.

His Serene Highness had distributed with great effect various portions of his excellent band through the compartments of the cavern. These struck up at short intervals wild Bohemian airs, which, with the commingling echoes answering each other in long and lengthened responses, breathed such enchantment around, that it required little stretch of the imagination to fancy ourselves on the precincts of another world.

The water of this grotto has a petrifying quality, and several experiments are now making under the directions of able judges. On this process I observed two ladies keep an inquisitive eye; while a young poet who accompanied me expressed much apprehension lest the process should be exemplified in themselves, founding his fears upon the supposition, that substances previously hard undergo petrifaction much more readily than others. I assured him that his fears were highly *philosophical;* but added, that from what I had learnt, the peril of such transformation was not imminent; — even, if it were, every body knew that his harp "could *soften rocks* and bend the knotted oak." — What, then, had he to fear?

Was the fraulein as *hard* as a rock? No; but she was as *deaf!*

At one o'clock the company left the cavern, and, preceded by the royal party, repaired to Liebenstein, where a sumptuous dinner was prepared for about five hundred persons. The great ball-room was converted into a banquet hall, with great taste and ingenuity displayed in the decorations. Innumerable garlands hung drooping in gala fashion, in long redolent festoons from the walls of the apartment. These were distributed into various compartments, all distinguished by appropriate devices.

A sovereign crown and shield, surmounted by a cross entwined with wreaths of flowers, and with the letter L, (Her Serene Highness's initial, *Louisa,*) hung over the royal table. The same distinctive badge of the allied houses of Meiningen and Langenbourg was tastefully displayed in various parts of the *salon.* It was composed exclusively of *flowers* and *leaves* interwoven, whose beauty and freshness had a novel and very pleasing effect. My friend the poet, who was a traveller, assured me that it was not a whit inferior to the Eastern festival — the Feast of Roses — which I could not deny.

His Serene Highness's band, in gala uniforms,

filled the orchestra. An avenue through a dense crowd of spectators was open from the steps of the Duchess's villa to the door of the banquet.

A flourish of trumpets announced the approach of the illustrious guests, preceded by the Lady of the fête. It was answered by a simultaneous shout of welcome and applause; vociferated in German, Russian, French, and English by the joyous crowd that followed and hailed them on their way.

The party arrived in open landaus drawn by six beautiful horses, escorted by hussars, and attended by the household servants, in their splendid state liveries of green and gold.

The first entrée was announced by a reiterated flourish of trumpets, and long continued *vivats!* The distinguished object of the day's festivities, Her Serene Highness, appeared led by the Duke of Clarence, in his admiral's uniform and star. His Royal Highness looked extremely well on the occasion. A second flourish of trumpets, followed by universal bursts of acclamation, announced Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Clarence, led by the reigning Duke, her brother, dressed in a superb hussar uniform, wearing the star of his house, that of the Guelphs, and other orders, royal and imperial.

A long retinue of princes and princesses followed, according to their table of precedency. Among the gentlemen of their numerous suites, I did not observe one without some badge of military service, or of civil merit. How many thousands of valuable lives have been bartered for a few yards of striped riband! Yet where is the difference between a blue riband and a mural crown? Both have inspired a similar ambition, and led to similar results. In England, a cork arm or a "timber toe" are the more frequent badges of public service. I have seen a "Siccius Dentatus" of the present day, who, for his 120 battles or rencontres, had only a few inches of blue and striped riband. But this riband was the gift of the sovereign, and expressed the gratitude of the people. He was satisfied.

The company now sat down to the sumptuous public dinner, where hundreds of happy and smiling faces conveyed to the illustrious personages their heartfelt felicitations.

The band struck up at short intervals, and did ample justice to many of the finest and favourite airs of the country. The health of Her Serene Highness was given by the Duke of Clarence. It was received and re-echoed by the company, standing, with that hearty acclamation which

showed how deeply they sympathised in the sentiments with which it was introduced. Others followed in succession. Every toast was answered with appropriate airs. When the health of His Royal Highness was given, the band immediately struck up the British anthem, "God save the King!" which, amidst these secluded bowers, had at once a pleasing and a powerful effect. The air was never better played.

Agreeably to the continental custom of never sitting at table after dinner, the company withdrew in the same order as they entered. The combined efforts of a full band, and the voice of the people, greeted them severally as they passed, and attended them back to the villa. The evening preparations next commenced. The various paths that intersect the wood, and conduct to the baronial castle, were crowded with visiters, and enlivened with the gay costume which glimmered and disappeared among the trees. The paths were hung thick with lamps, and flags and festoons displayed throughout the village.

Between five and six o'clock the theatre was opened, and the representations commenced with "Der Freyschütz."

Being the Duke's private property, the house is tastefully fitted up, and the general accommo-

dation comfortable and well arranged. On the present occasion it was crowded almost to suffocation.

The moment the curtain rose, forth strode a gigantic figure, in full armour, — ' burnished mail and plumed helm,' the beau ideal of " Leibenstein's redoubted baron." Advancing to the front of the stage, he made knightly obeisance to the illustrious personages in the boxes; then, with all that ease and courtly dignity so peculiar to him while yet an embodied spirit, he delivered an address with great emphasis and effect. He congratulated his descendants upon the return of this auspicious day. He complimented them upon the alliance which had commenced a new era in the annals of Meiningen. The speech was received throughout with the greatest satisfaction, and called forth reiterated plaudits. The ghost then vanished, and the play commenced. The music was excellent. A piece called " The Battle of Vittoria" followed, and a more innocent battle it was impossible to have witnessed. But the heat during the engagement was excessive, and afforded a tolerable idea in that particular of what the original might have been.

At nine o'clock the performance closed. On returning to the open air, the spectacle that pre-

sented itself was strikingly brilliant and picturesque. The grove, which rises like an ampitheatre over the baths and village, and encloses the ruins of the ancient Bourg, appeared in a state of vivid illumination. Thousands of lamps were sparkling through its sylvan recesses, and gave the whole an appearance of those fairy illusions which characterise some of the richest scenes of Arabian fable.

One device formed a prominent feature in this landscape 'of light.' On the summit of a lofty isolated rock, on the way to Altenstein, and about half a league from the baths, the cipher L was finely emblazoned in lamps. The illusion was striking. At that distance the rock, on which it stood, and every thing else around, were nearly invisible. The bright and distinct outline appeared as if defined upon the dark blue sky, in which it seemed to float in solitary undisputed brilliancy. It was hailed with rapturous acclamation by the peasantry, and became an object of interest and attraction to all.

The serpentine paths, leading to the chateau, were speedily covered with groups of pedestrians. At every turn, a band of villagers chanted in chorus the favourite songs of *Vaterland*, which were again taken up by others in the distance, till the sound died away amidst the forest recesses.

Every hamlet, I am informed, has its peculiar music, as well as its peculiarities in manner and costume. Their simple airs, as I hear them chanted of an evening when the villagers return in groups from the field, are to me extremely pleasing. They are often of a plaintive, pathetic, character, which gives them a passport through the most unmusical ear to the heart, and a power of expression far beyond that of more elaborate melodies.....

* * *

Amidst the profusion of lights which blazed or sparkled in every direction, the Alten-Schloss * came in for a liberal share. Pitch-torches were distributed along its highest walls. A bonfire of blazing pine was kindled in its antique hall. That hearth — where the last hospitable embers had long mouldered away — where heroes of war and wassail had snatched many a happy hour — was once more a beacon of welcome, surrounded with grotesque company, and echoing to the thunder of their boisterous merriment.

The ball commenced. The band poured forth its liveliest airs, and set many light hearts and

* The ruin already noticed as the *berceau* of the ancient family.

heels in motion. I was not long an attentive and quiet observer, till I found that the *waltz* had risen several degrees in my estimation. Like some others, *illiberal* as myself, — I had contracted certain prejudices against this favourite dance, from the spurious imitations of it at home. I now felt that I had done injustice to the original; — opinions and prejudices hastily contracted are often as hastily laid aside; — in example whereof I now confess, that the waltz is the most intellectual of all dances, and most becoming a refined and sentimental people! I assert this with confidence, because my testimony is supported by that of the Baron von Gemmelhausen, with whom, on a subject of such universal interest, I feel truly proud to coincide. The accomplished waltzer has a light, airy motion, — an elasticity of toe, — an ease and elegance combined, — something difficult to express, but what every waltzer *feels* at the point of his fingers. These must ever accord to the *waltz* all its peculiar grace and sentiment, and all its title to pre-eminence. Much to the disgrace of those, whose exalted province it is to direct the steps of the rising generation, most of *our* dances are excessively formal, — made up of studied manœuvres. They inspire nothing — lead to nothing; — there is no feeling — no imagin-

ation in them. In short, they appear to have been originally invented and arranged by some grave mathematician in some of his gravest moments, but the waltz! . . . .

The ball was kept up with great spirit and determination. Every cheek was glowing — every eye sparkling with delight, and every heart, — under the left hand of her partner. Every sylph-like figure, — each worthy of a special ode, — was kept in a perpetual airy whirl, touching the earth so lightly that it was labour to the ear to catch the echo of her glimmering feet.

In the mean time, choice refreshments continued in cheerful circulation. The air was impregnated from time to time with luxurious odours *, such as accompanied Cleopatra in her voyage down the Cydnus. Conversation became more and more animated, and, if I may so express it, more personal. The garlands that hung pendent from the walls, ruffled their leaves as if stirred by the zephyrs of paradise. † Every succeeding air seemed sweeter than the last. The lamps and lustres the more they burned the brighter they burned, and seldom has their light been shed on

* Evaporate eau de Cologne from a censer, or a heated shovel, the result is the same.

† This is the literal phrase of my friend the poet.

a more delightful and delighted assembly. Illustrious rank and title presided. Beauty and worth composed the groups, and all mingled in the mazes of the dance. Saxony

> ——— "Had gather'd then
> Her Beauty and her Chivalry; and bright
> The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men!" *

Amid all this pleasure, however, one fear still prevailed; — the fear of approaching day. It is a fact, however, generally known, felt and lamented, that the invidious sun on all similar occasions bestirs him at least a couple of hours earlier than he is expected; and so it happened on the present occasion. That envious sun! Determined, however, that no uninvited intruder should participate in such festivities; the ball, though reluctantly, was broken up; but on retiring, all had the consolation to think that another festival was at hand; — The Thirteenth of August.†

* * *

12th. — Between Leibenstein and the capital, the cultivation of *tobacco* is carried to a considerable extent. This leaf holds a distinguished place in the catalogue of German luxuries; as much as opium does in that of the Mussulman. Here and

* Byron. † See a future page.

there fields of various dimensions are devoted to this especial purpose, and the produce does great justice to the diligent hand that cultivates it. The plant thrives nobly on the banks of the Werra.

Its rich green lettuce leaf, surmounted by a scarlet flower, is not unpleasing to the eye of the stranger; but to his postilion, whose pipe of perfume is kept alive almost like a gheber fire, it is an object of primary concern.

The harvest of tobacco-leaf forms one of the most interesting in the kingdom. The incense that is thereupon offered from every hamlet is intoxicating.

Between Liebenstein and Meiningen at this season almost every house is richly festooned with the gathered leaf, which is thus dried by exposure to the sun, and prepared for "home consumption." The effect is singular; the walls appear as if garlanded for some public fête; but where the sun shines, this luxuriant foliage speedily assumes its rich golden tint. The fine pungent atmosphere in which the cottages are then enveloped exalts the fortunate inmates to a degree of intellectual serenity, which he who has never practised the luxury of *inhaling* can little comprehend. Here, indeed, the happy *baur* may be said to have always his comforts about him. The tobacco which is

grown here is much superior in quality and flavour to that imported into England, and when burnt in the open air emits a very agreeable incense-like odour.

The operation of *topping* is, I believe, practised in all the tobacco districts, and to this, in a certain degree, it owes its mild flavour. To secure the latter property, the plant is topped when it has from eighteen to twenty leaves. But to the mildness of the climate, rather than any artificial operation, the plant seems indebted for its peculiarly rich flavour.

16th. — *Freyschutz.* — I witnessed this periodical and national pastime, in a beautiful meadow skirting the Werra, and flanked by the fine wooded heights that overlook the town and palace of Meiningen.

Rows of tents and booths were erected on the ground; bands of music attended. The youths of the valley, headed by their experienced elders, occupied the prairie in various detachments. Groups of peasant girls paraded the heights in their holiday costume, while others of a higher *caste* presided over the friendly contest, and animated the competitors by their presence.

It was one of the liveliest pictures of human life which I have seen in this country. Such a display of gay, laughing faces, buoyant youth, and inno-

cent festivity, does the heart of a spectator unqualified service.

The booths sent forth the mingled odour of much savoury fare. The chief beverage consisted of *bier*, various in quality, but in general equal or superior to the English XX.

* * *

" Lasset euch als lebendige steine auch aufbauen! Werdet ein geistiges haus, eine heilige priesterschaft, um geistige opfer zu bringen, die Gott durch Jesum Christum wohlefallen!"*

Sunday, 17th. — A new chapel had been finished in the course of the last week, and was now to be opened for public worship. The ceremony was deeply interesting and impressive. Within its newly consecrated walls the pastor and his people were to meet for the first time — to present their peace-offerings at that altar which their fathers by a long and arduous struggle had purified, strengthened, and upheld. That heart must possess no enviable sensibility which could withhold its sympathy on this occasion, and retire from the scene unimproved. The chapel was crowded to excess, but with nothing of the confusion usually attendant on a crowd; — the strictest decorum prevailed.

* 1 Pet. kap. ii. 5.

Every heart seemed fully impressed with the solemnity of the rites about to commence, and every eye dwelt in silent expectation on the preacher.

After a few minutes of most impressive silence, during which he appeared evidently and profoundly touched, the preacher rose, and, without any prefatory remark, gave out the hymn for the occasion, which has been unsuccessfully transferred to English metre.

" God of our fathers! the Highest and Holiest!
Whose eye every sin, every secret commands;
Whose name is a fortress of strength to the lowliest,
*Accept and establish the work of our hands!*

Let no wickedness stain, let no ignorance darken
The shrine where thine altar of holiness stands;
May the pastor so speak, and thy people so hearken,
*That the Highest may prosper the work of our hands!*

May our hearts never faint, may our zeal never falter!
But firm in each duty thy Gospel demands,
While our first fruits of piety rest on thine altar,
Prosper, O FATHER, the work of our hands!"

There is a melting pathos in Saxon melody, which, to be comprehended, must be felt, and yet, though felt, can hardly be communicated. I have seldom been more sensibly impressed with this than during the solemn, yet simple, air to which

the hymn was chanted. Surely the most unequivocal test of music, like eloquence, is the immediate effect produced upon the audience. In the present instance that effect was powerfully developed.

* * *

As the chorus subsided, the pastor, with a propriety of language, fervency of feeling, and devoutness of manner, which I have seldom observed so powerfully combined, began his address and intercession to the Deity. It was a prayer as long as many of *our* fashionable sermons, without any "vain repetition," which certain declaimers have represented as inseparable from a prayer of similar duration. Here they would have withdrawn the charge. Where the subject of the speaker is ungenial to the spirit of the hearer, the latter may plead repetition as an apology for inattention; but in an assembly where every word was echoed back to the altar, there was, there could be, no vain repetitions. By me it will always be considered as one of the purest specimens of spiritual intercession with which I have to enrich my memory.

The pastor next read, in a loud and distinct voice, the portion of Scripture which had been selected, as suggesting appropriate ideas for the

construction of the solemn and impressive discourse by which it was followed.

With a composure, dignity, and earnestness of manner, which well became the speaker, and secured for him the most respectful attention, he entered upon the illustration of his text.

"This is a day," he said, "which, independently of the solemn act of dedication which we have assembled to commemorate, has powerful and decided claims upon our gratitude as men and citizens under the same happily constituted government.

"No less zealous for our spiritual improvement than for our temporal prosperity, our sovereign watches with paternal solicitude and unwearied diligence over the welfare of his people. Fully aware that where religion is not implanted in the heart, vice and dissension must disgrace the labour of the hands, he has enabled the poorest amongst us to hear the regular preaching of the Gospel, and to confess that loyalty to the sovereign is the inseparable companion of duty to God.

"These sacred precincts, wherein I have now the happiness to exhort you as a place for the special exercise of our reformed worship, are the gift of our illustrious prince — a votive offering for the immortal interests of his people.

" May the loyalty we inherit, and the religion we inculcate, grow up together, and, as they are one in principle, let them be one in practice; for the same law which exhorts us to fear God commands us to honour the king.

" The blessings which we and our fathers have enjoyed for so many ages, under a race of princes, as justly celebrated for their virtues as exalted in rank, must ever be a subject of thankfulness to heaven, and a theme of congratulation amongst ourselves. Let it be our lasting and unanimous ambition to profit by that blessing which our hearts are ever ready to confess, and which has been handed down to us like a holy inheritance. Let it descend to our posterity unsullied in its lustre, and unshaken in its principles. May those doctrines which the immortal LUTHER, among these very rocks, struggled so long to purify and to plant, take everlasting root in our hearts. May those precepts which *he* lived to inculcate, and died to confirm, be the invariable rule of our lives; a lamp to our path; encouraging our hearts, and strengthening our hands!

" It was a saying of our late lamented Prince, ' that the strength of the sovereign was the hearts of his people — that there only he was ambitious

to reign.' This noble sentiment is echoed from the breast of his successor; in him every virtue has been fostered, strengthened, and matured by the force of daily example — by the long and vigilant guardianship of a devoted mother. May it be ours to verify the expectations thereby implied, by a stedfast adherence to the duties of the enlightened Christian and the loyal subject! among the neighbouring principalities may we long retain the proud distinction of — 'Happy is the sovereign of such a people — happy the people under such a sovereign!'"

MEININGEN, 19th. — Nightingales are here in great abundance, and in high note: their song outlives the night, and fills the English garden, which they exclusively inhabit, with incessant music. The season continues very warm, — and my windows remaining open all night into the garden, I can hear every note. I find, also, that though they whistle so well themselves, they are not indifferent to a Doric flute; and this, I take it, is the surest pledge of talent.

"Sing on, — that song on memory leaves
A spell that parts not with the morrow,
But, lingering in the heart, receives
That homage art could never borrow!

Sing on, — the song of sorrow weave —
The theme of love and pleasure's fleetness!
I dare not bid thee cease to grieve,
If joy would dissipate its sweetness!"

* * *

*Fragment.*— ... As the Aide-de-camp uttered the last sentence, a deep sigh from a lady on the right completed the pause. "You had better defer the second part, Colonel," said the Marshal, "till the ladies shall have recovered the painful sensibility your very touching narrative has excited." This was uttered with a tone and expression which the Colonel perfectly understood. "*Monseigneur*," answered the latter, placing his right hand over his heart, "the first time I had the honour to relate that anecdote it was under very different circumstances from the present, and your —" — "Yes, yes," interrupted the Marshal; "I had been an eye-witness of Rosenberg's personal courage more than once. The anecdote does awaken an association. The fate of a brave man has surprising command over the heart and feelings. Than the present there was not a braver in the whole —" — "Pardon!" rejoined the Colonel, "there was One!" — "Name him." — "I will describe him. The same night," continued the Aide-de-camp, "in which Rosenberg fell, when the

rout became general, and the moon rose upon the field, we returned through the skirts of the forest, the slightly wounded supporting themselves with what remaining strength they possessed. Their companions were scattered in search of shelter and sustenance. A general officer was at our head, mounted on the *third* charger. He was severely wounded in the thigh; and the blood, which was but partially stanched by the application of a tightened scarf, kept us in constant dread of a fatal result. Your —— *may possibly remember that march?*" — The Marshal answered by an impatient but expressive nod. "The trees, which had been cut down greatly impeded our steps, which at best were become feeble and precarious. We came to a small deep recess, where a tinkling little stream, whose *obscurity* had suffered it to retain its purity and lustre, was welcomed by our wounded comrades with feelings such as the exhausted traveller evinces on suddenly beholding 'a well in the desert.'

"As we halted here to enjoy the cool beverage, we were roused by a low plaintive moan issuing from a neighbouring thicket. Receiving orders to investigate the mystery, a miserable spectacle presented itself. Of three soldiers, one only survived, apparently about twenty-one, wearing the

badge of a certain rank in the army, and severely wounded. The two brave fellows, his companions, though wounded mortally themselves, had wasted the last powers of life in removing their companion to a place of safety. They had only reached this retired spot to lay down their precious load and life together, and expire at *his* feet, where we found them. On carrying back my report, our general was moved to tears, and dismounting, weak as he was, desired that the wounded soldier should be tenderly removed, and supported upon the saddle. We did so. The stranger was too weak to thank us; but a few drops from the only flask we possessed gradually revived his exhausted strength. In this manner we proceeded slowly and cautiously; the general supporting himself with his sabre in one hand, and resting against the saddle-bow with the other.

"On reaching the great road, which had now become a scene of horror and confusion, we were recognised by a few stragglers of our own troop. Moved to see this fresh trait of their general's community of suffering, they procured a place in a waggon, to which the stranger was removed. The general resumed his place; and at about four in the morning we reached the main body of the

army. The stranger recovered slowly but satisfactorily. His physicians were two 'sisters of charity,' to whom so many brave men are indebted for a prolonged existence. I need not add more." — "Yes!" — interrupted a fine athletic military figure, who wore three crosses of distinction — "yes, my friend, add that the stranger was not ungrateful, — is not ungrateful, — and that he is *proud to hold a life so generously saved at the service of his benefactor!*" All eyes were immediately turned upon the speaker. The Colonel, bowing respectfully, enquired if it was still his ....'s pleasure that he should "*name?*"

In rising from table the Colonel whispered me that the Marshal had often expressed more satisfaction at this circumstance than at all the *insignia* bestowed upon him on the field of battle. "By and by," he added, "you will have an opportunity of knowing more of La Dauphinée."

ALTENSTEIN, 20th. — On the left, and emerging through the deep foliage which shades the higher ground, there is a precipitous rock, upon which the art of the sculptor has been employed so far as to give it a monumental character. To the eye of the stranger it adds but one more picturesque feature to the landscape; but to others it recalls the me-

mory of departed worth: — virtues which when living commanded the admiration of society, and are now consecrated by gratitude and affection.

* * *

Bayerischenhof, September 1st. — Left Meiningen this morning at eight o'clock. Passed over the same road as on the return from Louisburg. The effect of Wurzburg, as it opened on the view a little on this side of Opferbaum, appeared quite new and striking. Its numerous cupolas, spires, and minarets, give it an oriental character, which cannot fail to strike a foreigner by whatever point it is entered. It is a town of churches, as well as an important town of the Church. The saints in stone, like the statues of ancient Rome, almost outnumber the inhabitants.

The royal party have been to visit the cathedral and the chapel of St. Mary; both splendid examples of ecclesiastic architecture and gorgeous decoration. In such temples, I fear, the least interesting object is the preacher. — Where so much is done to dazzle the eye, the imagination is apt to wander from the text.

Although my third visit to this episcopal capital, still I have seen it but imperfectly. There is more than might suffice to amuse and instruct the stranger for a fortnight. I ran my eye over the

catalogue shown me by the cicerone, but it was of hopeless extent. The gardens of the palace being in juxta-position with the hôtel, I walked for half an hour in their orange-tree avenues. They were full of company, and reminded me more of the Thuilleries than any thing I have seen out of France. Like the Thuilleries, too, they are open to the public, but in extent, richness, and variety, have advantages peculiarly their own. Along the ramparts, green shady avenues are at every few steps opening upon a rich and highly adorned country. The more prominent features from this point are, the Capuchin monastery on the side, and the citadel on the summit, of the hill; — and 'thereby hangs a tale.' This hill is the Mount *Falernum* of Germany, or at least of Franconia.

The façade of the palace facing the gardens is magnificent, and in design resembles that of Hampton Court; but far surpasses it in finish, sculpture, and every species of elaborate decoration. At dinner His Royal Highness ordered a couple of bottles of the *Leissen* vintage. This is the quintessence of connoisseurs, and like Tokay acquires much additional value and merit from its limited supply. It was presented at table in small green bottles, of a flattened spherical shape, and

served in such glasses as are known to *improve* its flavour; a secret worth knowing. This wine, as in many other places, forms the monopoly of a holy brotherhood. They sell it at the convent door in sealed flasks, under the name of "Wine of the Holy Ghost," which gives it a ready passport to the cellars of the faithful .... al buon vino non bisogna frasca ....

To-morrow we are to reach the palace of Hohenlohe-Langenbourg to dinner, passing through the forest of Spessart, Bischopsheim, Mergentheim, and Riedbach. *Estafette* despatched.

Langenbourg, Monday evening. — Shortly after leaving Wurtzburg this morning, the weather changed to wind and rain. The Duke of Meiningen, who makes the journey attended by his aide-de-camp in an open droshka, was prevailed on to take refuge in the landau during the rain, while I took his place in the droshka. His Serene Highness possesses much vivacity, and this was a most agreeable change to the party, who, owing to the weather, and my own professional gravity, had spent but a dull morning.

On the latter part of the journey we have passed over a good deal of new ground, some populous villages, and much luxuriant forest country.

This *Residenz* is remarkable both for its structure and situation, and has more an air of romance, — more of the Udolpho style, — than any thing I have yet seen. The window at which I now write looks into the inner court, and opposite me are piled, in the form of *bins*, a vast quantity of hewn wood, ready to give a warm reception to the ensuing winter. This has a primitive appearance, and carries the mind back to "*blazing* hearth and festal hall." — A writing-desk, pen, ink, and paper, a chair, and some prints, constitute the furniture of the room, — and enough. The château appears to date some centuries back. The effects of time are every where apparent, and give to it an air of venerable grandeur, which time only can give.

Half-past ten P. M. — I had the honour of being presented to the Prince before dinner. He is about fifty-six years of age, of prepossessing manners, with a suavity of address, and, as I since observed, a taste for letters, and that knowledge of the world which, properly limited, improves us, in spite of ourselves, by the unavoidable comparisons we are led to draw between ourselves and others. The hereditary Prince is a remarkably handsome young man, of six or

seven and twenty, and wears the uniform of a colonel in the British-Hanoverian service. I have seldom met a young man of his rank who improved so rapidly upon acquaintance. In general, they are either fearful of committing an act of rash condescension, or of betraying some inferred ignorance in conversation; but Prince Ernest freely risks the one, and has no cause to fear the other. He has made several visits to England, and is as much master of its language as he promises to be an honour to its service. This young Prince, and his cousin the Duke of Meiningen, are two of the handsomest *knights* I have met with in any country.

Here, as every where else in these countries, there is excellent music, — and that of native growth. What I have heard this evening would be ill exchanged for the most finished trans-alpine compositions. In and out of doors there is music, — always music, — morning, noon, and midnight, there is music. The peasant never passes, under any circumstances, without wishing me, and every one in his way, a *gut morgen! — guten tag!* or *guten abend!* with a musical intonation. Judging of its harmonising effects upon the mind and heart of a people among whom it most prevails, I feel con-

vinced of its importance. Music is a refiner of the heart; — play on — though I should make

> ——— a swan-like end
> Fading in music.

Tuesday, 3d. — I was early astir this morning, and have made a complete survey of the château and its appendages. I went first to the church, as was my duty. It is generally in the church, or churchyard, that I acquire much useful information. From these, and their records, I obtain a tolerable idea of the climate, which is fixed by the average of the ages. Names and antiquities, with various other items illustrative of past ages, which have never been entered in the *Livre du Voyageur*, here present themselves with all the freshness of originality. Their church is the only trustworthy monument of the people. Here I found it, what it ought always to be, a place of deep interest; the last depository of many generations, and a still surviving temple for the living. What struck me most were several family monuments, and among these some basso-relievos in marble, very curious in themselves as specimens of art, and still more so for the historical documents which they represent. . . . .

Returning to the château, I was conducted into

the Governor's apartment, where I had the pleasure to hear one of the young princesses read a portion of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," with a correct accent. She is a very intelligent, interesting-looking girl, and promises to be, ere long, a proficient in that sort of elocution which is most universally felt and understood.

I next walked through the long avenues of trellis-work with which the château is surrounded, closely interwoven with vines, and covered with clusters of grapes. I never saw so abundant a vintage, nor an arrangement that seemed more classic in association, or more agreeable in its immediate effect. During the sultry days of summer they form a cool and inviting retreat, and open at each extremity upon some interesting feature in the landscape.

The château stands upon the extreme point of an isthmus, flanked by two deep valleys, uniting at the base to form one, and, like the other acclivities, employed as a nursery of the grape. The terrace-form of vineyard, so successfully adopted on the Rhine, is here employed with similar advantages in produce and picturesque effect. . . . .

We leave at two o'clock for Heilbronn by way of Oëhringen. . . . . From the celebrity which a

Prince Hohenlohe has lately acquired in England, for certain miraculous cures said to have been performed by him, this name has for some time past been familiar to every one. The house of Hohenlohe is one of the most ancient in Germany. There is mention made in history of a Comes de Hohenlohe as far back as the ninth century. After a great many divisions and subdivisions of name and territory, the Waldenbourg line at length divided itself, in the sixteenth century, into three branches. The first of these three became extinct with the death of its founder George. The first line of the new house had for territory the countries of Neuenstein and Weikersheim. The second, the ancient districts of Waldenbourg and Schillingsfürst. In 1744 and 1764, the house which descends in direct line from the dukes of Franconia had its princely dignity restored, and its territory erected into a principality. So late as 1803 it had a vote and seat in the college of counts; but, at this important epoch, it passed into that of princes, and in 1806 was mediatised. The present family of Hohenlohe-Langenbourg is the first of the NEUENSTEIN branch. The second and third are Hohenlohe-Oëhringen and Hohenlohe-Kirchberg. The second branch of Hohenlohe WALDENBOURG is divided into those

of Hohenlohe-Bartenstein, Hohenlohe-Bartenstein-Jagsberg, and Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst. All these, with their surcrôits, réjétons, alliances, and inter-alliances, offer an ample and highly interesting field for the genealogist.

Heilbronn, à la rose d'or. Tuesday, 10 P.M. — Left the palace of Langenbourg this afternoon at two o'clock, drawn by eight beautiful black horses of the Oldenburg breed, — such as Odin himself might have mounted without degradation to his godship. The road wound for a considerable space through the forest, and in many places required much caution and address to keep the carriages erect. His Highness's postilions, however, are perfect in their art, — 'metaque fervidis evitata rotis.' — These are not the roads for English landaus, but for the national *drosque*, which, in travelling, is a *passe-partout*. In one instance the ascent was so steep, and the *post-pferd* that brought up the last carriage so obstinate, or so fatigued, that a precipitate retreat was too evident. The boy appeared totally unable to carry the steep. The officer, however, who attended, a high personage, drew his sabre, and, in brief, showed young *schwager*, that, if an accident occurred, instant death should be his only *trink-geld!* This was a powerful argument, and operated like a

charm. He appealed to the strength and feelings of his horses, and, after a few hard tugs, the sabre was sheathed and necks out of jeopardy. A little farther on, the same scene was partially rehearsed. The horses became restive. The officer, who is an excellent horseman, took the postilion's saddle, but only for a second, — a slight external accident, — a læsion of the outer man, as he vaulted into the saddle, warned him to dismount. It was a trying moment, — one of "the miseries of human life." The postilion resumed his whip of office, and the adventure terminated in a new and better road. It was in a beautiful oak forest. The swineherd kept its echoes in constant tune by the exercise of his pipe, while the bristly herd crunched the acorns, and ploughed up the green turf with most natural science. As the state of the road allowed me the luxury of walking for some time, I had a full round of this forest minstrelsy, so imposing in these solitudes, and would have had more but for the quickening pace of the procession. The piper was seemingly enriched by a *kopfstück* *; even he, poor fellow, seems to inherit the curse entailed upon all the children of song, — that poverty and the pipe should be associates through life.

* Seven pence = twenty-four kreutzers.

At Kirchberg, the escort from Langenbourg took leave, and we proceeded *en poste* to our destination. A short way from Oëhringen I had the misfortune to get entangled in the postilion's whip, and paid the smart in a temporary obfuscation of my right eye, followed by a degree of inflammation which has prevented my seeing the last stage in its natural colours. This is the sixth or seventh time that I have thus suffered in my eye-sight, though never before to the same extent. The scientific manœuvring of schwager's long whip is always a perilous operation for the traveller outside. I have more than once been hooked for five minutes at a time to my own personal annoyance and schwager's *inconvenience*. The German post-whip is infinitely more like a fishing-rod and line than to any other instrument of pleasure or profession with which I am acquainted. To effect the transformation, nothing more appears requisite than to attach a hook to the end of it, and, *presto!* it becomes a most commodious fishing-rod. Another alternative attending this instrument is that, as often as it misses the eye or habiliments of the traveller, it becomes a *gordian* entanglement with some part of the tattered, antique harness, obliging the traveller to halt, the horses to kick, and the postilion to

dismount and sever the offending parts with his knife. All this occasions delay.

We leave this to-morrow early for Heidelberg. — Their Royal Highnesses expect to meet the Queen on their arrival, with whom they are to spend some days in excursions in the environs of Heidelberg, valley of the Neckar, Manheim, and Swetzingen.

HEIDELBERG.—Wednesday, 4th.—The scenery through which we have passed to-day has been greatly enhanced in beauty by the delightful weather that has accompanied us from Heilbronn to the gates of Heidelberg, where we arrived at four o'clock. I was prepared to expect something fine in the approach to and appearance of Heidelberg; but what I have already seen has far surpassed anticipation. The whole party are full of admiration of its beauties. The last stage has been the *beau idéal* of Fairyland. The château, as it presents itself towards the eastern gate, is truly magnificent, and seems well entitled to the distinction of being considered "the most picturesque ruin in Germany." We are to see it in full detail to-morrow. The Queen has arrived, and their Royal Highnesses are gone to visit her. The *place d'armes* is covered with straggling parties of students. The landlord has pointed me out one among the group who has worn the student's

costume for *five-and-twenty years!* but has not yet taken his degree, — an event which is systematically postponed "till the season ensuing" — that is — *sine die.*

Half past ten o'clock. — After writing down a few notes, I proceeded by the steep path through the old *bourg* to the château, with the intention of enjoying the earliest survey possible of these interesting ruins; but was summoned to attend Her Majesty at a *soirée* in the open air. Returning through the town to a house near the east gate, I was conducted through the court to a terrace projecting into the Neckar, and embellished with a profusion of orange and other odoriferous trees. At the extremity of this terrace sat Her Majesty, who obligingly questioned me as to my opinion of Heidelberg, and whether it was not equal to the description I had heard of it at Louisburg. Her Majesty seemed charmed with the scene and the occasion; and while she entered into conversation with her illustrious guests, addressed, as usual, something agreeable to every one about her. It was an Italian rather than a German scene. The sky was without a cloud, the air soft, and laden with perfume. The view that expanded up the river was exhibited in fresh beauty by the soft evening light. On the

left, a magnificent bridge spanned the river, through whose numerous arches boats glided to and fro. Above, the château stood forth in prominent detail. From the opposite bank of the river the forest rose in sweeping gradations, till it met the horizon; here and there light spiral columns of smoke issued from its quiet recesses; and labourers were observed returning home by its intricate and winding paths. All seemed to enjoy the scene and the hour. Tea, coffee, and other refreshments were successively handed round, and the *soirée* prolonged till I was fearful of bad consequences from the lateness of the hour and the immediate vicinity of the river. "Fear nothing," said the Count de Göerlitz; "we have neither fogs nor dews in Germany, — ce n'est pas la Tamise là." On this occasion, the Duke of Meiningen was first presented to the Queen. Her Majesty and the Duchess of Clarence had met on a former visit to this country. Descanting upon the beauty of the scene around, and the still more striking features that developed themselves higher up the river, Her Majesty resolved to make a barge excursion to-morrow, to show their Royal Highnesses some romantic ruins which overhang the river a few miles from this. The number of

ancient monasteries and châteaux which I have heard enumerated seems almost incredible.

Returning to the inn, the royal party sat down to supper at half-past nine.

The Queen's reminiscences of early days at Kew, and her minute recollection of events and circumstances, interested every one present.

The entertainment at which I was present this evening was given, I am informed, by an English merchant residing here, who embraced this opportunity of showing his loyal and respectful attachment to the allied houses of England, Würtemberg, and Meiningen.

A circumstance was related, rather of an extraordinary nature, respecting Napoleon, as he crossed the line, on his voyage to St. Helena. It was communicated in MS. by a naval officer of rank and distinction, and is at present only known to individuals.*

To-morrow an excursion is proposed to Wolfsbrunnen, to the château, and in the evening, by water, to some feudal and monastic ruins on the banks of the Neckar.

WOLFS-BRUNNEN. — Thursday, 5th. — At ten

* See the excellent and interesting work by Admiral Maitland, since published.

o'clock this morning the Queen, their Royal Highnesses, the Duke of Meiningen and suite, set off in four carriages to visit the romantic solitude of Wolfs-brunnen. A more beautiful thing of the kind it is almost impossible to imagine. It is secluded from the world, almost from the day, by an amphitheatre of rich hanging woods, — at this moment draped in all their autumnal finery, and exhibiting the various grouping and shade of the linden, the ilex, the cypress, and pine. Wolfsbrook takes its name from the circumstance of a famished wolf falling in with a famous sibyl of the olden time, and making a meal of her, in spite of all her enchantments, in this solitary spot. As happens by other heroic acts, the aggressor enjoys immortality.

It was the favourite promenade of Frederick II., who fêted Charles V. so magnificently on his return by Heidelberg to Brussels in 1549. The embellishments bestowed upon it by this prince are still in existence, and serve as monuments of his taste and that of the times in which he lived.

The modern addition of a Swiss cottage, where visitors are supplied with the best Neckar grapes and other luxuries, with all its alpine peculiarities, is striking, and gives a new character to the place. The *jets-d'eau* are ingenious.

Around were booths of green boughs, interwoven with odoriferous plants and flowers, and on the green turf many and violent traces of the fervent waltz! Here the students of Heidelberg study nature, and, after the hard duties of the day, recruit their jaded intellects with waltz and wassail. . . . .

The murmur of streams descending the mountain ravines, dropping into the basins prepared for them, again falling in bright cascades, and stealing forth into the open day, is soothing, and the very music of contemplation. The lofty trees with which it is immediately closed in have witnessed the arrival and departure of many generations, and give the place an air of solemn repose, strictly harmonising with its tales and traditionary records. It has withal a classic interest from having been the subject of an ode by Opitz, and afforded *matériel* to La Fontaine in his romance of " Clara du Plessis."

The royal party next proceeded along the acclivity to the château. All were powerfully arrested by the magnificent view which now broke suddenly upon them. Below lay the town in all its minute detail, — its streets, houses, and gardens traced and individualised with the precision of a map. To the right the Neckar, the many-arched bridge,

and the castellated heights of the Bergstrasse. In front the windings of the river, the towers of Mannheim, and the blue mountains of the Rhine. To the left the garden of Swetzingen, the surrounding plain studded with towns and hamlets, and shut in again by the immediate forest. But, from all these, the ruins of this extraordinary château speedily recalled observation. Presented from this point, the view is such as to claim undivided attention, and to exclude every minor object of contemplation. It is difficult to imagine the effects of combined nature and art more strikingly exemplified than in these ruins. In the original construction and embellishment they have gone hand in hand, each enhancing the beauties, and supplying the deficiencies of each.

The royal party entered by the *porte* ELIZABETH, a triumphal arch erected by Frederick V. in honour of his wife, daughter of James II., whose virtues and misfortunes rendered her at once an object of admiration and compassion. This excited home-felt reflections, and the monument was observed with becoming interest and attention. It is an elegant specimen of art, of delicate proportions, and elaborate sculpture. The wreaths which circle the columns are eminently beautiful. A full description of this alone

would occupy many pages. It is now covered with weeds and wild-flowers, and overshadowed by luxuriant trees and evergreens.

The vastness of the place struck every one; and to have examined it in detail would have been the business of a long summer day. The precious remains of art are here scattered around in melancholy profusion. The whole of this garden, which was dedicated by FREDERICK to his English consort, is supported by a lofty terrace, several hundred feet, I should imagine, above the town, and commands an uninterrupted view to the westward and the mountains of the Vosges. It was here, as tradition reports, that she resorted every evening, to witness the sun set over her own remote native land.

The round tower, which now fills the *fosse* in shattered, shapeless masses, recalled very forcibly the catastrophe which reduced one of the most splendid works in the empire to a mass of ruins.

Numerous statues of the ancient proprietors still retain their niches, represented in all the military minutiæ of their different epochs. By way of contrast, there are at present two artists busily occupied in drawing the originals.

Artists, it appears, resort from all parts of Germany to study among these ruins. One has

been engaged upon the east wall for the last three years. The state of the scaffolding must soon determine the length of his yet remaining subject. The most successful of these artists is a professor in the university of Jena. On the summit of one of the towers there is a grove in miniature. The statues, that here and there peep through the ivy tapestry with which the walls are covered have a striking effect. On the magnificent esplanade in front, under which are the famous *Tun* and the electoral cellars, there was formerly a grove of orange trees, the oldest and most luxuriant on record. All round the château were hanging gardens, exhibiting a profusion of exotic plants and flowers, such as were never before nor since collected into one place. Some portions of these gardens are still cultivated and preserved in their original plan; but only as a rose in the wilderness, telling "where a garden has been." Fountains and *jets-d'eau* are still observed scattered about; the water gushes limpid from the rock, and was formerly led in a thousand ramifying channels, to embellish the courts or the gardens.....

The party spent an hour and a half in walking over a small part of these ruins and gardens. No description that I had previously read or heard had prepared me for what we have this morning

visited. I feel sensible of the almost impossibility of conveying any thing like a correct description of Heidelberg.

In the pride of its day it must have rivalled the gorgeous palaces described in oriental fiction. As we descended slowly from its terraces, and looked back upon the rich, variegated, and imposing structures above, such, we thought, may have been the halls and gardens of Alhambra!

* * *

Dined at two o'clock. — At five Her Majesty and her illustrious relatives entered the barge, fitted up with becoming elegance and accommodation for the excursion in view. On the Neckar, like the Rhine, the scenery on both banks is seen to greatest advantage from the water. As the barge moved slowly against the stream, the château, with its towers and terraced-steeps, looked more imposing than ever. On the right bank there is a convent, charmingly situated upon an acclivity sloping down to the water's edge. It still exercises, we are told, extensive spiritual influence in these parts. All along the course of the river there was a fresh succession of objects, — *bourgs*, châteaux, towers, and monasteries; but all tenantless, roofless, and deserted. Around them the vine thrives luxuriantly: a monastic ruin without

its vineyard attached would form a striking anomaly in these parts.....

The evening was beautiful: — all enjoyed the novel scene, and every one beyond anticipation, except One, who suffered from tooth-ache. At the more interesting points, the barge halted for the immediate and quiet enjoyment of the scene. Of this, and the varying colour of the hour to which it owed its charm, it would be impracticable for any but a skilful painter to attempt delineation. The light and shade were often most singularly contrasted; the romantic turrets and roofs alternately relieved or obscured by the westering sun; here lighted up as with fire, and there sombre, cold, and desolate, kept the eye and the imagination agreeably employed during the excursion. The latter, too, was more closely interested by the romantic legends by which these ruins are immortalised. There is a rich harvest, even in this short space, for the troubadour — matter for a whole book of miracles! . . .

Having halted a short time at a point concentrating all these picturesque and romantic features for which the river is so celebrated, the royal party disembarked, and returned in the carriages, forwarded for that purpose, towards Heidelberg.

About a mile from the gate, as the carriages

slowly ascended a steep part of the road, an invisible musician suddenly struck up "God save the King!" and continued to play with great effect, while the carriages approached and passed. This compliment was well-timed, and the more acceptable as it was totally unexpected by any one present. All enjoyed the music, and the musician enjoyed his reward.

Her Royal Highness seems delighted with this excursion. She paints with inimitable taste and effect from nature, and can readily appreciate the beauty and picturesque character of the scenery through which she has just passed.

At supper the Queen has promised another excursion for to-morrow, of a different character, but equally, if not more interesting than that of to-day. Her Majesty proposes to visit the gardens of Swetzingen, Mannheim, the grand ducal palace, gardens, and church of the Jesuits, — all remarkable, and, in their kind, without rivals in Germany.

September 6th. — Yesterday's plan has been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The gardens of Swetzingen, forming the centre of what may be considered the Rhenish Edèn, occupied the whole of the morning. They are of unprecedented extent, laid out in excellent taste,

and kept up at an amazing expense. Precious works of art, every where scattered about with an air of prodigality, arrest the stranger the moment he enters the gate. As a guarantee for remembering them, I shall briefly write down some of the more striking objects, contributing to the general embellishment, and visited on the present occasion.

*The Five Fountains* are conspicuous at the entrance, interrupting the long avenue in the form of a circus. They represent Arion and the dolphin, the former holding a lyre in his hand, by which he *enchants* his finny courser. The water is thrown from the nostril of the dolphin to the height of *fifty feet*. It is further ornamented with swans, mounted by Cupids, and a shoal of gold fish floating in the basin. Fine sculpture!

Some other fountains were shown, the ornaments of which belonged to King *Stanislaus*, and adorned his residence at Luneville, where he died.

*The Galatea.* — Approached by a delicious alley, the centre occupied by a rock, through which the water gushes, and supporting a statue of the nymph, with tritons, shells, *conchs*, and so forth. This is the work of an Italian artist, — Crepello.

*The Bacchus.* — A basin where two children,

supported by dragons, launch *jets-d'eau.* The statue of Bacchus is well executed, of the best Carrara marble, and the work of Vacca. A short way behind this is *Pan's Rock*, with the water gurgling and murmuring from every pore. It is a striking and ingenious contrivance. On the top of the rock sits the shepherd-god, with his *pipe*, and the usual attributes.

*The Temple of Apollo.* — A most striking object, rising in the centre of a rich grassy carpet. Three flights of steps lead to the *penetralia*, each ornamented with two sphinxes. The whole circumference is shadowed over with tall, red-clustered, mountain ash. The circular roof, supported by twelve Ionic columns, allows a free passage to the eye on all sides, and shows off the presiding statue to great advantage. In front of the rocks on which the temple is elevated, two nymphs of Carrara marble pour from their urns an incessant stream, falling successively through seven basins into a square *pièce d'eau.* The flow of the water is soothing music. The statue of Apollo is of black marble, and the work of a celebrated sculptor. Under the temple grottos are excavated, deliciously cool, where the view is attracted to another garden.

*The Rock Fountain* came next. — The subject a

wild boar attacked by two dogs, one thrown on his back, and wounded. The property of the unfortunate Stanislaus.

*The Bath* is embellished with all that sculpture and painting could contribute to render it a Roman luxury. It is divided into several small chambers, one of which is hung with a curious paper from China. Another exhibits two invaluable columns of Corinthian alabaster, and wainscotted round with the most rare and precious woods. On the walls there are several landscapes by a distinguished painter. Passing through a suite of rooms highly decorated, we came to the Marble Bath. Two serpents, richly gilt, and interlaced round a golden vase, supply hot and cold water. Nymphs, vases, alabaster columns, crystals, &c., are encrusted round the walls, with a magnificent pier-glass, — holding "the mirror up to nature."

Near this bath, surrounded by groups of children with kids, there was a huge Basin excavated from a single block. It is enlivened by a *sheaf* of crystal water. A short way further there suddenly opened upon us a beautiful landscape, enriched with every object that could attract and fix the attention. Every one was struck with the unexpected and mysterious change. On

approaching a few steps nearer, it was found to be, what we could scarcely believe, a deception! a mere *fresco* on a dead wall, but with the light so modified and regulated, as to give it all the appearance of reality. I never witnessed a more complete illusion.

The *Bird-jets-d'eau* is a singular fancy. — It represents an *owl* pursued by a flock of birds of all species. The former is perched over the centre of the basin, while the latter, forming themselves into a circle, surround their entrapt visitor, pouring from their beaks a stream of water, so as to fall from all points upon the unfortunate owl. It is a work of great ingenuity, and caused the whole party to smile as they approached it. This also belonged to *Stanislaus*, and formerly adorned his gardens of *Malgrange*.

The *Goddess of Botany* has also her shrine a few paces from this. — The temple is lighted from the dome, and the statue executed of the finest Carrara marble. Four altars in bas-relief support the busts of *Linnæus*, *Pliny*, *Theophrastus*, and *Tournefort*.

We were in regular order conducted from thence into the "English Garden," where there is an excellent fac-simile of a Roman aqueduct, from the upper channel of which there is a charm-

ing view of the country. The botanic collection here is said to comprise 24,000 different species of shrubs and trees, mostly exotic.

*The Obelisk.* — When levelling the ground for the erection of this, a human skeleton, that of a horse, a sword, spurs, and various broken implements were found.

The *Temple of Minerva* is in a charming situation, with Corinthian columns supporting the roof. The goddess and her accompanying attributes are of fine Carrara marble.

A few paces farther was the statue of Agrippina dying, by Vacca. Near this also are statues of Mercury and Minerva. Among the multitude of busts with which the alleys were lined, the best appeared to be those of Alexander, Mithridates, Domitian, and Adrian, in Carrara marble.

The *Lycian Apollo* came next. We were thence conducted into the MOSQUE, the most novel and striking object we had yet seen. It is said to be a *fac-simile* of the Oriental temples, with a fine cupola and two lofty minarets. The entrance, and almost every part of the walls, are blazoned with texts from the *Koran*. The court is paved in marble, and the exterior ornamented with arabesques in stucco, gilt. Other sentences,

taken from the same source, are distributed over the whole circumference.

Being informed that these minarets command an extensive and beautiful view of Spires, Mannheim, Worms, and the opposite mountains, His Royal Highness ascended the spiral staircase of 120 steps, and expressed himself highly gratified with the view.

This was a favourite resort of the Crown Prince of Bavaria, who has commemorated it in some elegant lines.

*The Ruins of the Temple of Mercury.* — These artificial ruins have all the appearance of antiquity, and were they to present themselves in this form to the virtuoso, in some retired valley of the Black Forest, he would enter them in his ledger as the real and veritable ruins of an ancient temple.

Not far from this is a Roman burying-ground, where, in levelling the soil, a great quantity of bones, spears, bucklers, and other military implements, have been discovered.

The *Rhine* and the *Danube*, colossal statues presiding over their respective rivers, form an imposing ornament to the great basin. The illustrious visitors had advanced thus far, when the morning was pretty well spent, and, as Mannheim

was still to be visited, they glanced hastily at the *Stag's Basin*, a masterly design, and a few other objects, and set off thither.

After dining at the "Palatine Court," walked over the apartments of the palace, the gardens, and, lastly, into the principal church. The palace is one of the most extensive in Europe, and a labyrinth in its galleries and windings. There were several fine paintings, in fine frames, and mostly of the Flemish school, in which it appears unusually rich. There was a Napoleon, I think, in nearly every room, with portraits and miniatures of the whole of his family. Every palace, however, is so much like another, that after the first or second time, they excite little interest, and leave no impression.

Mannheim is famous for the beautiful engravings which it has lately sent into the world; particularly those of Heidelberg, which are as remarkable for their exact resemblance to the original as for their execution. The Duchess was much pleased with them, and made a selection to take to England with her.

* * *

When the party were again seated in their carriages, the Queen proposed to them to cross the Rhine, and enjoy the fine view which the opposite

bank commands, and led the way. After halting a few minutes in that position, where the château and surrounding scenery, as they now presented themselves, seemed quite new, Her Majesty returned across the Rhine, and, following the banks of the Neckar, alighted at the "Court of Baden" a few minutes after sunset.

To-morrow we leave this for Hesse-Homburg. The Queen goes as far as Frankfort.

ABENDLIED.

'Tis sweet, — 'tis sweet upon thy flood, —
Those banks infuse a spell,
That well doth suit my lonely mood,
Soothed with the tales they tell!

The tales of war, and pilgrim knight,
Whom love did sore enthral;
Of barons mail'd for bloody fight,
Of dance in feudal hall;

Of maiden's first and fondest love,
That blanch'd her virgin bloom;
Of glens where troubled spectres rove,
And scare the midnight gloom!

Of halls — alas, how drear and dim!
Of love and lady's bower,
Where warrior doff'd his visor grim,
And beauty ruled the hour!

All, — all are gone! Their memory clings
To tower and haunted stream,
Where, brush'd by Time's unsparing wings,
Their deeds are but a dream!

Where now the peerless Palatine
With warlike trophies crown'd?
He moulders in a marble shrine,
His turrets strew the ground!

6th. — The Queen is not less gifted with a faithful memory than her royal brother. In conversing upon the many pleasing topics which early reminiscences supply, there was one to-day respecting their favourite KEW.

Both agreed as to the year, the month, and the day, upon which the circumstance in question took place; — the hour alone was left undecided. This might appear unimportant to any one not accustomed to implicit reliance upon this faculty, but with these royal personages the memory is almost an *infallible* book of reference. The circumstance happened just before the general peace in 1781–2.

* * *

7th. Château of Hesse-Homburg. — The day has been among the finest of the season. As we lost sight of Heidelberg and its unrivalled attractions, the *Bergstrasse* opened on a new and extensive panorama. The outside traveller in such

a country as this has decided advantages; but if he has important duties to perform, such as demand momentary attention, the external forms of nature are often dissipated by some informality at the post-house, or anxious attention during the route. The postilions now tell me candidly that this *is not the graf. v. Münster*, but the *Königs Bruder von England!* therefore, say they, we must have royal *trinkgeld*. This they repeat at every halt and departure; so that the beauties of the Bergstrasse, *Schnapps*, and *trinkgeld* have held a triple sway, and will be lastingly associated in my recollections of to-day.

We have arrived by that route which the Emperor Joseph compared to the finest in Italy. It was a bold comparison; but nobody has ever dared to contradict the Emperor, and the saying is become a proverb.

I retain but a confused idea of its features: — a bold, undulating ridge of alternate rock and forest on the right; the highest points covered with feudal ruins, and the lower interspersed with towns, vineyards, and villages. To the left an apparent garden as far as the eye could reach, bounded only by the mountains of the Vosges beyond the Rhine. It appears the richest tract of country through which we have yet passed, and

comprises a space of at least seventy miles..... Darmstadt is a handsome modern town, regular in its plan, and presenting throughout a minute attention to architectural design and general effect. The houses are all white-washed, or stained some lively colour; the roofs and chimneys in the Italian style, with green *jalousies* to the windows. The streets are broad, and intersect one another at right angles. Groups of military promenaded the avenues, while others performed their evolutions in the shade. Here the favourite court-studies are music and military tactics; — the latter, as they ought to be, holding only a secondary rank. The *harmony* that prevails at this court is proverbial.

At Frankfort the travellers were received by a deputation of their Highness's household, and conducted hither. This château is an extensive fort-like building, of great antiquity, and in a very commanding position. The lofty tower in the centre of the court is a landmark to the whole country, and of Roman architecture. Its walls are encrusted with various relics of that people, discovered at different epochs.

This principality has the appearance of an English colony. In the town there is the same characteristic cheerfulness among the inhabitants and habitations. The latter are neatly stuccoed

and white-washed, and daily increasing in number and importance. The former seem to have business on hand, and agreeable prospects at heart: as we entered the town they presented such happy faces, as make every day a *jour-de-fête.*

Nothing that I am acquainted with could give a more correct picture of their Royal Highness's welcome to Homburg than the well-known lines: —

—— Domus interior regali splendida luxu
Instruitur, mediisque parant convivia tectis.
Arte laboratæ vestes, ostroque superbo:
Ingens argentum mensis, cælataque in auro
Fortia facta patrum, series longissima rerum
Per tot ducta viros antiquæ ab origine gentis.

* * *

FRANKFORT. — The FAIR is now at its height; and although degenerated from the great original, it is still frequented by merchants from every country of Europe and Asia, and presents an extraordinary medley of business and amusement. Whatever can engage the curious, or interest the mere spectator, is here met with in every possible variety. Groups of mixed Oriental, Italian, and native costume are scattered along the streets and stalls. The bazaars are numerous, and brilliant with the works of art, containing all that is most

captivating in quality or appearance. Greeks or Turks from Constantinople; Jews from Jerusalem; commercial agents from Rome, Ancona, Milan, Vienna, Berlin, and Paris, have all their stalls in the same general emporium, each with his name and country specified over head, and in every variety of alphabet. This is the great Jewish *harvest*. Although never known to plough or sow, that people never fail to *reap* abundantly. The representatives of Israel are *very* numerous here, and seem to have discovered the true art of the alchemist — converting every thing into gold. Wherever I have yet been in this country, the Jews are the bankers, and the bankers consequently *jews*. I have known some instances where *seventy* crowns were borrowed to be repaid at a month with *one hundred!* and so on in proportion. They are the only depositories of the public purse. When public functionaries want money they contract with a Jew, and here there may be little or no imposition — they have a certain check upon the lender; but to young men who seek *temporary accommodation* in this channel — and there is no other — ruin is next to inevitable.

* * *

9th. — An unfortunate countrywoman this morning presented a petition to the royal travellers. It

is one of the many sickening tales which we hear on the Continent, too frequently got up *exprès*, with a marked attention to stage effect. But far be it from me to insinuate a word against the motives of the present suppliant. Real misery exists, and presents itself to the eye under too many different forms to admit of classification. If, in the garb it wears to-day, we recognise none of the characteristics which have moved us by their palpable evidence on some former occasion, we may consider it as only a new variety of the same species; a fresh scene in the ever-tragic drama of human life.

The fair petitioner was once happy; happy as a warm heart and ripening hopes could make her; and would have continued so: but love, in evil hour, and in the guise and gait of a French *tambour*, beat a charge upon her heart. She, poor soul, though greatly taken by surprise, made a long and desperate resistance, fully resolved that her little fortress, though all unmanned, should never succumb — at least to a French tambour. All this she said to herself, and repeated it again and again. But while she did so, the formidable *tambour* continued also to repeat his charge, rat-tat-too, all at her heart. How it happened she does not remember; but one morning, by some

unaccountable oversight, she was thrown off her guard, and what do you think the *tambour* did? He took advantage of that accident, and reiterated the siege with such precipitation, that at every roll of his drum-sticks her heart quaked, and the fears of womanhood overwhelmed her.

It soon became evident that the fortress could not hold out much longer, — that was certain; yet did she neither lose her self-possession nor her ingenuity, as any other would have done. A very clever thought suggested itself — a sudden determination to make her escape! As for surrender, — did any body think for a moment that she would surrender? No; she would sooner throw herself from the window, — a desperate thought under desperate circumstances. But there was no alternative. — With the bound of an antelope she leapt and fell — into the arms of the *tambour!* Now this was nothing less than a manuœvre of the arch-enemy of womankind. What could be done? Nothing! Could she help it? Certainly not! Things had come to the worst. She now felt herself a helpless damsel in the keeping of a dragon — a French *dragoon*, too, who, it is well known, is never forward in releasing his prisoner; less so, if English; and least of all, if an English damsel. Well, it could not be *very long* before there would certainly be a

*peace* and a general exchange of prisoners, and *then* she would be quite sure of regaining her freedom. This was a very ingenious, comforting thought; so she determined to abide the results of an expected peace. She did so; but when that peace arrived, her peace, poor soul, was gone, *tambour* and all!

Her whole surviving stock of this world's prosperity was the miniature of a *tambour*, *en grand appareil*, and another of hardly larger dimensions hanging in her arms — her little all, but *all* to her! As dear, she declared to me, as if the *one* had died with a marshal's baton in his hand, and the other had been appointed a little lord of the chamber to the little king of Rome! Every body was struck with her appearance, and deeply affected by her story. None had the heart to reproach her. She looked so piteously in her child's face, and then at the speaker, that one could not in conscience expect her to be sorry for what she had done. Enough of sorrows may be yet in store for her. It was not our province to censure, but to impart, where we could, a little sunshine, a little comfort, and a little encouragement. These were severally communicated. The illustrious travellers made her a liberal donation; the example was followed by others; and, in

bestowing this welcome bounty, accompanied with a seasonable maxim, she dropped me a low courtesy, and, modestly shutting her eyes to prevent, no doubt, the escape of tears in the presence of strangers, promised me in pathetic terms *never to do so any more!* then, fondling her little *tambour*, whispered, — "Viens, mon petit, maintenant je saurai t'acheter un beau tambour! Ah, pauvre malheureux! que ton papa savait battre le tambour! Que je me rappelle de ses *baguettes!*" In less than half an hour they were in front of the Wiedenhof — the young *tambour* and his mamma — the former with an instrument of sound as large as life, and shaped like a half-cask of Hocheimer, which ever and anon the little urchin tattooed with a taste and effect which made a powerful impression upon every ear. For my own part I was more affected by the circumstance than the music. I look upon *precocity* of talent in general as a melancholy omen — a thing to excite more apprehension than hope. In the vocabulary of human life, brightness too often implies brevity; and here was a case in point. As I contemplated the marvellous little *baguettes* which twinkled so ominously in the hands of the miniature tambour, I felt for the poor mother, who seemed to feel for herself. But whether she

shed tears of joy or tears of apprehension, I could not tell — but she shed tears — and in either case I pitied her. If *he* died, there was an end of him, perhaps of both; her desolation was certain..... Not so destitute, neither. Still she would have the pride to think, that although carried off in the bud, he had made more *noise* in the world than many who have ten times outnumbered his years. But, suppose that he should live; suppose that he should tread in the thunder of his ancestors; suppose, finally, that some ill-starred damsel should rehearse the drama of the siege — that the arch-enchanter should tempt her also to the window, and thence precipate her into the arms of a second tambour! Under such apprehension I felt it a becoming, an imperative duty, to warn certain young people of all I had seen, heard, and surmised. Accidents suggest remedies: the most trivial incident may convey a moral or curb a propensity; and where there is a chance of so doing, it were little short of felony to withhold the means, however humble: so I expatiated emphatically upon this heavy topic, exhorting each to keep constantly before her eyes the sage proverb which saith, —

Look before ye leap, or borrow
Passing joy with lasting sorrow.

All were evidently affected. One in her simplicity of heart assures me that should SHE be ever tempted to jump from a window, it should be into the arms of a handsome *English* — not a French — tambour. This is satisfactory.

> Much may be learnt upon a tour; —
> Even *morals* from a French *Tambour*.

* * *

10th. — Met the ex-KING taking his solitary evening walk in the gardens. He is a man of imposing exterior, with a firm upright military port. His dress, in cut and colour, that of an English gentleman; — blue coat, gilt buttons, fastened close round the gorge; light blue pantaloons; well polished *Hessian* boots; and a cane of considerable weight and dimensions. He observed, with an air of suspicion or scrutiny, every individual that passed. A person of his peculiar eccentricities of mind, and strange vicissitudes of worldly circumstance, must always excite curiosity and attention wherever he appears; but individuals, I am told, have carried this propensity a little too far, so as to forget the delicacy and courtesy due to, and expected by, the royal exile. This it also appears he has both remarked and resented, and in terms surpassing verbal remonstrance. He is a

man of impetuous temperament; and this, fostered by the proud accessaries of family history, renders him a little over-sensitive on the point of etiquette, and prone to resent any thing that appears to infringe upon his prerogative. Not long since a person of consideration, attracted by this royal phenomenon, carried his curiosity so far as to follow him in his evening walk, which led to a challenge; the gentleman, however, excused himself the intended honour, on the plea of inferior rank.

Numerous anecdotes are in circulation respecting the last of the Swedes; some creditable, others extremely *bizarre*. I am cautioned, in case I should meet him again, not to express the slightest curiosity by look, word, or manner, as he will not bear to be stared at. Yet, notwithstanding his sensitiveness on this point, he takes his usual walk at that period of the day when the gardens are most frequented, and when it is the exclusive business of the evening to talk and to stare.

Mayence, Tuesday. — On leaving the palace of Biberich to-night, the Duke's fine horses were attached to the carriages, and mounted by the court postilions. The night was then, as it now is, darker than might be expected at this season; but this inconvenience was completely obviated by

a detachment of hussars and torch-bearers, who threw abundance of light and glitter along the road. The cottage-doors were thronged as we passed, and their Royal Highnesses entered the own of Mayence in triumph. The scene was particularly fine, as the cavalcade passed the lon bridge of boats. — The torch-lights were reflected far along the water, and the guard drawn up for the occasion presented arms as the Royal *cortège* reached this bank of the Rhine. The Duke of Nassau is confined to his apartment at present, in consequence of an old wound. Like Achilles, His Highness was found to be vulnerable only in the *heel*.

Biberich, with all the disadvantages of the late hour at which we arrived, appears to be a splendid residence. The court retainers, who turned out on the occasion, were numerous. The household officers appeared in their gala uniforms. The magnificent staircase and halls, among the finest in Europe, were brilliantly lighted up. The limited conversation which I enjoyed with one of the Duke's aides-de-camp has left a very agreeable impression. He had been much in England, and admires both the country and the people. Although only two hours at Biberich, I have left it with sentiments perfectly reciprocal.

*Note.* — The Emperor Charles VII. died at Munich in the forty-seventh year of his age; illustrious for his virtues, but worn out with anxieties and disappointments. He left behind him this important lesson: — "*Le plus haut dégré de la grandeur humaine, peut être le comble du malheur!*"

* * *

13th. — *En route*..... Nay, never talk to me of your calm, composed, collected men, — patterns of insensibility and patient endurance; — mere milk and water..... The air, were it never agitated by the *venti bacchantes*, would soon be unfit for respiration. The stream, if long flowing with a smooth, noiseless, unvarying current, would at length be choked up with weeds.... where the winds never blow, the rankest weeds grow. No; — passion, like the storm, sweeps the cobwebs from the brain; purifies the intellectual atmosphere; purges the sluggish channels of their slime; and, by quickening the circulation, cleanses the intricate labyrinths of life, and gives fresh zest and vigour to existence..... I cannot away with your stoics; they are only *less* than flesh and blood..... Your quiet, docile men die of sheer *ennui* long before their day. — Your *choleric*, on the contrary, live and keep others living.... Does not your very *sumpter*-mule, after being jaded with the long

uniform march, — the staid and stately step, — by being pricked into a hobble-trot, acquire new vigour from the change? .... The sap mounts the tree in a storm; the air is oxygenized; the stream is cleansed by the tempest; and the mind of man is never so serene as just after some salutary gust of passion. Nothing so irksome, so utterly lifeless, as a dead calm at sea; nothing so insufferable as a gentle, compromising, ever-and-ever resigned spirit on shore. Keep stirring, my boy; — keep always stirring; — man is made for *action*, woman for contemplation! Your brooding men are the ——! When offended, crossed, disappointed, they will neither express their feelings nor forget them: — no; they will brood on in darkness, like the blind mole in his burrow. *No* burst of passion! — true, they will sulk on; dissatisfied with themselves, and with every one else; with neither courage to tell their offence, nor philosophy to overcome it. They always appear with a smouldering cloud upon their brow, like a smothered volcano, — wasting away within, and burning the attenuated crust, by which it is hemmed in, thinner and thinner, till at last some fearful explosion takes place, and there's an end. Those little sudden *squalls* are extremely salutary; they are a sort of safety valve by which the great boiler of the brain

is secured from the dread of explosion..... A sharp storm and soon over for me.....

* * *

Entering Bacharach, the ruins of St. Werner's church present a feature of sombre, stately magnificence. Crowned by the vast and imposing ruins of Stalek, heightened and improved by the strongly contrasting objects around, the scene is well calculated to make a lasting impression. The church is a beautiful, but mutilated, remnant of Gothic architecture.

Bacharach has long enjoyed a high reputation for the excellence of its grape. The acclivity rising above the town is covered with luxuriant vineyards, whose produce has received the *bibatur* of both papal and imperial authority. Pius II., who travelled in Germany as *Æneas Silvius*, tasted the grape of Bacharach, and was so much pleased and captivated by its flavour, that he ordered a large supply to be forwarded annually to his cellars in the Vatican. The Emperor Wenceslas, of bibacious memory, granted to the Nurembergers certain important liberties and indemnities, on the sole condition of their furnishing him in return with three tuns of the wine of Bacharach.

Of his Imperial Majesty's predilection for the choicest grape many historical anecdotes are in circulation. All authors coincide in the fact, that

he was very little annoyed by his sudden reverses of station as a degraded potentate. The odes of Anacreon appear to have been his text book. He drank under the apprehension that the time might come when he could *not* drink. He wrote to several of the imperial towns, stating, that he exacted from them no other pledge of attachment to his person and government, than a few tuns of their best wine. One day a messenger arrived in great trepidation, to announce that the royal château of Vicegraden had been suddenly burnt to the ground. "And my cellars," hastily interrupted the Emperor; "has the disaster injured my wine?" — "No, sire," replied the messenger; "your Majesty's cellars have suffered nothing." — "Well, well, then," rejoined Wenceslas "the loss is but small, — provided that my *wine be not damaged I am content!*"

* * *

Powerful effects I perceive may arise from very unimportant causes. Under certain circumstances of time, place, and intellectual susceptibility, the most simple, even unmusical, sounds excite emotions, and leave impressions which we can neither account for nor overcome.

This conviction was brought more home by the post bugles as we left St. Goar. I thought their

wild commingling notes the most effective music I had ever heard. They are said to be of remote origin, to have retained their pathos and simplicity amid all the complicated refinements of master and amateur, which have so industriously subdued and disguised many of the stirring or melting airs of antiquity. In Germany, as elsewhere, intricacy and "*execution*" begin to expatriate many of the old favourites of "*bower* and *hall*;" or if retained, they are blasted by the very breath employed to recommend them, —flourished and frittered away into the nothingness of a modern *cavatina*. In music as in architecture, simplicity is the soul of grandeur and effect. Long may the "Bugle march" of the Rhine escape the cumbrous accompaniments of *Monsieur*, and the laborious variations of the *Signor* his brother.

* * *

Aix-la-Chapelle, Saturday. — The case was distressing, the scene such as the eye shrinks from with horror. I may safely assert, that there was not one dry cheek among the bystanders.

"Never mind, Willis," said the lady, who appeared to feel most interested in this tragical event, and whose very beautiful features had acquired additional charms from the cloud of softened melancholy that now rested upon them.

"Never mind, Willis, — empty the *imperial*; lay them one by one upon this table; perhaps it may, after all, be not quite *so* bad as you think."

"Ah, Madam!" replied Willis, with a very significant shake of the head, and proceeding to obey her mistress's directions. "Ah, Madam!"

The first article which was taken from the imperial, and which had served as a sort of protection to others of a more delicate texture, was a rich *manteau* of pure cerulean, lined with white *taffeta*: this, with the exception of a little rumpling and irregularity in the folds, appeared to have sustained little injury. The next was a white muslin dress, or rather that had been *white*, for its original hue was now disputed by at least one hundred spots, which gave it more of the appearance of an ancient parchment than of a fashionable morning dress.

The scene that followed was more appalling. A beautiful crimson *robe*, covered by an elaborate net-work of the richest lace, looped with diamonds, and such as would have set off the fairest *belle* at the last drawing-room, was now — indeed I have no words to express the absolute consternation that infused itself into the looks of all present. A momentary shudder passed round the little circle — they looked at the *once* beautiful *robe*, and then

looked at one another; but the silent agony of the moment was not relieved by a single expression: — the very function of respiration seemed for the time suspended: — the expression of a Niobé was nothing to this!

As in the natural world the electric flash is often followed by the thunder and the shower, so it happened on the present occasion, — the first electric shock of grief and astonishment was succeeded by tears. These, however, did not flow in silence, but were interrupted by bitter invectives against some person or persons unknown. Despair is often productive of a courage which would astonish those who are well with themselves and the world, and know not what it is to have lost their all. It was far otherwise with the lady who there stood with clasped hands and streaming eyes, like one of those weeping Magdalenes whom it is more dangerous to encounter in sorrow than in smiles. Raphael knew this; but had he ever met with a scene like the present, it had now been worth 5000 louis. She had courage such as despair only could inspire.

"Take it out, Willis," said she, "take it out! I can now look upon it with indifference. I was taken by surprise." She miscalculated. The sight overcame the stoicism with which she believed herself armed. That beautiful dress, in

which she had moved the "fairest of the fair," was spotted like a leopard, — totally destroyed! Another *robe brodée en satin* had met the same fate. Every thing, in short, which was capable of contamination, had shared the catastrophe. "Your very chemises, ma'am," ejaculated Willis, as she approached the under layer, "are spotted quite as bad as the dresses." — "You *provoking* creature!" interrupted the lady; — then, in a softened voice, "Well, well; I must bear it as I may." — "Yes, ma'am, truly; but to look at that charming dress, in which every one said you looked so beautiful — so elegant — so — and when Captain L—— and Lord P—— did nothing but sigh and gaze, and gaze and sigh, — and then, ma'am." . . . "Hush, Willis, no more, — pray no more; — now that I am cool, and can hear the account with indifference, tell me *exactly* how the disaster happened."

"I will tell you *exactly*, ma'am. It was at that place they called the *barrier*. The Prussiar, I think Thomas called it. — Pray, ma'am, are we not now in *Prussiar?*"

"Yes, yes," answered the lady impatiently, — "proceed."

"Well, I am sure I shall remember Prussiar as long as *I* live. And so, ma'am, it was, as I said, at the barrier; — you may remember it by

the black and white checked tree that hangs over the road; — well, ma'am, as you know, when these horrid men came and looked into the carriage, and questioned you as if *you* had been an arrant smuggler, — says you to me, ma'am, says you, 'Go, Willis, and open the *imperial*, and show the *officers*,' as you called them, — but, oh! ma'am, how unlike the officers of the guards, Captain F—— and . . . 'Go,' says you, 'Willis, and show them the contents of the trunks.' Indeed, ma'am, I thought you were far too condescending; but as I always minds my *missis*'s orders, I takes the keys, but says I to myself, 'I'll make the *officers*, as they're called, a little more *respectable*;' — so when the imperial was taken off, I unlocked it. 'Ay,' says I, 'you may well look! It will be long ere you see such beautiful dresses again, and yet missis has others far more beautiful at home.' .... Saying this, I shut down the lid sharply, intending to lock it, when — would you believe it? — they, the unpolished ruffians, — they absolutely wrenched the keys out of my hands, — pushed, — only think of pushing a lady! I mean a *lady*'s lady, — pushed me away, and began to ransack every thing I had folded so nicely! O the barbarians! I could have — however I suppressed my indignation, for I found they did not understand

a word of pure English more than they did manners, — so I stood and looked on, and would have said nothing, but at length they came to that superb dress, — the beautiful pink-and-pearl; — there it lies! They thrust their odious hands into it, rumpled it all over, and threw it back into the imperial! — I could not bear this, — for I have a bold spirit. 'So,' says I, rushing in amongst them, and pushing them aside with all the strength I was mistress of, so, says I, '*this* is the way you show respect to ladies of my mistress's rank; — this is the way, is it?' But before I could finish, for I was bursting with indignation, the *savages* set up a horse laugh, and one of them taking me rudely by the arm grinned in my face; (la! ma'am, how ugly their *mustachios* are!) and pointed with his finger — Oh! mercy on us, what a sight! I still tremble at the recollection of it, — the huge *ink-bottle*, which the barbarians but a minute before held in their hands, — there it lay upon your beautiful pink-and-pearl! — empty, totally empty! its contents flowing in all directions among your splendid ball-dresses and morning dresses! — my *goodness!* I thought I should have gone blind at the sight! — indeed I was blind for a time, — for I saw ink, — nothing but ink!

But I did not lose the use of my *speech*, as some others might have done, — no, I soon found words, and turning round to them, says I — " — " Stop, stop, Willis," interrupted the lady, who was not a little agitated during the recital of the catastrophe, " you need proceed no farther. I see exactly how the matter stands. Your intemperate and injudicious zeal in my service has been productive, as it too frequently is, of consequences which are irreparable. Had you suffered the officers to do their duty without molestation, I had still had my wardrobe such as it was when I left Lipsley Park. Indeed, I have only to thank *you*, Willis, for the trouble and inconvenience to which I am now reduced, — a pretty *mackerel* truly to be presented at Katzenellenbogen!" Willis, who was evidently struggling under the weight of much that was still unuttered in her defence, was prevented from reiteration by her mistress suddenly quitting the room, and desiring that the imperial might be arranged for immediate departure.

" There again," muttered the offended Abigail, " there again! Never otherwise! No thanks for the spirited manner in which I acted. Well, there's no help for it: — ' One must be contented,' as the man in the play says, ' to do good for pure

conscience-sake — and continue to practise virtue, and all that, although it bring neither praise nor pin-money!' That 's the life poor Willis leads."

* * *

Brussels, 15th. — About a league from this, an accident occurred to the chariot, which has obliged their Royal Highnesses to halt for repairs. These of course will be as slowly expedited as possible. It is neither for the interest of the *Bellevue*, nor the coachmaker, that the honour of this unexpected visit should be unnecessarily curtailed. Despatch would materially affect the amount of the bill; — delay will most certainly add to it. Being a *providential* occurrence, too, it is to be estimated accordingly; and the money intended for Ghent will be equally acceptable at Brussels. In twenty-four hours or so the royal party will be allowed to proceed. No tradesman of the place can rectify the accident in less time. Yet it is but a trifle, and under any other circumstances might be easily remedied. But where there exists a friendly understanding, and a mutual interest to promote delay, both master and man appear incorrigibly dull of comprehension. They will neither see, nor reason, but in one way, — to proceed is, therefore, impossible, — but to wait quietly at the hotel exceedingly proper and desirable. "Where

is there better fare, finer apartments, more *English* comforts, or more systematic attendance, than at the hôtel Bellevue?" — "No where." — "Be thankful, then, that things are as they *are*; that nothing so serious occurred which may not now be converted to amusement. The day is delightful, the park full of company, the city full of curiosities, the streets cheerful and commodious; your countrymen at every corner, novelty and amusement every where; — music at the cathedral, minuets at the 'Concert Noble,' military bands on the *boulevards*, 'La Dame Blanche' at the theatre, jugglers in the market-place, flower-girls in the Place Royale; — but these are not half of what we can boast; we have convents and *casernes*, hospitals, palaces, colleges, chambers of parliament, of commerce, of agriculture; we have literary clubs, literary men, philosophers of all sects, royalists, regicides, renegades, philanthropists, and public benefactors; the former headed by the Abbé Sieyes, the latter, by Sir Fons Mannekin, — the oldest citizen in Brussels, by at least half a century. He is visited by all your *compatriotes*, and, although of patriarchal years, is still youthful in figure and appearance; you must visit *him* by all means. His name, as I said, is by far the oldest on the civic list, and I will be bold to assert

that he has not his equal in Europe." — "What," I enquired, "is he older than our famous Yorkshireman?" — "By seventy years at least." — "Wonderful! Does he still retain the use of his faculties?" — "He does not say much, his reception of strangers is *cool*, but so unconstrained, so *undisguised*, that a single interview will be as good as ten." — "Shall I require no *introduction?*" — "Nothing of the kind; he neither stands on *ceremony* himself, nor expects it from others. There is nothing artificial about him; you will find him perfectly natural and unaffected in every thing he does." — "Shall I dress?" — "You may as well; it will show your respect for a person of his age and elevation. He has himself a very splendid dress which he occasionally wears; it was presented to him by Louis XV." — "Prodigious!" — "Perfectly true; he was a distinguished citizen even *then*." — "Impossible!" — "Well, then, call upon him; he will tell you what he tells every one else, — he, I assure you, makes no secret of any thing." — "I will, and immediately: why he must be older than Nestor?" — "Older? ay, and wiser too." *

* * *

* By those who have been in Brussels the result of this visit will be readily understood.

Ten o'clock. — Colonel Cooper, chamberlain to the Duke, and his friend, Dr. Sayer, have arrived to pay their respects. Introducing me to the Colonel, His Royal Highness observed, — "Cooper is an old physician, one of your own profession, but preferring, he says, military tactics to medical statistics — don't you, Cooper?"* Whatever may have been the Colonel's former profession or actual pursuits, he is evidently a great and privileged favourite with the Duke. Dr. Sayer has been several years resident in Brussels, equally distinguished as a man of science, and as a practical physician. He has enjoyed the flattering countenance of the reigning family, and was a personal and confidential friend of the late lamented Duke of Kent. He is now on his return to London, where his talents will henceforth be exercised in a more extended sphere.

Morning, nine o'clock. — A deputation from the English residents waited upon His Royal Highness with a preface of loyal congratulation, fol-

* This distinguished individual had afterwards the honour to attend the Lord High Admiral to Portsmouth, &c. He entertained their Royal Highnesses on their return through Bath; was created Sir Hutton Cooper, Bart. and died in 1829, universally regretted.

lowed by a petition in behalf of the chapel now built, or building.

* * *

GHENT, 17th. — After spending a few days here with the Duke and Duchess of Weimar, their Royal Highnesses will embark for England. Previously to this, a visit to the field of Waterloo, Quatre Bras, &c. is proposed. His Royal Highness will be accompanied by the Duke of Weimar, whose personal reminiscences of those eventful days will give a two-fold interest to the pilgrimage.

* * *

ANTWERP, 20th. — The tour is now on the eve of a happy conclusion. The Sovereign yacht lies in the Scheldt, and to-morrow morning their Royal Highnesses will embark for England.

It is pleasing to reflect that during a journey of such length and variety, through the less frequented circles of Germany, neither hurt nor accident has occurred to any one. His Royal Highness has derived essential benefit from the tour. His confirmed state of health is a topic of frequent remark with himself, and of gratifying observation with others. Air and exercise, in their due time, place, and proportion, seldom fail in imparting strength and stability to the constitution. In the economy of health they are of

first-rate importance. There is probably no country in Europe where, under the regulations stated, they will be productive of more certain pleasure and advantage, than in the provinces of the Rhine.

* * *

Of these no more; — the crested foam
Around the bark is streaming,
And stars that point to Freedom's home
Along the waters gleaming.

The breeze hath nobly fill'd the shrouds,
And morn from ocean waking —
Yon distant cliffs, like summer clouds,
In welcome light are breaking.

There, many a tall and stately mast
Along the wave careering,
Glides gaily on before the blast,
Far hence, or homeward, steering.

There, peals of mirth, or pangs of woe,
From many a deck are starting!
The heart's conflicting ebb or flow —
The *meeting*, or the *parting!*

# JOURNAL OF 1825.

## THE SECOND VISIT TO GERMANY.

# JOURNAL.

MARCH 15th, 1825.—I am honoured with His Royal Highness's commands to attend him on a second visit to Germany. The embarkation will take place at Woolwich on the 20th instant. Instead of the yacht as formerly, their Royal Highnesses will proceed in a government steam-vessel to Ostend, and thence to Upper Saxony along the Rhine and Maine. The projected tour is to occupy six months, and will present a new and interesting field of observation. The month of June is to be spent at the baths of Ems on the Rhine, and the greater part of July with the Queen, at her summer residence in the Black Forest. A matrimonial alliance, now on the eve of consummation, between the reigning Duke of Saxe-Meiningen and a Princess of Hesse-Cassell, gives occasion for commencing the journey thus early in the season. Their Royal Highnesses' suite will comprise four ladies, five female attendants,

the page, and four footmen. Altogether the party will include sixteen persons. The travelling equipage, as in 1822, will consist of two landaus and a chariot. The journey is to be accomplished in nine days from the coast.

* * *

DUNKIRK, March 21. 1825. — Embarked last night at Woolwich on board the Royal Comet. Sailed at eleven, with the expectation of reaching Ostend at two o'clock to-day. By the time we arrived off the Nore it blew very fresh. Finding that we made little way, a consultation was held, and our course changed. We run up to Calais, disembarked at one o'clock, proceeded forthwith on our route, and alighted here at seven this evening. The afternoon has been excessively cold. Captain Usher, R. N., who resides here, has come to pay his respects to His Royal Highness.

GHENT, 23d. — On leaving Dunkirk we kept close along the beach as far as Furnes: our only road the sea sand — but *hard* and dry. The wind was easterly, and piercingly cold. Reached Bruges at four P. M., where we dined and slept. The evening passed pleasantly in conversation of Italy, its painters, poets, and historians. Her Royal Highness evinced a thorough acquaintance with these subjects. On the present occasion she com-

plains of pain in the side, and has a slight cough, — both of which it is expected will be removed by change of air, and a short residence at Ems.

Left Bruges this morning, and alighted at the town residence of His Serene Highness the Duke of Weimar at one o'clock. There is a magnificence about these old towns of the Netherlands which has no parallel with us. There is a vivacity in the life, manners, and conversation of the natives, which is always agreeable to visitors. The *place d'armes* is crowded with *militaires*. Colonel S—— has left with his family for Kent. We are to start to-morrow at eight, and to sleep at the same inn as in 1822.

* * *

Aix-la-Chapelle, 25th. — A short way on this side of Tirlemont three conical mounds present themselves on the right hand. Their history is as obscure as that of the pyramids of Egypt. Their purpose of erection may probably have been similar, — *magna componere parvis*, — monuments recording the death of those whose lives and actions had left behind them no more imperishable record. Great men live in their actions, little men in the art of the sculptor. How many of those illustrious patriots to whom posterity have erected temples, like Pompey, could hardly find a tomb!

St. Trond is a populous town, and, like all others throughout the Netherlands, presents a mingled series of prosperity, grandeur, and decay.

The descent towards the city of Liege offers one of the finest views on the Continent, and much surpasses those to which the traveller, in quest of the picturesque, is more frequently directed. To the right and left a rich cultivated country, interspersed with a thousand varieties in surface and situation, lay expanded before the eye, till lost in the horizon. There is a saying that *Liege is a paradise inhabited by demons.* Whether this has reference to the moral depravity, or to the personal appearance of the lower classes, — chiefly employed at the furnaces, or in the coal-pits, — or to both, I pretend not to say. The disciples of St. Francis appear to have a thriving colony here, who make a livelihood by taking "no thought for to-morrow." A troop of mendicants received us at the gate, escorted us to the inn, and again acted as convoy, when we proceeded on our journey, till they were replaced by a fresh relay. Among these *lazaroni* were several veterans of great age and address; one old sibyl in particular exerted a kind of despotic authority over the whole troop, — distributing them among the several carriages, and levying contributions, "*pour l'amour*

*de Dieu;*" but owing them in reality to a series of studied contortions and gesticulations which seldom failed of their object. The road from Liege to Achen is a fine *chaussée*, commanding delightful views of the country, with a rich undulating surface as far as *Battice*, the Belgian and Prussian frontier. Here the Prussian *slagbaum* commands attention, and the *douannier* bespeaks his commission in a table of imposts presented for the traveller's "*declaration.*" Woe to him who shall there be detected — *per vetita ruens* — as a dealer in things forbidden!

Saturday, 26th. — At seven this morning we left the gate of the Dragon d'Or; — an inn of which, after repeated trials, I feel it an act of justice to say one good word at parting. The landlord of the Dragon d'Or was an officer in the French army, and had witnessed and suffered much in his person during the war, and in his prospects after it. But, fortune favours the brave, and the brave "deserve the fair;" so mine host of the Golden Dragon had at last the reward becoming his deserts. He left the adjustment of kingdoms and provinces to the "Holy Alliance;" and, forming a little holy alliance of his own, which he confirmed by certain preliminary rites, he thence-

forth took upon him to administer the *rites* of hospitality to all the world.

Three hours and a half brought us to Juliers over a deep sandy road — numerous hands repairing it; but every additional load of the gravel employed augments the inconvenience; and until the *chaussée* be restored, or a more permanent *matériel* adopted, the road from Achen to Cologne will give rise to much waste of time and temper, and much torture to the wretched post-horses.

*Juliers* is very strongly fortified, and the ditches and ramparts kept in thorough repair. In its internal aspect and economy it has much of that gloom and *ennui* which characterise most of the towns, so much more securely protected than their neighbours, and in time of profound peace have many of the disadvantages of a prison. There is a considerable garrison here; and the work of fortification goes still forward, that the work of demolition may be more conspicuous some future day.

The view of Cologne presented itself on passing the heights of Bergheim. At first a long serrated chain of hills skirted the horizon, becoming more and more distinct as we advanced. Next we observed ten or twelve towers and spires, of various height and dimension, starting in bold relief from the blue sky in which they appeared to float. On

the left the cathedral tower stood alone and pre-eminent. As we advanced, a rich and highly cultivated plain expanded before us, bounded in front by the hills of the Rhine, and on the right and left losing itself in the horizon. Beyond the right of the ramparts, which now showed themselves in all their renovated and formidable strength, we observed here and there a white sail appearing and disappearing amid the grove of trees, through which it seemed to move. At intervals the glancing of water, as it was lost or relieved by intervening objects, attracted notice. We now descended, passed through a small village at the margin of the plain, and entered an avenue of some miles. The sound of the mingled bells, which flung their peal from every spire, fell in pleasing cadence upon the ear, while the eye was amused with the thousand objects which diversified the plain, and rose in pleasing succession before us. The bastions of the city next presented themselves. In the reconstruction of one on the right of the gate several troops of chained criminals in couples were employed, a sight which detracted not a little from the beauty of the scene. On the left an extensive walled enclosure, beautifully laid out and planted with shrubs, flowers, and evergreens, after the manner of *Père-la-Chaise*, indicated the Public

Cemetery. It is embellished with several handsome sepulchral monuments. A few minutes more and we passed the drawbridge, entered under the portcullis, and, threading our course through a variety of intricate streets, halted at the post-house.

On quitting Cologne for Bonn one is equally struck as on entering it with the massiveness and multiplicity of its works, the cautious and circuitous line of approach, the portcullis, bastion, and counterscarp, &c., upon which the engineer is still actively employed. The greatest military advantage of Cologne is its natural position, which is not effectually commanded by any neighbouring eminence.

The road to Bonn runs through the rich plain already mentioned, at one moment commanding a full view of the river, at another of detached portions, and affording a charming illusion of lake and forest, bounded by a long chain of mountains, among which, as they become more defined, the eye is directed to the "Seven Hills," the natural watch-towers of the Rhine. This part of the valley was formerly the bed of a lake, of which the hills on the right served as the original boundary. It is now a garden, and its harvests contribute very materially to enrich the granaries of the country.

Bonn presents an agreeable and imposing aspect as we approach the barriers, which, like the *boulevards* of Brussels, Frankfort, &c., have been demolished, and transformed into tasteful and extensive walks for the inhabitants.

On a neighbouring hill there is a place of pilgrimage, much resorted to on holidays; and from the rich and beautiful view it commands has the strongest claims upon all admirers of the picturesque. We overtook several pilgrims in that direction.

As a place of strength, Bonn has no longer any pretensions. It is entirely commanded by the hills on the south and west; and if the art of war is to be acquired here, it is from the veteran who conducts the military department of the academy—*Cedant arma togæ!* Bonn is now a favoured seat of the muses, and possesses a university in excellent discipline. The professors have individually gathered fame in the various departments of science and literature. The young men who here prosecute their studies under able and vigilant masters arrive in a few years at a degree of proficiency which was rarely known to the last generation.

Students from various nations of Europe are here in training: there are halls appropriated to

the Protestant and to the Catholic: the professors are equal in the eye of government, which has provided liberally for both.

In the foundation and endowment of this university the King of Prussia has bestowed an imperishable boon upon his subjects, which they appreciate and acknowledge in terms of loyalty and gratitude.

Attracted by the character of the various professors, and the distinguishing amenities of the place, several families, subjects of other countries, have taken up their abode in the town or neighbourhood, that their children may have the benefit of the excellent instructions for which the chairs of this university are individually distinguished. These advantages are still further enhanced by the practical economy which every one here has it in his power to adopt. Provisions are abundant, fruits and wine proverbially so; house-rent, — the hire of a comfortable family-house, — does not exceed that of a small apartment in England; and the climate is mild and salubrious. To the painter, the poet, the botanist, and the mineralogist, the surrounding country possesses charms which at once please the eye, excite the imagination, and in its deeper recesses offers an inexhaustible resource to the philosophical enquirer.

COBLENTZ, *à la Poste*, 27th. — A little on this side of the gate of Bonn there is a richly carved obelisk, of the most elaborate workmanship, purely Gothic in design, and sufficient of itself, did no other specimen exist, to recommend that style of architecture: — it is worth a hundred lectures on the subject. It is a votive altar; and, notwithstanding the symbols of religion with which it is covered, it has had the good fortune to survive the revolution, and is still an object of devout attraction to the pilgrim.

The Godesberg never fails to attract particular notice from the traveller, and to prompt historical enquiry. It presents itself in the form of an insulated irregular cone, crowned with the remains of a feudal castle and fort; the walls of which are still in preservation, and such as would afford to the possessor security and *comfort*; the latter much more probable from the rich and luxuriant *vineyard* with which three sides of the cone are covered as the season advances.

In whichever way this château is approached, it is equally picturesque and striking: its shape and insulated position give it more the appearance of a work of human labour than a production of nature. The road runs through the village attached to it, and on the right is overhung by a

part of the north wall, where the acclivity is very steep, planted with shrubbery, presenting an air of mixed grandeur and antiquity calculated to make a powerful impression, and offering a striking subject for the pencil. A little beyond this village, on the right, are some celebrated baths, which are well frequented.

The country now becomes more romantic at every step, and the stranger feels his mind carried forcibly back to the days of feudal domination. The "Seven Hills" stand like so many land-marks in the stream of time, — each with its tales of excitement or terror, — each with its warlike records and romantic legends!

The road presents a gentle ascent; the prospect expands; beauties in fresh developement crowd upon the eye; the traveller is bewildered amid the numberless objects that at once court attention and excite admiration: of these the most prominent is the ruin of Drachenfels, on the opposite bank of the Rhine. To draw a comparison between the rock on which it is built and the ruin, the latter looks like a seaman on the mast-head of a seventy-four.

Here the left bank of the Rhine is precipitous; and one woody cliff overhangs another, till the leaves of the highest are seen dimly fluttering in the horizon, with grey rocks at intervals rising up

in rugged relief through the bursting foliage, and diversifying the scene. At a depth of some hundred feet the river rolls over a broad channel, and, expanding into two arms, encircles in its bosom the sacred island of *Nonnenwerder*.

Projecting from a rock that shoots up like a promontory, the traveller's observation is directed to the remains of an arch, like the lofty oriel of some ancient cathedral. It commands a full view of the little island below, and from which it is separated only by the road and the river. At the time it was built a more formidable barrier existed. The one was the abode of penitence and prayer, — the living tomb of innocence and beauty; — the other was that of heroic, enduring passion; passion which extinguished all others, — purest and strongest under the fullest impression of its hopelessness; passion which glowed the brighter, as the vital chords on which it preyed became more and more feeble; till at last the frame it had at once hallowed and exhausted was consigned to the earth, and its name to immortality. That arch is at once the monument of his love and the mausoleum of the lover! In that little island rest the ashes of one whose beauty was only equalled by her misfortunes. On that altar, at which she ministered with a contrite spirit, and pro-

nounced her vow, she laid the last sacrifice of a broken heart. *

Mayence, 28th. — The *route Napoleon* is certainly one of the finest, if not the very finest, in Europe. Travellers on the Rhine ought never to pronounce his name but with an expression of marked *reconnoissance.*

The scenery which occupies the space between St. Goar and Oberwesel Salvator would have hailed as a fit subject for his bold and savage delineations. It wants only what he could have readily supplied, — a stray *brigand* here and there to give it the greatest *interest* in the eye of the traveller, and render it worthy of a Calabrian defile. This is by far the most romantic division of the Rhine. On either side the rocks overshadow the bed of the river. The hamlets, bourgs, castles, convents, monasteries, &c., present an aspect of great antiquity, and are scattered in remarkable profusion along the banks. Every one of these has its peculiar legends and traditions, — all marvellous, and in strict harmony with their local habitation. It is rather to be wondered at, that, considering the revived passion for romantic story, there should be still no

* See, in another part of this work, " A Night in Nonnenwerder."

detailed history of the Rhenish traditions: it is probable they would elucidate several curious points in the history of these and the neighbouring provinces.

The striking and romantic ruins on the right have a claim to more than ordinary attention from the English traveller; they are the ruins of *Schoenberg*, the *berceau* of a family distinguished even in the time of Charlemagne; and in these latter and degenerate days, who has not heard of the dauntless Frederick of Schoenberg? * After making his military *début*, and distinguishing himself in the campaigns of Henry Prince of Orange and William III., he signalised himself by a succession of victories over the Spaniards, and re-established the house of Braganza upon the throne of Portugal. He then, says his biographer, put an extinguisher upon the renascent hopes of the house of Stuart, and in 1690 became at once victorious and immortal on the *Boyne*.

* * *

FRANKFORT, Tuesday 29th. — Safely arrived on the MAINE. We have been most fortunate in weather — not a drop of rain since we left Ghent, five days ago. Nothing could have prospered better than the journey thus far.

* Schomberg.

To-day a very distinguished party dined with their Royal Highnesses in the *Weidenhof.* The Landgrave and Landgravine of Homburg were present, and expressed great joy in once more welcoming their illustrious relatives to Hesse.

The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen was married on the 23d instant to the Princess Maria Frederica, daughter of the Elector of Hesse-Cassel: they are to make their public entrance into Meiningen in the course of ten days, when the illustrious bride will be received by the Duchess Dowager, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, and other branches of the reigning family.

* * *

WIEDENHOF. — There is a stranger among the company here who is a very great hero. A hero in strength, stature, thought, word, and deed. I was much entertained with him on entering the *salle-à-manger*, where he delights every fresh arrival by detailing his astonishing personal feats at *Wagram.*

A gentleman of Rudesheim, an officer in the Nassau corps, happened to know his history. Having heard his unvarying detail of personal prowess on the field, with an expression of some impatience and marked incredulity, he coolly en-

quired "whether the hero had been present on that memorable day from *choice* or *necessity?*" "From *choice*, to be sure," answered the other. — "Yes; I knew *your* regiment well. You will, no doubt, recall a circumstance which I myself witnessed on the eve preceding the battle of Wagram." (The hero, as the phrase is, began to look out for squalls.) — "We had in our corps," continued the other, "a fine handsome fellow, in person much resembling yourself; but, strange as it may sound in the ears of a soldier like you, he disliked the smell of *powder!* So, taking advantage of the night, he determined to record his courage by a precipitate retreat!" (The hero smoked with increasing vehemence, vomiting forth the clouds like a volcano.) — "Yes; he determined to abandon the chance of immortality for mere common existence, and make his escape. The plan was ingeniously laid, but the best laid plans are, at times, treacherous; so the *picquets* brought him back at the point of their bayonets. Next morning he was placed in the van, with other brave comrades, and informed that the *only way to retreat was through the enemy's files!* Poor fellow! he shook like an aspen, or — the pipe you now hold in your hand. The result of that day is well known; but what became of our *hero* I cannot

pretend to say, unless you may have fallen in with him at the *Wiedenhof*, where, as I have *heard*, he talks a good deal of *Wagram*." The issue of this rencontre may be imagined. Wagram, for the present, is an interdicted topic.

We are to leave this early to-morrow, to proceed by Aschaffenburg, the Spessar-wald, &c., and to sleep at the *Baÿerischenhof*, Wurtzburg.

MEININGEN, April 1st.—Left Wurtzburg yesterday, and arrived here at six P. M. Nothing could have terminated more favourably. I have endeavoured to perform my duty to the party individually, and individually they have expressed themselves in a manner most gratifying to my feelings.

The carriages have stood the travelling amazingly well; not the slightest accident during a journey of so many hundred miles.

Great preparations are making for the public *entrée* of the Duke and his bride to their capital on Tuesday. They are now spending the golden days at the baths of Liebenstein. Along the whole line of road, fifteen miles, which connects Liebenstein and the capital, triumphal arches have been erected in honour of the occasion.

On Tuesday night there is to be a general illumination, with balls and concerts. The bustle

that here pervades every street, and appears in every countenance, contrasts strongly with the former tranquillity of the place.

* * *

Wednesday, 5th. — Yesterday the *grande entrée* took place. For several miles on the Liebenstein road, nothing was to be seen but carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians, all anxiously expecting the Duke and his bride, who commenced their progress from the baths at eleven o'clock. Following the stream I left the capital in good time, and took my station under the portico of *Jerusalem*. Here the crowd was immense; the peasantry in particular seemed to have risen *en masse*, — every where, and in every possible manner, evincing their loyalty and attachment to the sovereign and his young consort. As far as the eye could reach triumphal arches were thrown across the road; bands of music stationed at intervals, and the inhabitants presenting addresses and congratulations as they approached. It was a joyous scene. The fine weather contributed greatly to enhance the pleasure of the multitude, and the pomp with which the procession was conducted. It advanced in the following order: —

*Gens d'armes.*

The Directors of the Post, in full state-uniforms,

followed by twenty postilions in livery, winding their bugles after the manner of the country. The effect was very good and novel. These were succeeded by the Directors-General in their carriages.

The next were the *Yager* companies of the Upper, Middle, and Lower Forest Departments, in handsome green uniforms, preceded by their officers, and followed by the masters and pupils of the Forest Academy.

A company of officers of the palace and magistrates of towns and districts.

A large body of the respectable citizens.

Various magistrates and others in their robes or uniforms.

The Master of the Horse.

The superb open landau, with THEIR SERENE HIGHNESSES, attended by another Chamberlain and Master of the Horse.

The carriages with the ladies and gentlemen of the suite.

Various other carriages, preceded, accompanied, and followed by an immense multitude of all classes in this and from most of the neighbouring states.

When the procession reached Walldorf, the news was announced in the capital by the firing

of cannon. Here a magnificent arch spanned the way with the salutation, "WELCOME," in gold letters. All the authorities, civil, military, and ecclesiastic, met their Highnesses with various testimonies of loyal congratulation. An *ode*, composed for the occasion, was sung in full chorus. The *Jewish* communes displayed their loyalty in a handsome triumphal arch, emblazoned with a very appropriate text from the first book of Kings.* Here also the *Rabbis*, with the flower of their synagogues and schools, took their station, and the Jewish director delivered an address in verse, beginning *Festlich stehen wir*, &c.; to which a gracious reply was returned. Other triumphal arches succeeded; each with appropriate devices, and covered with green boughs and emblematic flowers, the first of the season.

On reaching the heights of *Jerusalem*, the young DUCHESS obtained the first view of MEININGEN. She was received with deafening acclamations, and appeared much affected by the scene around her. The *cortège* moved slowly on to the sound of artillery, bands of music, church bells, song, and recitative. It was a very animated scene. All appeared in holiday costume — most of that new, and often very picturesque in cut and appear-

* Chap. x. ver. 8, 9.

ance. In approaching the town a state carriage was forwarded to receive their Highnesses for the *entrée*; but with good taste it was declined, and sent into the rear.

The entrance to the town was announced by a lofty triumphal arch, with two lateral colonnades, ornamented with statues, scutcheons, emblems of peace, war, and matrimony. Over the principal arch, in gold letters,

WELCOME! FLOWER OF MEININGEN.

The others spoke each its sentiment on the occasion. Here were stationed twelve of the prettiest young women of the place, daughters of respectable *bourgeois*, all dressed in snow-white muslin, and welcoming their young duchess with baskets of flowers and appropriate symphonies. This was all in excellent taste and feeling. Flourishes of trumpets, ringing of peals, every thing, natural or artificial, that could be made to sing *jubilee*, welcomed the illustrious pair. As they passed under the arch, a full chorus of young men and maidens received them with the following anthem, set to the music of "*God save the King*," and admirably sung: —

Von Himmelshöhen schwebt
Freude, die uns belebt,
Im Zauberschein.

Tauchze, ò Vaterland,
Hier an dem Werrastrand:
Denn an MARIA's hand
Zieht BERNHARD ein! &c.

The whole multitude joined in the melody. The notes were taken up by others on the heights, repeated, prolonged, and resumed, with peculiar taste and effect.

At every few steps fresh songs and addresses welcomed the arrival. All the different establishments under government sent forth their deputies to deliver congratulations and join the procession.

In the market place a very beautiful temple of Hymen had been erected, in imitation of the richest Gothic, crowned with five tall minarets elaborately carved, to the pinnacles of which were attached flags and pennons of various colours and designs, Saxon, Hessian, &c. The *exterior* of the temple was covered with appropriate sentiments, religious and political. The *interior* presented two altars, the flames of which were assiduously watched by a number of young vestals dressed in white and green. Here their HIGHNESSES were again welcomed by a score of girls in gala dresses, with flowers, and a very pretty song, well sung, — "*Du nahst, erhabnes Paar!*" &c. I observed that, however the quality of the

*poetry* might vary, the *music* was always good. The last was particularly so.

In the court of the palace, the officers and other members of the household, the several schools and colleges, a detachment of the civic guard, and a military band, took their station. In appearance and arrangement the scene was altogether novel and impressive. Their HIGHNESSES now entered the arch of the palace gate, received and followed with fresh acclamations. The Duchess Mother, the Duchess of Clarence, and the Princes of Hesse-Barchfeld, were on the steps to welcome the young PRINCESS, and conduct her to her apartments. As she stept from the carriage, and received the personal congratulations of her new and illustrious relatives, she looked extremely interesting, at a very *interesting* crisis.

* * *

The magistrates of Salzungen have caused a handsome gold medal to be struck in commemoration of the marriage, of about five ducats value. It represents *Hymen* and *Hope* joining hands on one side, with the motto *Lætitia Publica*. On the reverse, two torches, with the inscription NUPTIALIA. SACRA. BERNHARDI. ET. MARIÆ. PIIS. VOTIS. PROSEQUITUR. SENATUS. CIVITASQUE. SALZUNGENSIS. D. XXIII. MART. MDCCCV.

Various proofs have been presented by deputation to the members of the family.

Thursday morning, 6th. — Last night the illumination of the town and surrounding villas was brilliant beyond any thing I have ever seen, except that of St. Peter and the Castle of St. Angelo. The grand triumphal arch, at the north entrance to the town was particularly admired. The devices which were described in variegated lamps, evinced great taste and ingenuity.

The people of a hundred towns and villages crowded the capital. About ten o'clock the reigning family, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses, drove out in open carriages, and made the circuit of the town, amid the reiterated acclamations of the joyous multitude. At all the public offices and institutions were balls and other festive demonstrations. All went merry as a marriage bell!

I afterwards made the tour of the capital in quiet contemplation of the scene. Taken all in all, it presented such a scene of festal doings and declarations, as I never, perhaps, shall witness again. There appeared but one object of ambition pervading the entire population, — to evince, by every possible demonstration of word and work, their filial devotion to the house of MEININGEN. Al-

though their joy was *noisy* at times, it was never *unmusical*, and the most exemplary order and good humour influenced and pervaded all classes.

I counted upwards of fifty transparencies, tastefully executed and disposed. The most retired streets were brilliantly lighted up, with emblematic devices, and distichs at every window. The myriad of lamps which sparkled along the colonnade, opposite the Duchess Dowager's villa in the English garden, attracted successive crowds, and elicited bursts of admiration. The lamps were so arranged as to show the minutest points of architecture to surprising advantage. Upon the frieze of the temple was the appropriate distich: —

HIER SEGNET DIE GELIEBTEN FURSTENKINDER DIE GLUCKLICHE MUTTER!*

The colonnade was further ornamented with the following statues elegantly *niched: Hymen; Philia*, the goddess of friendship; *Areta*, the goddess of Virtue, &c. The whole lighted up with many thousands of variegated lamps.

* * *

7th.—To-day, I had the honour of dining at *half-past one* with the Duchess Dowager, at her villa in the garden. A small domestic circle. Dinner

* Here, the happiest of mothers implores blessings upon her beloved children!

in good *English* taste, roast beef, fried potatoes, an excellent rice-pudding, &c. Conversed of Italy with Her Serene Highness, where she had also been, and greatly admired the country and climate. After dinner, the Duchess did me the favour to show me through her delightful residence, every part of which is arranged with that peculiar taste and elegance to which she has a long established title.

* * *

Friday, 8th. — I had the honour to dine with the Duke and Duchess at the palace, by special invitation. Dinner at *half-past two.* The illustrious bride sat opposite, with His Royal Highness on her right, and Prince Ernest of Barchfeld on her left. She is very fair; — blue eyes, an elegant figure, and in manner very animated, affable, and pleasing.

* * *

Time, morning. — I have here my coffee at seven, and attend the DUKE at eight, where I continue for two or three hours. His Royal Highness walks a great deal as usual; two, three, or even more hours a day. In the evening, I walk or drive out singly or in company, and take sketches of the country, which from many points is extremely picturesque.

9th. — The public rejoicings have been suddenly interrupted by a melancholy event, — the death of the Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenbourg, the Duchess Dowager's only brother. He died the very evening the public *entrée* took place. I remember His Highness three years ago, when he met the Duke of Clarence on his way to Louisburg. The same year their Royal Highnesses visited him on their return to England. He was then a hearty, cheerful, and healthy looking man, with apparently many years in reserve. He died of apoplexy. He is succeeded by his son, now a general in the Wurtemberg service.*

12th. — This morning His Royal Highness seems to anticipate his annual attack of asthma, and hopes it will be *over* before we leave this for Ems. I do not, however, perceive any immediate indication of its approach.....

The palace here has been decorated anew since the former visit. It contains several superb suites of apartments. Her Royal Highness is much better since she breathed her native air. All continue well.

Lord E.'s brother, the Honourable S. Hay, is boarded with an officer of this court, for the

* And since married to the Princess Feodore, daughter of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

purpose of acquiring the German language, which is here spoken in great purity.

Thursday, 14th. — An interesting forenoon's amusement to-day. The Prince invited His Royal Highness to visit the culinary department, the wine cellars under the ground floor of the château, &c., which, to strangers, are all objects of great curiosity. I had the honour to accompany them. At ten o'clock an officer of the court led the way. We first walked over the kitchen and its dependencies, all remarkably well arranged. The larder and conserve rooms excited particular commendation. In a room near the kitchen, we were surprised to find a handsome *déjeûner à la fourchette*. It consisted of a variety of made dishes; comfits, pâtés côtelettes, with several kinds of wine served during the repast, — including, a specimen of very old *Madeira*.

This over, we proceeded to the *caves*, which were lighted up with flambeaux, and especial officers waiting at the entrance. These cellars are of vast extent, running the whole length of the palace. At the further end a second table was spread, but scarcely visible from the distance at which we stood. On either hand the hogsheads and casks formed two continuous rows, leaving a path between them. As we passed along this

avenue, specimens of the various wines were presented in succession; all of excellent quality and remarkable vintages. I observed one immense hogshead with the date of 1683.

After spending a considerable time in this spiritual region, we emerged once more into open day, and were conducted by the Prince over those parts of the palace which had not been previously shown. The rooms are lofty, finished in the Italian style, and several of them magnificent. One is fitted up in the form and style of a *grotto*, though on the third story. Forty carpenters and cabinet-makers are at present employed in one suite of apartments.

The young Duchess's *boudoir* is particularly elegant; designed with classic taste, and elaborately finished.....

* * *

The Duchess Ida, of Weimar, arrived here from Ghent last night. The Duke Bernard is gone on a voyage to America; the children are rather ailing.

There are in His Royal Highness's apartments some beautiful paintings of Neapolitan scenery; particularly *Pozzuoli*, and that part of the coast; so accurate that every house and object preserves its strict identity. They appear to be *Canalettos*, and of great value.

* * *

His Royal Highness appears to possess the same tact and facility in extracting the cream of conversation, which Voltaire is said to have had in *feuilleting* the merits of a new book. Every man's intellectual or professional resources are in one way or another laid under contribution; but in a manner so pleasing, and imperceptible, that the contributors seem delighted with what appears much more like a profitable *exchange* than an *impost*.

Sunday, April 17th. — There was a grand musical festival in the palace chapel to-day. The whole court attended in state. New music, new dresses, and new protestations of devotion, loyalty, and attachment to their beloved Sovereign and his bride, were severally rehearsed.

18th. — To-day their Serene Highnesses have retired from the court gaieties, and taken up their abode in the Duke's villa of *Bernhardinum*, at the entrance of the town.

* * *

His Royal Highness continues remarkably well, and appears to have benefited by the late regimen. The Duchess is delighted with, and the delight of, her illustrious family. The late fair accession to its number holds forth the promise of perpetuating the honours of her house.

The young ladies * are both suffering from colds taken at the ball.

30th. — I am honoured with an invitation to dine with their Serene Highnesses at their villa. There is to be another ball at court one of these evenings: some of the splendid dresses intended to be worn on the occasion have been obligingly shown me, and I have exclaimed again and again — *Magnificent!*

Friday. — As a father His Royal Highness might serve as a model to every parent in the British empire. Unremitting attention to their intellectual improvement; unwearied solicitude for their personal comfort and welfare; and an affection limited only by the dictates of prudence and good sense, give him at once a title to the affection of his family, and to the approbation of every observer; — in such things every observer is a competent judge. Those estimable qualities have already had, and are likely to have in a still increasing degree, a happy recompence.

That portion of the family with whom I have immediate intercourse, and who are now in Germany for the second time, might well form a topic for pleasing digression while I fill these tablets; but in order to give permanency and effect to a picture, the painter must employ *shade;* but as I

* Misses Fitzclarence.

have not yet discovered this essential, I must leave the portraits as nature intended, — in their native brightness.....

On attending the Duke in his private apartment, I every morning make my report respecting their health and comfort. A fortnight ago Miss Amelia* caught cold, followed by symptoms of a nature that demanded prompt and decisive treatment. During the interval, His Royal Highness visited her at a short distance from the château, four or five times a day; always suggesting something to engage and divert her attention. She has been able to resume her usual exercise this afternoon, which has afforded the greatest satisfaction.

* * *

The weather having been very warm of late, has expanded the verdure of field and forest. The whole country looks now as rich as a Mexican mine.†

Several dinners have been given in the garden, in a temple for that purpose, attended by a band of music, and other *agrémens.*

There have been almost daily parties to some interesting scenery in the neighbourhood, where the evenings have been spent in the open air.

* Now Lady Falkland.

† This *speculation* was a subject often alluded to, and ridiculed at the time.

All now begin to long for the shade and serenity of Liebenstein.

One of these days I am to visit the ruins of the Hennéberg, for which purpose His Serene Highness yesterday at dinner offered me the use of his *droshka*.

18th. — A splendid ball was last night given at court.

The day of departure for Ems is now fixed for the twenty-eighth instant. It is their Royal Highnesses intention to dine there, at the *Château-à-quatre-tours* on the first of June. The weather promises extremely well for the journey. I had yesterday a conversation with His Serene Highness about Ems. He spent three weeks there last summer, but thinks it a disagreeably confined residence.... Dined again in the English garden in the little temple of the seasons, enlivened during the repast by the Duke's excellent band stationed in an adjoining shrubbery.

19th. — I was struck with the appearance of the Werra this morning as we passed the gate. The surface, to a great distance, appeared *floored over*, as if for the celebration of some gala day. It was filled with masses of timber occupying the entire channel, and floating slowly and steadily down with the stream.

At this season timber floats are frequent, and very novel to a stranger at first sight.

The trees are hewn in the mountains, fashioned into all the varieties of building timber, and from the spot where they grow precipitated to the water's edge. There they are linked together in a seemingly endless succession, and, under the management of two or more pilots, consigned to the stream. At certain distances along the banks of the river, *entrepôts* are established, from which the inhabitants are at all times supplied with building, or fire wood, which is again replaced by succeeding floats.

From the numerous windings of the river, they require no ordinary share of skill and attention in the pilotage, to secure a prosperous navigation. Occasionally the whole float was arrested or thrown into disorder by one untoward log becoming entangled in the roots or reeds on the low banks, or by some abrupt angle of the river; — then began the struggle between skill and obstinacy.

With this exception, however, it seems a very pleasing sort of water-excursion, — not likely to disturb the phlegm or interrupt the smoke of the sedate Saxon who pilots the flotilla.

* * *

20th. — Poor old Henri! wherever I meet him he expresses his gratitude both loud and long: —

"O, pless His Highness! pless him — pless him! What you tink? His Highness* give me, — pless him! What you tink?"

"I dont know indeed, Henri; but here is something *more* which you may count over at your leisure: it has a pleasant clink."

Poor Henri's fluency of speech was suddenly stopped. He could not even repeat *pless him!* but instantly burst into tears, which said more.

Henry is a trusty old servant, and a pensioner on the invalid list of the reigning family here, but now worn out with age and infirmities. He has served, I believe, more than one line of princes, and originally, on the shores of Guinea, perhaps, may have been himself a *prince.*

Monday. — A Frenchman, of considerable notoriety and literary attainments, has observed, that of every *ten* things he knew, he had learned *nine* in conversation.

It is certain that much useful information may be acquired in this manner. Every person, who frequents good company, must arrive at much information which is not to be attained from books or study.

* The Duke of Clarence.

The quantity, in any case, may be great; but the quality will always depend upon the character, attainments, and pursuits of his associates, or the individuals composing that society of which he is a member.

It is a great advantage in mixed parties, that there are always some from whom we may gain information, and where our minds become mutually attracted by intellectual sympathy. A single word will often lead to very pleasant discoveries amongst strangers. If it expresses a favourite study, pursuit, or speculation, it is readily taken up by a congenial mind. It is always agreeable to meet with a person, — most so where least expected, — whose thoughts have been long familiar with those studies in which our own have been interested and employed. Such was the case today at dinner; a single word, hazarded by way of illustration, has brought me acquainted with one of the most agreeable and best informed men I have yet met with in Germany. I have retired from table both instructed and pleased, — and pleased because instructed. Some men have the power to convert the simplest fare into an Attic feast.

* * *

21st. — His Royal Highness, I observe, draws freely upon every one who is suspected of holding in his possession any peculiar treasures of knowledge. This often excites unpleasant apprehension in those who come within the scope of his observation. To *look* intelligence, and to fail in the *proof*, is disappointing to the interrogator, and embarrassing to the *interrogé*, particularly so to the latter.

To enjoy the credit of being intellectual, and to be complimented upon our acquirements, is exceedingly pleasant. But when called upon to show cause why we enjoy such enviable distinction, and thus compelled to become, in proper speech, the instruments of our own confusion, it is like the ordeal of the ploughshares. Ignorance is never so inexcusable as where much knowledge has been presumed. I heartily pity him, whom, untried, the world pronounces wise; — who feels the full importance of this opinion, and with its importance the daily risk of having it exposed.

> ——— To know
> That which before us lies in daily life
> Is the prime wisdom.

Life is too short, and learning too complicated, to hold in one comprehensive grasp the whole

circle of the sciences. It is to me, therefore, matter of surprise, to find a man like * * equally at home on every subject.

22d. — To-night, a splendid ball was given by the Duchess Dowager at her villa. His Serene Highness and his sister, the Duchess of Clarence, led off the dance. The Prince appeared, as usual, to great advantage in his hussar uniform.

News has reached us from England that the Duke of York has had a dangerous fall from his horse in Hill Street.

23d. — To-day, at noon, all the court repaired to the villa of *Jerusalem*, where a splendid *déjeûner*, &c. were given by the minister of state, Baron de Könitz. The fête took place in the garden; and in the afternoon the ball-room was filled with music and waltzing.

This classic villa possesses great natural beauty, and is so named from its miniature resemblance to the site of the Holy City.

The grounds are laid out with great taste and effect, and command an interesting view of the capital, the rich woods of the Hennéberg, and the fantastic windings of the Werra.

The golden distich which salutes the traveller as he passes under the western colonnade is

highly characteristic of the benevolent proprietor: —

EIN RICHT FRÖLICH GUTEN MORGEN
LIEBER WANDERER.

The traveller, however, who passes any time at Meiningen, will confess that its greatest attraction is the noble proprietor, whose Attic taste has thrown a magic colouring over all its embellishments. The Baron de Könitz is a man of science and erudition. He has travelled much, and profited by his travelling. He is as much alive to the picturesque in scenery as he is to the true interests of the state to which his talents have been so long devoted, and at the helm of which he still presides. "Der rath der klugen männern bestatiget den gemeinen ruhestand und die sicherheit eines landes."

* * *

24th. — This morning, attended by an aide-de-camp, His Royal Highness visited the academy of Dreissigacker, a very flourishing institution, on which His Serene Highness has bestowed much pains and attention, and which annually contributes to the extension of those talents which have the most direct tendency to strengthen and enrich the state. It is conducted with great judgment

and ability by the present rector, and, having the immediate countenance of the government, goes on prospering and to prosper.

Amongst other departments, it contains an extensive museum of natural history, in which I was surprised to find a full grown *lynx*, which had been taken at no great distance in the forest; and, as things now are, at an immense distance from his own natural climate.

25th.—In this country Catholic and Protestant live together in the strictest union, enjoying equal advantages, and equally eligible to the highest posts under government. Neither evinces jealousy of the other's political ascendency, nor hatred of his religious tenets. That spirit of persecution which at one period ravaged some of the fairest provinces of the old empire, has passed away with the calamities to which it gave birth. It is replaced by that spirit of mutual benevolence which religion inculcates, which heaven exemplifies in action, and which, duly exercised, will ever constitute the strength of government and the happiness of the people. In the eye of the sovereign all are equal. People here do not take a correct view of the English question of Catholic emancipation now pending. It is a frequent topic of conversation; but in conversing on a subject imperfectly under-

stood, the parties, as usual, arrive at erroneous conclusions. Reason is lost in declamation; and what it is difficult to understand, it is always easy to condemn..... *Liberal* views and sentiments have here been widely engrafted upon the bitter stock of religious prejudices, and yield a plentiful crop. The greatest poets and philosophers of the day have made *liberality* the theme of songs and systems; and if the Catholics of Ireland be not an oppressed people, under an oppressive government, *they*, at least, have not duly estimated the merits of the question.

* * *

26th.—This morning an old soldier of the German Legion called upon me. He had just served so long, and been wounded so slightly, as to be dismissed in the king's name, with a vivid recollection of the last campaign for his only pension, and a medal to tell the story whenever his memory failed. He had either been informed or had dreamt of His Royal Highness's arrival in these parts; and thought, if he could find his way into the royal presence, it would be worth a *month's rations* to him. He was not mistaken. I acquainted His Royal Highness with the services of the old *soldier*, and the hopes of the *petitioner*. He was satisfied with the veteran's account of

himself, and in token thereof I was commanded to present him with a gratuity proportioned to his necessities. The sight of gold was, indeed, a treat to him, who had seen and felt so much of the cold iron. As I dropt it into his hand, prayers, such as soldiers pray, were showered liberally upon the head of his illustrious benefactor. — "Now it is I am proud of being a soldier," said he, "and a *soldier of the German Legion!*"

* * *

There are few more painful and difficult parts in the drama of life than to find one's self so circumstanced as to be *forced* to play the heroine, when the heart is breaking, and to assume a *cheerful* indifference when the eyes are ready to gush forth in tears.

A scene of this kind I have just witnessed, arising from a cause in which I could well sympathise, but could not interfere. *This is also painful.*

Friday. — In diet here, as in England, His Royal Highness observes a strict regimen, — plain roast or boiled mutton to dinner, such as George III. preferred. Sherry is his favourite, and I may say only, wine. I never saw him taste port; and seldom French or Rhenish wines.

He rarely eats roots or vegetables, not even a potato. The only beverage in which he indulges an innocent freedom is *barley water* flavoured with lemon.

* * *

To-morrow we leave this for Wurtzburg; on the third day reach Frankfort, and dine at EMS on the first of June.

ASCHAFFENBURG, 29th. — "After the battle of Dettingen," says a French historian, "a soldier was brought severely wounded near the tent of the Duke of Cumberland, who was also disabled by a shot through the calf of the leg. At the moment there was but one surgeon. — 'Proceed,' said the Prince; 'offer whatever assistance you can to the wounded Frenchman; he is more seriously hurt than I. *His* wounds demand immediate attention — *mine* can wait.'"

FRANKFORT, May 30th. — A pleasing instance of honesty occurred to-day, where the post-master of Seligenstadt returned me *half a crown*, which had been inadvertently overcharged in his bill for twelve horses, two months previously, on the road to Wurtzburg. He apologised for the mistake by adverting to the anxiety he had manifested to expedite the royal *cortège*

without delay. Such things are well deserving of record.

COBLENTZ. — CHEZ MAAS, 31st. — To-day we left Frankfort early, and have seen the most interesting scenery on the Rhine for the fifth time, with, if possible, increased admiration. The journey has been performed in less than twelve hours. To-morrow their Royal Highnesses will take up their residence at the baths of Ems on the Lahn, in the *Château-à-quatre-tours.*

The *Trierischenhof* here is an admirable inn. Mr. Maas, the proprietor, is well known to every branch of the Royal Family, all of whom, with one or two exceptions, he has had the honour to receive as guests. This is the fourth time that the present party have spent the night under his roof, and expressed their approbation of the excellent fare and domiciliary comforts furnished on every occasion. A table so well served, charges so very moderate, and such unremitting attention on the part of the landlord and his family, give the strongest recommendation to his house. He was educated, he tells me, in a former convent of English Jesuits at Brussels. He has a very fair collection of English books, and is a *critic* in the language.

* * *

EMS, June 2d. — These springs were well known

to the Romans under the provincial name of *Amisia*. Vestiges of their dominion still exist in the immediate neighbourhood. On the left bank of the river, nearly opposite the baths, there is a strong natural position, which, on inspection, bears every mark of laborious fortification. It must have been a post of first-rate importance, when the *Chausians*, whose territory it limited, by their warlike spirit and impatient subjection, kept their invaders constantly on the alert. Tacitus paid that people a distinguished compliment in stating, that "of all the German nations, they were beyond question the most respectable;" a character which is said to be still inherited in a minor degree by a great portion of the duchy of Nassau. We were shown several fragments of statuary, discovered in excavating some ancient foundations behind the present baths. The style and elaborate execution of the sculpture leave no doubt of its Roman origin, affording another proof of the elegance and luxury which attended that extraordinary people into their remotest settlements.

Since the restoration of peace and the re-establishment of the *ancien régime*, Ems has acquired unprecedented importance as a place of fashionable resort during the summer and autumn.

Shut in on all sides by richly wooded hills, and

traversed by the sparkling waters of the Lahn, there are few places more likely to fascinate the stranger at first sight, or to inspire him with more pleasing sentiments of tranquil and retired life. The houses, forming one long side of a street, and facing the river, are terminated on the eastern extremity by the *Baths*, and on the west by the *Château-à-quatre-tours*, which commands every advantage of size and situation, and contributes a striking figure of Gothic embellishment to the picture.

On the north side, the hills rise abruptly from 400 to 700 feet, their acclivities interspersed with small shrubberies, gardens, and vineyards, and presenting on the top a rich *plateau* of arable land, till it merges into wide waving forests. The hills, like most others near the Rhine, are insulated in situation, conical in shape, and in character strictly volcanic. In this district, lava is every where observable. The rocks, having undergone fusion, have left, in returning to the solid form, several cavities and other phenomena, which cannot fail to interest the mind of the geologist. Those immediately to the east of the Baths*, overhanging the road and river, are the

* This ridge of rock is called Baderley, and the cavities alluded to " Haselmann's Grottoes."

most accessible. They are approached by a very steep but excellent footpath, recently restored, and conducting to the pinnacle of the rocks, where a tent is pitched, and a flag hoisted, during the fine season, which produce an effect highly picturesque. His Royal Highness observes that the scenery here and in the neighbourhood strongly reminds him of that on the river St. Lawrence.

A great deal of company has already arrived, and the circumstance of the present visit brings a daily accession to their numbers.

* * *

NONNENWERDER, 4th. — The dessert was on the table, — not abundant, but choice and fresh gathered. The wine, with which it was served, bore the date of the *comet* vintage, and at once established its character and especial claims to the patronage of strangers.

The landlord's daughters entered the apartment with *bouquets* of flowers, which they had just culled, and now presented to the ladies of the party. They were the latest of the spring; surviving, by some weeks, that fragrant family in whose sweet fellowship they had sprung up, — breathed their vernal sweets, — and which they were now speedily following to the earth. The minstrel *Frauenlob*

was of our party, and observed that *their fate was an enviable one!* No one seemed to comprehend his meaning, yet no one asked him to explain. I observed, however, that, on receiving the flowers, the ladies had deposited them, in their dying moments, in a situation which was by no means unlikely to excite a feeling of jealousy in the minstrel's very susceptible mind; and to this I am inclined to refer the solution of his singular apostrophe.

The hour was peculiarly favourable to sentiments of a pathetic cast. Thus delicately excited they became infectious, — passing from lip to lip for a considerable space with great fluency. The mind of each becoming more and more susceptible of gentle impressions, sentiment assumed almost imperceptibly a more systematic and less desultory character. Anecdotes and reminiscences from reading or experience succeeding, were alternately advanced in pointed illustration of the *pathetic.*

The evening had been materially shortened by this community of sentiment, and was one of those October-like evenings which, though in summer, made a hearth fire more acceptable than a walk to the heights, where we had previously made our arrangements to spend it.

That the wind was high, we could easily believe from the agitated vines on the opposite banks, and the wrinkled face of the Rhine, whose waters encircled us. That it was sufficiently cold, we had evidence in the perfect familiarity with which the breeze approached us through the thousand avenues by which a German inn is uniformly ventilated. There was, besides, neither cause nor disposition evinced by any one present to shift quarters, and at length candles were lit, the curtains drawn, another billet added to the decaying embers, and a fresh supply of fruit to the dessert.

"Now, as we have beauty to preside, there is nothing wanting but *song* to give the minutes wings."

"Nay," said one, "let us rather clip the *latter*, — they are too fleet already."

"Clip them! on the contrary, if you will merely call for our friend Marley's song, you will find they fly *tardily* enough!"

Marley, however, excused himself, but acknowledged the compliment; "for he, who by his *song*," said he, "can arrest or moderate the march of time, — a power which you are pleased to ascribe to my singing, — must be a second *Orpheus*. But here," he added, "is the consecrated minstrel of these countries; let us hear what *legendary lore* he has to offer us. Rauchenau!" he continued, "let us

have something of your best; — something *local*, stirring, and authentic, for here every rock has its traditionary fame."

Rauchenau was a nephew of the landlord's. He had attended us in all our perambulations, — had drank deep in the fountain of romance, — not a tradition peculiar to the Rhenish provinces but was familiar to him, and owed many a striking embellishment to his taste and tuneful recitative. It was alleged, indeed, that he did not adhere over strictly to the original text in his legends, — that he varied the catastrophe, or left it out entirely, as caprice or circumstance appeared to sanction! These, however, were but the pitiful insinuations of some invidious rival, who, like the runner thrown down and distanced in the course, clung hopelessly, but pertinaciously, to the skirts of him who had outstripped him.

"A tale of love or a tale of war?" enquired the minstrel, gracefully bowing, and addressing himself to a lady on the right. She looked, — and her answer was in her look. — "A tale of war," I answered — "a tale of war by all means! I am tired of the sickening insip—" My sentence was cut short. The sudden twitch of a fair hand admonished me of the dangerous precipice upon

which I was rushing. In a moment, the warlike ardour into which I had been fanned by the morning's excursion among "ruins and ramparts bellicose," evaporated. — "Well, then, be it so; a *tale of love*, — for where there is so much loveliness there must be lovers, and where there are lovers it is quite natural that there should be —

A TALE OF LOVE." — "Have you ever seen a *rose?*" enquired the minstrel, as he put himself in an attitude to gratify our request. — "Have you ever seen a rose?" We thought the question superlatively idle, and replied, that "of course we had seen thousands." — "Ay," continued he, "that may be, — but ye have never seen a rose like the Rose of Rothenheim! It had more beauty in a single leaf than you will discover in a whole garden of *Guhl!* It was from this that the *minnesinger* took his richest similes. If some bright ideal beauty flashed upon his brain, 'Tis bright,' he would exclaim, 'as the *Rose of Rothenheim!*' If a gallant knight, — armed for some perilous enterprize, — wished by his word to imply an inviolable faith, or a purity of motive which might secure for him implicit belief, — he followed up his asseveration by votive apostrophes to the Rose of Rothenheim!" Having thus premised,

every one assumed an attitude of attention, and the story began: —

"The moon which shines always brightest where the harvest is most abundant, shone that night with peculiar lustre upon the still bosom of the Rhine, basking under a rich autumnal sky. A noble *ritter*, bewildered and weary from the chase, sought shelter and refreshment at the gate of Rothenheim. The warder answered his summons, the ponderous bolts were undrawn, and the stranger stood in the hall of the castle an unknown, but welcome guest. The warlike owner approached him with that courtly and unaffected hospitality which it was the pride of chivalry to inculcate by its institutions, and to recommend by individual example.

"The host had been too long accustomed to marshal the ranks of chivalry to mistake the quality of his guest. There is a demeanour which riches cannot bestow; a dignity which misfortune cannot disguise; which, under every variety of circumstance and situation, are the infallible criterion of high birth and of high daring. These sufficed on the present occasion to assign the stranger knight his appropriate and distinguished place at the board, and to the marked attention of the host.

" The minstrels, in honour of the guest, struck their harps to martial accompaniments, while the rout of the Saracen, and the prowess of Charlemagne, bore burden to the song.

" In the interval, the daughter of the chief, in compliance with the manners of the time, and to do their guest more especial honour, approached him with the cup and cake, — the proffered symbols of hospitality. He stooped down as knights were wont, to receive the token. As she pronounced the word — *welcome!* the carnation upon her cheek ripened into a blush, which by some inexplicable sympathy the stranger felt as if communicated to his own. As he raised the proffered cup to his lip, his firm nerves were betrayed into a momentary agitation.... 'What,' said he, mentally reproaching himself with thus giving place to an expression of moral imbecility, 'is this the hand that has so often been my trust in the hour of danger; — in whose grasp the steel of Damascus hath so often hewed its way through plumes and serried spears? Did it not tremble? Let me if possible conceal my more than mother's weakness — it trembles even now!.... Am I under the influence of some potent spell? Has the fate of the day led me to the gate of an enchantress? Shall I offer incense at the altar of *beauty*, while that of the blessed

Rood is profaned and insulted by the godless Saracen? No! my *hand* may have shaken, but my *heart* is, and must remain, impregnable! The spell which would now impose its fetters must be broken! — Bootless were his sword in battle whose heart is in lady's bower! Thus, then, I break the spell.' Alas — alas! he knew not then that love was the nurse of valour.

"The effort was conspicuous on his face, but the struggle to smother this growing and master passion was unequal to the task. The hero in a hundred tournaments was speedily converted into an ardent lover, and his proud heart capitulated at the shrine of beauty. Could this elicit a moment's surprise? No! the idol of that shrine was the Rose of Rothenheim!

"With the penetrating glance of woman, she observed his confusion, and surmised its cause. In this conviction her voice acquired additional sweetness; every feature additional charms.

"Tales of martial enterprise whiled away the hour. The stranger threw aside his disguise and his reserve. The plans and operations of the approaching *crusade* were freely discussed. Candour begot confidence; — confidence speedily ripened into friendship; when the noble host, taking advantage of an inadvertent disclosure on the part of

the stranger, rose from his seat in an ecstasy, and proclaimed his name! The effect was electrical. Every knight rose from his seat as it was pronounced; and with one simultaneous effort, one burst of applause — all expressed their joy and congratulation. 'I knew,' said the venerable host, while he grasped the hand of his guest, '*this day* would end joyfully. The Paynim flag has floated on the turret since morn; — a trophy which we have never hoisted on the glorious St. John, but our castle has had joyful cause of remembrance. Besides, 'tis my daughter's birthday, — our domestic jubilee!'

"The cups were replenished and drained to the health of the guest; — a compliment which he returned by naming the heroine of the day, — the Rose of Rothenheim. On retiring for the night the guest was conducted to the state chamber in the west wing of the château, from the lattice of which the Rhine was seen winding in bright, silent dignity through the rocky defile of the Feltzenberg. The moonlight lay on its bosom in bright reflection. The scene was full of peace and tranquillity, and would have awakened corresponding feelings in the minds of any one less excited than that of the stranger. With watchful eye he contemplated a scene in which he could no

longer sympathise. There was a voice in his ear, — a vision in his eye, which had supplanted every other, — even the dreams of glory gave way to those of softer influence. Alas! that the sweetest hopes that visit the spirit of man should so often be sleepless. Grief will lull, — disappointment deaden, — but hope ever keeps its votaries awake, though only to gaze at their own shadows. The sentinel, whose measured tramp rang from the battlements, was not more sleepless at his post, than the knight of Ingleheim in his chamber.

" The morning came, and with it the resolution to take leave of his generous host. It was an act of great fortitude on his part; but, like many others of similar prudence and precaution, it was destined to miscarry.

" The master of the château met his objections with a pressing invitation to spend but one day more under his roof. Such, he added, would form a proud event in the annals of his house. All this the knight could have resisted or excused, had not his eye, — as he pondered a rejoinder, — caught a glimpse of the Rose of Rothenheim. With this, therefore, it was impossible to argue the question; — he consented.....

" The amusements and occupations of the day gave many facilities for observation and acquaint-

ance. That destiny, which presides at lovers' interviews, made all haste to develope the plot in the mutual overture and surrender of two devoted hearts.

"Evening again approached in its richly varied colours, and the westering sun threw its farewell light upon the embattled terraces of the castle. The Rose of Rothenheim withdrew, as was her custom at vesper hour, to an arbour which she had constructed and planted at the extremity of the terrace walk which overhung the river. Whether from sympathy or design, the minstrel saith not, but very shortly the knight directed his steps to the same point. Like a well bred lover, he approached with slow, respectful, step; — yet with an air of animated devotion, such as becomes the pilgrim when he treads the consecrated ground of his tutelar saint.

"The timid, retiring Hildegona cast her eyes on the ground. In seeming distraction of thought, she plucked a beautiful rose which flourished at her side, but with less vivid freshness than the blush that now irradiated her cheek. The knight made another step in advance. Availing himself of the auspicious occasion, he thus addressed the fair idol at whose feet he now knelt, — a sudden and suppliant votary!

" ' Till this moment,' he sighed, ' bright and peerless lady ! — till this moment no pledge of tender remembrance has adorned my helmet's plume ! — no token to speak a passion stronger than renown. While other knights have vaunted the charms and virtues of their lady-loves, I alone have listened abashed. My heart, unconscious of any occupant save the glory of arms, has remained a stranger to that passion which their words and actions so vividly depicted. Grant me, lady, grant me the boon ! — let me receive that rose from the fairest hand in Christendom, — it shall be my talisman in hours of peril, and my harbinger to many a victory !' . . .

" An involuntary action of her hand accorded the boon which a momentary recollection again withheld. But the earnestness of the knight's manner, and the fervency of his entreaty, at length overcame, and she presented it with a grace peculiar to herself: —

Take the flower: — let the heart's first bequeathing
Be the pledge of true faith on thy plume;
When its perfume no longer is breathing,
Remember *the rose in its bloom !*

For beauty will fade like its blossom,
Should the blight of false love interpose: —
When the canker creeps into the bosom,
Then farewell, the heart and the rose !

Of the hopes and the heart of the giver,
Fit emblem that rose-bud shall be; —
Henceforth they are blighted for ever,
Or blossom, till gathered by thee!

" A full and more formal declaration ensued. Vows of unalterable fidelity and attachment were exchanged, — pure, hallowed, and reciprocal love! It was arranged that the knight, on his return from the ensuing campaign against the infidel, should hasten to the banks of the Rhine, and there, at the hallowed shrine that now witnessed their plighted troth, exchange the beacon of war for the marriage torch, and consummate their mutual bliss in the soft domestic names of bridegroom and bride!

" Their parting hour was painful, yet tranquil. It was witnessed only by the pictured divinity that presided over the family shrine; — but this was enough, — its presence sanctified their mutual pledge. When their lips had tremblingly articulated the *adieu!* a night of despair seemed to close in upon each, — till the star of Hope broke through its darkness, and soothed their present sorrow with the bright anticipations of future joy!

" As the knight took her hand in his, and raised it to his lips, a tear dropped at the same instant and

sealed his faith and affection with more than the eloquence of words. One exchanging look, — one mute pressure of the hand, — one ineffectual effort to speak, and the lovers parted. When shall they meet again?

"From this moment Hildegona lived in profound retirement, — devoting her thoughts and prayers to him who was now a champion of the victorious cross. She awaited with the most lively solicitude intelligence of his progress in the Holy Land, which in due time was happily confirmed.

"The impression left upon her mind was not impaired by fresh professions. The rival assiduities of unnumbered suitors were disregarded. As the lamp burns brightest in the holy calm of the tabernacle, so did her love burn with steady and chastened lustre in the solitude of her father's castle. Unprofaned by the breath of insidious flatterers, undimmed by the long and wasting vigils of hope deferred, her love was unchanged — unchangeable. In those days love was a passion which took deep possession of the heart, — awakening all its finest energies! Not as in these degenerate times, a thing to be bought at a price, — to be fancied only, or to supply a vacuum in some insipid conversation. Ask the *minnesingers*,

and let them tell you what love was in their day! In that golden age love was *love!* — restraints were great, — an impression *once* received was retained, — it was cherished in the solitude of manorial halls, and strengthened, even in despair. In modern society, more civilized if you will, impressions following in such rapid succession, mutually neutralize one another. Difficulty of choosing is the natural consequence of multiplicity of choice. In the one case, a passion, once inspired, was hung round the neck like a hallowed relic, — in the other it is but a toy to amuse the moment, — the pastime of an idle hour, — till the imperative voice of fashion sounds a change. Your *modern* knights do not encumber *their* consciences with other vows than will readily accommodate themselves to circumstances; — compared with the knights of *old*, their faith is as light as their armour! — But from such humiliating contrast we return to the Rose of Rothenheim.

" In due season intelligence arrived from the Christian army. It was filled with sickening details of sanguinary, though victorious, conflicts — perilous enterprizes and heroic feats of arms. Above all, it dwelt with exultation on the noble darings, the invincible courage, and unprece-

dented exploits of Rolando, the flower of chivalry. Tedious years of absence from all so cherished and adored flew fast to a close, and at length terminated in the news of a glorious peace. This was speedily to restore the hero, covered with laurels, and to consummate all that happiness which hearts, loving and loved like theirs, could only picture.

" One evening, as she sat on the battlement of the castle, totally absorbed in the delightful dream of his return, a stranger knight, worn out with fatigue, and the bearer of despatches from the Christian camp, was announced at the gate. He was instantly admitted, and proved to be the redoubted Blumenau who had so highly distinguished himself among the chivalry of the Rhine.

" His detail of the campaign was minute and circumstantial; but he breathed not the name of Roland! Restless and agitated by this ominous silence, she tremblingly hazarded the question. Alas! the stranger had seen him fall at his side, — covered with wounds, [illegible] crowned with glory! . . . .

" From that moment Hildegona became insensible. A burning fever dried up the fountain of her tears, — that last resource of the wretched! A sense of annihilation paralysed every function

and feeling of life, save that of utter hopelessness. Motionless, and totally absorbed in the one sole thought of her blasted hopes, — her utter bereavement, — life was already half extinct. Still beautiful, indeed, but her beauty was like that of a sculptured angel, hallowing with its expressive but speechless grief some untimely sepulchre of the young and brave!

"It was not to be supposed that a love of life or of the world could survive a loss like hers. She felt that both were worse than bondage; but their chains her religion forbade to unloose; else had the fettering links been burst with the first tidings that brought the tale of her bereavement, and dashed the sweetened cup of existence from her lips!

"She craved her father's sanction, was warmly seconded by the holy sisterhood, and immured herself in the cloister! With a precipitancy which despair alone could palliate, she assumed the veil, and pronounced the vows of eternal seclusion from the world within these very walls where we now recall her sorrows and lament her fate.

"About three months from the time of the fatal intelligence, on a beautiful evening of autumn, when the vintagers were stripping the vines that trellised the castled walls, an apparition appeared

at the gate of Rothenheim. It wore the nodding plume and knightly accoutrements of Roland the brave. To its question the warder made no reply. The sentinel stood aghast as he eyed the spirit, arrayed in its warlike trappings; and the wonted challenge died unheard on his lips. The father confessor was already summoned to meet the spiritual guest; when an old *kreutzer*, who had followed Roland through many a deadly gap, recognised the mortal identity of the knight, and flew to do him homage. Alas! Roland had rightly construed the circumstance into a fearful omen, and soon learnt the full extent of his misery! Hildegona, the star of his earthly hopes, was now the bride of Heaven. She had left those walls for ever; had exchanged the bridal torch — the nuptial garland — to wear out her blighted youth in the solitary cell of penance and prayer: — weeping over the too well accredited fate of him who was this day restored in safety and in triumph! Alas, the doom was irrevocable, and the conviction withering! He had returned in vain; — she could not be his. An insuperable barrier was raised between them; and Heaven, whose banner he had followed in a thousand battles, had robbed him of his bride.

* * *

" He cast aside his redoubted armour with disdain. The white plume that had waved like a meteor of dismay in the Saracen host was exchanged for the cowl and cord; — the spear for a crucifix; — the buoyancy of youth, and the brilliancy of fame, for the blighted and hopeless heart — austere meditation, and the hermit's cell!

* * *

" Every traveller in these romantic regions has observed a mass of ruins, surmounted by a monumental arch, crowning a rocky precipice. It overlooks a beautiful islet, which the Rhine encircles in its bosom, as if proud of the little sanctuary whose very soil is hallowed by the sainted dust of four hundred generations. These ruins we have this day surveyed, and that islet, so famed for its sanctity and seclusion, hath, by a strange vicissitude of purpose, become the resort of indiscriminate curiosity. Its very sanctuary is converted to profane uses. The vestal hymn is mute, — the wine-cup circles, — the loud laugh is heard, — and the service of the sanctuary is superseded by the orgies of Bacchus! We ourselves are now guests in that chamber where Hildegona was presented to the Abbess, — a veiled victim to be sacrificed on the altar of her ill-fated love; to hide

her broken heart in the cloister, and to pour forth her woes in the pitying ear of Heaven.

" The Rolandseck still rises like a watch-tower over the cloisters of Nonnenwerder. It was there the unhappy and doting warrior resolved to drag out that solitary existence which elsewhere had been insupportable.

" Seated at the door of his cell, he spent the sum of his waking hours in gazing upon the spiritual prison of his betrothed love. Often, of a still evening, have the vesper voices risen on his ear, while that of Hildegona, — soaring in sweetness above her sister choir, — seemed to challenge his recognition! At one moment melting him to tears, — at another inspiring him with fortitude and resignation, till again the withering thought, that *death alone could unite them*, overmastered the sufferer's mental energies. This thought left him a prey to all that the most tender passion can kindle in the bosom of despair.

" In the firm belief that she listened to his complaints, and answered to his frantic appeal, he would remain on the lonely rock long after the kindled stars had brought their signal of rest.

" Never has poet imagined a scene and circumstances more distressing than what this simple story embodies.

"When a solitary light shone at midnight from some unknown cell, his imagination ever painted the sacred inhabitant in the hues of his own Hildegona, holding her devotional watch, and endeavouring to fortify her resignation by the fervency of her devotions. But, alas! the redoubled assiduity at the altar, the long vigil, and the austerities of the lonely cell — peopled with the phantoms of her own unhappy fate, — hastened the term of her pilgrimage on earth. Five years of penance, while they had prepared her for entering a better world, had loosened the frail links that bound her to this. Her sorrows had passed away — the last tear was wiped from her cheek.

* * *

"It was the season when our Rhenish banks bloom like an earthly paradise; when the blossom and the bee come forth at once; when the song of the merle is heard over-head, and the grashopper at our feet; when foliage and flower spread a luxuriant couch for the repose of nature, and when the blessed island of Nonnenwerder becomes a garden of perfume. Roland sat at the door of his cell; his eye bent, as usual, upon the cloister below. He perceived in the sainted enclosure, which surrounded the chapel and embalmed in its hallowed mould the servants of

heaven, a new-made grave. His eyes grew dim as he gazed. A secret voice spoke to his heart, and whispered the thrilling name of Hildegona. — He despatched a messenger, who speedily returned with a confirmation of the fatal presentiment. The tidings were conveyed in the words of the abbess: —

" 'My daughter is gone the way of all flesh. She is gone to her inheritance in the land of promise. Tell thy lord that the barrier is removed; that he may now gaze without censure upon that form he idolised; and in shedding his tears on her sainted clay, learn to seek that consolation which she sought, and which is ever vouchsafed to the faithful servants of heaven.'

" He now feebly descended to that sacred abode of purity and repose, which hitherto he had not dared to profane with a soul agitated by earthly passion. He assisted at the last holy rite; he saw the dust scattered over her virgin heart. He added his fervent vows to those of the weeping sisters in a requiem for the repose of her gentle spirit: — 'Blessed be thy rest! Thou art gone in the bloom of thy years! Yet has thy departure been like the fruit that drops ripe from the bough. Thou wast young in years, but mature in piety; — blessed be thy rest! Thy innocent heart was

stricken with the keen shafts of affliction. The woes of this world laid fast hold upon thee. Tears were thy drink; sorrow took deep root in thy heart; but Heaven was thy trust! Now thou art a guest in the mansions of glory; — blessed be thy rest!'

"Rolando returned to his solitary home, and resumed his place at the door of his cell. His eyes were tearless, but still riveted on the hallowed spot where her ashes lay.

"In the evening his friends came with words of consolation; — they exhorted him to bear the painful dispensation as became him, — a tried and true soldier of the cross. They indulged the hope of rekindling in his breast the dormant passion of military glory. They found him in the same unaltered position; but they spoke in vain. His ear was no longer awake to the voice of friend or foe. His eye was closed to the soothing presence of kindred. There was a smile upon his lips, but the breath of life had passed them for ever! Why have they come? It is but to weep over the brightest star of chivalry; — to consign his lifeless heart to its last earthly sanctuary, and chant their requiem over the most dauntless of warriors, and the most devoted of lovers.

"Love! thou art the bane or the bliss of human life! Thou sheddest flowers over the fears of

death. Thou biddest the broken spirit gather unfading garlands in that land of re-union, where the sun never sets, and where love and life bloom coeternal!"

* * *

Ems, *Friday*. — Time. — When the letters are finished and enclosed to the chargé d'affaires at Frankfort, His Royal Highness walks till dinner time; then comes in, dresses, and proceeds to the drawing-room. He does every thing by system.

On alternate days, when there is no post to England, the whole forenoon is spent in exercise; — often continued for two, three, or even four hours. His opinion of its salutary effects, and his example, are not lost upon his illustrious consort, who frequently accompanies him in short promenades *à pied*. In the morning, after drinking the waters, it is considered incumbent upon all who expect to benefit by their use to employ the interval between that time and breakfast on the promenade. The gardens at this hour are, consequently, full of company, and always enlivened with a select band of music.

The weather continues particularly favourable to the visiters; and although, from the confined locality, oppressively sultry at times, it is greatly tempered by the fresh current of air from the

river. Here the Lahn is sufficiently important to float barges of considerable burden. At this season it presents a scene of great bustle and activity. The exportation of Ems and Seltzer water alone affords employment to a number of industrious families.

Here the business of the day commences at six o'clock in the morning. At seven the walks are usually covered with visiters, while the musicians stationed in the gardens continue their solos and symphonies for a couple of hours at least.

About eleven o'clock those who use the baths repair to the immersion rooms, and afterwards retire to rest till the summons for dinner arrives. One o'clock is the hour sanctioned by *Thilenius* and all his successors the *Brunnenartzen.*

The hotels of the place are numerous and well conducted. The prices are moderate, and the tables extremely well served. The principal *table d'hôte* is at the baths, kept by Dhöringer, an Alsacian, and stands deservedly high with the *gastronome.* The host recommends himself by unvarying punctuality in his transactions, and attention to the tastes and comforts of his guests. The latter are very numerous, of all nations, and not unfrequently of princely dignity.

The music strikes up when the first dish is set

on the table: its enlivening influence continues during the whole repast; and ends with the tune of "a good digestion," as the company quit the table.

Like other nations of the Continent, the Germans consider repose after meals as highly conducive to good health; and in compliance with the established custom, only quit the *Speissen-saal* for the *Schlaf-zimmer*. This habit is by no means limited to the delicate invalid, but is indulged with equal devotion by the robust yeoman and the enervated female. Every good has its concomitant evil, and this is one attending the otherwise salutary practice of early dinner.

About five o'clock the company take tea, then walk along the river, or drive to the romantic village of Nassau. Its picturesque ruins are much resorted to by strangers, — such at least as prefer fresh air and fine natural scenery to a crowded concert or ball-room. Of the latter there is generally one on alternate evenings. On the present occasion, the *Vier-Brudern* * have given several concerts. It is remarkable to hear four members of the same family each excelling individually as a musical performer.

An excellent regulation is here in force respecting the price of apartments. Every room has its

* The *Bohemian Brothers*, subsequently in London.

*diurnal* rent printed and affixed over the door, agreeably to a government tariff. No disputes about this important arrangement can occur. The stranger suits the apartment to his purse, and enters into possession, if so disposed, without asking a single question. For a sitting room, two bed rooms, two servants' rooms, and a kitchen, I pay eight florins a day, at the *Nassauischer Hof.* The same accommodation may be had at the other German spas for much less. Good accommodation, however, is limited to a few houses, but will be much extended in another twelvemonth. Several large hotels are now in progress.

ARNSTEIN. — Besides the village and ruins of Nassau, there is another object of attraction, in the rocks and ruins of Arnstein, a religious institution of the eleventh century. Louis of Arnstein, the last of his family, was the founder of this monastery. He had seven daughters, but no son to perpetuate the honours of his house. Having disposed of his daughters in marriage, accompanying each with a handsome dowry, he approached that period of life when martial ardour is often succeeded by religious enthusiasm. Swayed by the conviction that he had no son to profit by chivalrous example, and but one duty left to perform on earth, he yielded to the pressing, but

pious suggestions, of his confessor Godfrey, and identified his name with the "Abbey of Arnstein." This, the remainder of his possessions enabled him richly to endow. In return, he had the benefit of several years' seclusion within its walls, — a special monument at his demise, — a Gothic inscription commemorating his most *exemplary* piety, — a certain place in Paradise purchased by innumerable masses, — with an immortality on earth of full seven hundred years. The abbey is about a league from Nassau, on the high, abrupt, and wooded banks of the Lahn. As it first opens upon the eye, in a long broken outline of white castellated walls, lengthened tiers of unlatticed windows, and closed at the northern extremity by its monastic church, Gothic casements, minaret towers, and four light and beautifully tapering spires, it presents a novel and interesting picture; and this is still farther softened and enhanced by the beautiful stream, sylvan rocks, and forest solitude, over which it seems to preside with a sanctifying influence.

In the narrow valley which slopes gently towards the stream, in a green, unbroken, undulating surface, we passed the ancient château of Langenau, whose towers and battlements and loop-holes, in juxtaposition with the abbey above, formed a striking contrast in the purposes of their respective

foundations. One took its altars and symbols of piety as the guarantee of its security, — the other the strength of its walls, — the spears and prowess of its retainers, — and thus both flourished for centuries; one enriched by the spoils of petty warfare, and the other from apportioning its benefits to the liberality of the pilgrims whom its reputed sanctity had gathered around its altars. The train of association awakened by a review of these two interesting ruins forcibly engaged the attention. Similar contrasts, differing only in degree, are every where presented to the traveller in these provinces. Specific emblems of temporal and spiritual domination, — the baronial keep and the monastery are now grass grown, roofless, and dilapidated, but of whose powerful inmates the mass of the people were, for ages, the misguided followers or unresisting slaves.

Whatever may be the advantages derived to mankind at large from the dissolution and destruction of associations so hostile to their liberties, and so degrading to their dignity, still the contemplation of ruins like these engender in most minds an impression of melancholy interest. Whatever the antipathy fostered against the abettors of such legalised despotism, it becomes neutralised by a yet stronger feeling when we behold

their *local habitation* resigned to the beasts of the forest, and *their name* fast descending into the depths of oblivion.

Crossing the stream, and ascending by a steep rocky path, we entered the sacred enclosure. We were immediately accosted by the cicerone of the place, — a robust and sensible peasant, who, with his young wife and two children, were the sole occupiers of the premises. They had succeeded to the privileges of a thousand abbots, and welcomed every pilgrim whom idle curiosity, not piety it is feared, brought to the gate; but, alas, how changed! Spirit of the first LUDWICH! had not his piety long since secured him a resting-place amid the sainted host of tried and approved abbots, who had consumed unnumbered tapers at these altars, — how had he wept to behold the degradation and the profane rites which now exult in this heaven-devoted sanctuary! The vigils, the fasts, the masses of centuries, — the penance, the prayers and mortifications of unnumbered votaries, have not sufficed to preserve the shrine inviolate. With light unreflecting step the stranger threads the solitary cloisters, where the pillar yet retains the mark of the pilgrim's ten thousandth embrace: although the steps of

the altar are grooved and attenuated by the polish of countless naked knees, he is insensible to the solemnity of the place, and reckless of the vengeance his temerity may incur! But, as if even this were not enough, the creed of the *heretic*, the hated rites of *Luther*, have replaced his own gorgeous ceremonial. A man, the "husband of one woman," the father of children whom he blusheth not to avow, — a priest unshaven of head and "uncircumcised in heart," — hath supplanted the chosen vessel of heaven, — the holy *célibataire!* "How is the gold become dim!"

This transformation of scenes and perversion of purpose has not failed, — as indeed it could not fail, — to disturb the rest of the pious founder and his ghostly friend, St. Godfried. They have been induced to make frequent visitations to the shrine of their former devotions. On the night of the last anniversary, attended by a powerful posse of *premontrès*, they made an expiring effort to re-establish the *ancien régime*, and the ancient ritual, within these degraded precincts! This happened on the night of the 21st December, — a dismal night, but considerably enlivened by a thick stratum of snow which had fallen the same afternoon, and gave a relief to the agitated woods and

frowning sky, which overhung the ruins at that memorable epoch.

* * *

Tuesday. — To-day an officer arrived from Coblentz, to compliment His Royal Highness in the name of his sovereign, the King of Prussia. On arriving, he was invited to join in a morning walk. On the present occasion, the walk, though not so long as many of those in which His Royal Highness is accustomed to indulge, was much longer than the aide-de-camp expected on a visit of ceremony. It was upwards of two hours!

On taking leave, he assured me that, perfectly unaccustomed to such pedestrian feats, he was ready to drop with fatigue, and must, he feared, in the event of another visit, be obliged to perform his duty by proxy. He could not comprehend why a prince of the blood should voluntarily subject himself to such fatigue.

Time. — Unless when engaged with important business or company, His Royal Highness observes the same punctuality in his hours of retiring and getting up that he does in the public and private duties of his station.

Eleven o'clock is the hour at which he generally retires. At seven in the morning he is

dressed; and, when the weather permits, walks in the avenue or gardens till eight, or later. In this country breakfast occupies but a few minutes; — a dish of coffee and a rusk comprise all that is generally offered. These are served in a small tray or plateau, during, or immediately after, the operation of dressing. At the château, however, the English breakfast is still adhered to.

FÊTE. — This evening a party was given by their Royal Highnesses in the flower-garden in front of the château. The evening has been beautiful; — not a breath of air but what came from the clear broad stream that murmured past, and within ten yards of the party. A select band of musicians was in attendance. A flood of melody was kept up without ebb or interruption, except the breathing space, which was filled by the nightingales from the groves opposite.

All the distinguished visiters of the place came to pay their personal respects, and continued to perambulate the little enclosure, highly delighted with, and contributing to, the festivities of the occasion — a *fête champétre.*

Her Royal Highness, with the Princesses of Rudolstadt, Philippsthal, and others of high rank, took her place on a little rose mound, shaded with laburnum and odoriferous shrubs. Here

she received the company with that grace and affability which are so well known and appreciated. There is certainly something in manner and expression which is of more value than all the glittering appendages of royalty, — something which assigns the happy possessor that station in the heart and affections of those she receives or addresses, which the unaided splendour of a name, with the brightest crown in Europe, could never have secured. "A word in season, how good it is!" How much influence may not a word, a look, a smile exert upon the destinies of private life! But how much more do not these exert in that elevated sphere where a kindly word may elicit confidence, and lead to glorious enterprise; or where a look above our common sympathies may "chill the genial current of the soul," and extinguish for ever the half-fledged hopes of many a cultivated but too sensitive mind! That many a kind, generous, and benevolent heart, like the pearl in its shell, lurks beneath an unpromising exterior, is a truism of frequent recurrence. Such a discovery, under unpromising auspices, is, no doubt, a very pleasing one; but, to those of less patient research, or less favoured by occasion, it is too often lost. The pearls of intellect seldom irradiate the sur-

face; they are deeply lodged, and to be drawn forth require that discrimination and address, which are eminent characteristics of Her Royal Highness's mind.

* * *

There was a lady in that presiding group, of high birth and refined education, whose personal beauty was as remarkable as her mental accomplishments. It is seldom that the poet, in modern times, meets a subject so worthy of immortal song, or the sculptor a model of such harmonious symmetry. Both song and sculpture have been employed in honour of this Saxon Diana. Her cast of features might vie with the finest specimens that have descended to us, hallowed and immortalised by the chisel of antiquity. A personage of the highest rank, in sketching the profile of this lady, observed, that she had never seen features in more perfect accordance with the acknowledged master-pieces of art.

I do not notice a subject of such interest and dignity as that of beauty without a proper sense of its almost omnipotent influence! — the difficulty and discomfiture which must attend every effort to describe what is indescribable. "Canst thou paint the light?" enquired a modern Zeuxes, who had attempted the subject of this passing

record, and broken his palette in the vain effort; "for," he added, "unless thou canst paint the light, beware of a theme that has deranged more heads and foiled more harps than any other within the four circles of Allémayne."

At a quiet corner of this bustling scene stood an invited — but silent and unobtrusive guest. The objects flitted before him in all the attractions which youth and beauty and courtly attire could create: but he was either too familiar with such scenes, or too indifferent to them, to feel as others of his age were expected to feel on the occasion. He was a man of prepossessing presence — of slender figure and sickly aspect; but with a fine energetic expression, where the intellectual still predominated, softened and modified by that shade of settled melancholy, which gives more decisive character and deeper interest to the features it invests. He was a military man; preserving, — what it now cost him an effort to preserve, — the same erect, unyielding attitude with which he had been accustomed to meet the enemy. But a more formidable enemy than any he had yet encountered, was now disputing with him his last earthly possession, — sapping with a slow, steady hand the frail and shattered tenement in which life still found a

precarious refuge; but which was every day narrowed and endangered by fresh encroachments.

His appearance was a striking contrast to the buoyant and sometimes boisterous spirits, with which he was here surrounded. Once or twice he was surprised into a sympathetic smile; but it soon passed away, and even in its action brought no colour to his cheek.

His expression was that of serenity, not of dissatisfaction, as, at first sight, it seemed to indicate. It was that kind of expression which succeeds to pain subdued, but not forgotten, and which he who has been relieved from its immediate pressure feels assured will again return.

His eye appeared to look beyond the scene now moving around him, — his thoughts dwelt on a topic of deeper interest than any human festivities could dissipate or inspire.

Those who knew not the cause, — to whom, even when known, the cause might have been indifferent, — set him down as a fine example of the saturnine Englishman, who, expressing no sympathy in the feelings of others, elicits none in return.

He *was*, among the numerous guests, the only Englishman present. While his taciturnity and retiring manner were freely credited to the account

of national character, his appearance was a striking portrait of an English *gentleman*, — a title to which it is very difficult to assign a parallel. A gentleman and a man of title are by no means synonymous, and are not unfrequently brought into remarkable contrast. The one carries his patent of nobility in his face, fresh from the immaculate fountain of all virtuous and permanent distinctions; the other intrusts it to the antiquity or pretensions of his family — to a star, a riband, a string of hereditary medals, struck when the world was in its infancy, and the founder of his house in power.

These badges of distinction, which have been amongst the nations of the continent, and more particularly in Germany, objects of ambition and passion from time immemorial *, have, also, within the last twenty years, become popular, and even common in England.

* * *

Among the gentlemen present, save the Englishman, there was not a coat without its complement of stars, ribands, medals, or other trinkets. These badges were not exclusively military, but frequently of civil merit. This, it appears, has a very excellent tendency: it exhibits the sovereign

* Vide Tacit. De Mor. Germ.

as much the patron and encourager of the arts of peace as he is of the art of war.

The Englishman at last entered into animated conversation with a person of distinction, which greatly improved him in the eyes of some ladies present, one of whom, with great *naïveté*, confessed, that, *after all, there was something in the appearance of a real English gentleman!*

Our national partialities, and, as they are termed, *prejudices*, are very often a subject of remark, and of friendly vituperation, with the gentlemen I meet in this country, but who, themselves, nevertheless, have their national partialities and prejudices as strongly exemplified as any other people.

The Baron von ——, who had been in England for some time, and mixed daily in the best society of the metropolis, gave me occasion to express a hope that he had spent his time agreeably while there, and to enquire whether he would prefer England as a permanent residence.

"Your country," said he, "is a magnificent, charming country! As for the ladies, they are *very* pretty; but if I were to *live* in England it should be with a colony of Germans."

This avowal, though candid, was not courtly, the less so as I had, in his hearing, done every justice to *his* countrymen; their hospitality, social

qualities, sincerity, and, by way of climax, the striking resemblance that almost identified them with Englishmen.

I had a few minutes' conversation with the stranger. He is an officer of merit and distinction, and of a cultivated mind. This is my first impression. He is, as he appeared, an invalid, who has suffered and still suffers much. He has visited most of the many places recommended for invalids in this, and the neighbouring countries, but he has derived no permanent benefit from any, and expects none. Ems, he thinks, the least suitable to his case of any baths yet visited. It is too close, — too much hemmed in on all sides; the air during the fervour of noon becomes heated as if in an oven. That heat continues to be given out from the rocks during the greater part of the night, and is, he thinks, much more oppressive than ever he felt it in the West Indies. He is almost suffocated with it, and intends to quit this for Wiesbaden, where he hopes to find the atmosphere more congenial to his feelings. But, with a shake of the head, he added —

Post equitem sedet atra cura.*

* * *

* He died not long after I parted with him at Ems.

20th. — Amongst the distinguished visiters here at present are, the princes of Solmes Braunfels, Barchfeldt, Rudolstadt, and Philippsthal.

To-day I was favoured by Count Munster with a letter of introduction to Professor Blumenbach of Göttingen, whom I have the gratifying prospect of visiting after our return to Altenstein. The Count of Munster is lord-rector of the university.

Friday. — His Royal Highness has the happy talent of making every one at ease around him, and of maintaining his dignity without imposing restraint.

I observed, on a very recent occasion, an expression of more impatience than pleasure, on presenting a gentleman to him who had deemed it indispensably necessary to exhibit all the scrapes, sections, and quarterings, which are supposed to be the legitimate expression of respect and good-breeding. Few, indeed, reflect on such occasions that they only act upon the faith, and by the direction, of the dancing-master, — that great and universal drill-serjeant of court etiquette.

The respect and devotion intended to be conveyed by no obsequious wriggling of the body and a scraping of the floor, do not make an apparently strong impression upon His Royal Highness. . . .

In reference to this, I am strongly reminded of the following anecdote: —

"A respectable *bourgeois* having waited upon Marshal Count Torrano, to complain of the number of soldiers who were quartered upon him, the latter, who was no German, called his interpreter. The honest burgess, however, conscious that he could talk, and talk well too, declined the friendly intervention; and drawing himself up square in front of the Count, with a low and reiterated bow, addressed him with "*Ihr Eccelenz!*" The Count returned the bow, repeating the salutation, — "Ihr Eccelenz!"

"Surprised at the honour thus suddenly accorded him, the sagacious client fancied he must have mistaken the title, and, therefore, with a still lower bow, resumed, "*Monseigneur!*" — "*Monseigneur*," said the Count, interrupting him in a more serious tone, — "We'll stop, at that, if you please, lest, in the excess of our mutual compliments, we arrive at 'Your Majesty.'" The shopkeeper was non-plussed and embarrassed, which the Count perceiving enquired, "What is your name, my friend?" — "Spanckenberg," answered the man of ceremony; — "Good!" said the Count, "and mine is Torrano. Now, Spanckenberg, what is your business with Torrano?"

Friday, 10th. — In glancing over the "list" handed in this morning, we observe, with peculiar satisfaction, the arrival of the following *titled* personages. To wit: —

*Field-Marshal-ess* Braselmann, *Lieutenant-Colonel-ess* Wolframsdorf, *Senator-ess* Simborsky, *Master Purveyor-ess* Nootwagel, *Doctor-ess* Behrends, *Assessor-ess* Gutsbesibz, *Professor-ess* Phillipoffsky, — with all the others that end in ess, and Schumacherinn (Shoemakeress) Heuckenkampf, aus Mainz.

Ems, June 16th. — His Royal Highness, as a patient, takes freely whatever is prescribed, and with that measure of confidence which is always gratifying to the physician, and, in certain cases, contributes not a little to accelerate the cure. During his present illness, I am usually asked about what *hour* the medicine will take effect, and the attack subside. To such questions the answer must always be more or less hazardous, — yet must be answered. Last night the spasm was protracted nearly an hour beyond the time predicted. "Well, Doctor, you thought this fit would abate by nine o'clock, now you observe it is near ten. — Well, well, it can't be helped." This said, he became perfectly calm.

The paroxysm subsided so far that he was able to retire to bed and enjoy some hours of refreshing sleep.

* * *

June 25. — His Royal Duke's asthmatic attack is now over. It began on the 12th with the usual symptoms. Two days ago it gradually subsided, and to-day he walked out and continues perfectly convalescent. The only thing to be feared, and which is rendered probable by the sultry state of the weather, is a relapse. During the fortnight, his Royal Highness has gone to bed every night at, or before, eleven o'clock, and, in no instance, was obliged to get up before half past five. It would be difficult to say to what cause this remarkable mitigation of symptoms is to be attributed. In all probability, much benefit has accrued from change of diet, air, exercise, and situation. This has been the easiest attack His Royal Highness has experienced for four-and-twenty years. I have been seven nights on the watch, not from any necessity suggested by the symptoms, but from a sense of the high responsibility of the situation in which I am placed. To attend a patient in London, where the first talent and experience of the day may be called to

our assistance at a minute's notice, affords confidence and removes anxiety; but to attend a similar case in Germany, where no such professional resources are open to us, is a duty of increased weight and consideration. Under these circumstances, I have been greatly assisted in the discharge of my duties by that frank and gratifying confidence which His Royal Highness has deigned to repose in me. The confidence of his patient is, in every case, of first rate importance to the physician. In the former it inspires hope, and, in the latter, gives a twofold efficacy to the salutary resources of his art.

The right of interrogation has been duly exercised by His Royal Highness during the attack. When administering the different medicines suggested by the symptoms present, he has generally desired me to explain to him "why exhibited in this or that form, how, why, and with what combined, their nature, properties, and the indications they were intended to fulfil." These were questions which, at times, I felt difficulty, often delicacy, in answering. To one of them he was pleased to add the following compliment: — "I will do you the justice to say that, although a young physician, the medicines you have given me during my illness

have fully answered the purpose intended. I have not got so easily over it for many years."

* * *

Continental fare. — "There are some dishes," said a gentleman at table, "for which, though great delicacies of their kind, and holding a distinguished place at the board, I cannot acquire a becoming relish; these are *snail-soup*, *boiled frogs*, and *saur kraut*, — all fill my mind with horrid imaginings, and I gladly wave my rightful proportion in favour of my left hand neighbour. Time, however, and a more matured taste, may overcome this hesitation. I may yet, — who can answer for taste! — gaze with the longing eye of an epicure where

"Sola palude natans quærulos dat rana susurros!."

Along the banks of the Lahn the croaking of frogs is incessant, and particularly loud in the evening.

* * *

June 30th. — "I was much affected by the story of *Nonnenwerder!*"* said a gentleman, as we sat under a tree in the public gardens, —

* See p. 220.

" Such examples of all-enduring love are rare and well deserving of record. I believe, however, that as much *real* love exists in the present time as ever distinguished the sentimental dames and knights of old. Instances in point are every day occurring, even in this province. And, with facts at home, why should we travel to Nonnenwerder? . . . You don't seem to understand me," he added; " to go no farther back, there's the case of *Rosenthal.* Have you not heard it? Very odd. — It is as common as Der Freyschütz. — Hear, the children are chanting it even now. — There is a copy of it. — The words set to the Rhenish air of *Ritter u. Fraulein.* — It is, in my opinion, worth twenty *Nonnenwerders.* Take my advice, when you want a love subject, never travel into the depths of antiquity for it; — do as I do, — pluck the flowers where they grow! Well; can you decypher it? Let us hear.

A *widow* wonned in Ems,
  Just one short week ago;
And, of all the Rhenish gems,
  She had the *ruby*'s glow!
With look ascant, like adamant,
  All hearts, and thoughts, and eyes invading;
While strangers hied, and lovers sighed,
  Wherever she was promenading!

One night, — 'twas late in June,
But later still at night,
With her 'light guitar' in tune,
And her heart, 'tis said, as light,
A *Ritter* came, — avow'd his flame,
And swore he could not *live* without her,
She bid him '*die*,' — but still her eye
Said *live* and *thrive*, — he did not doubt her!

He knew that *lips* deceive,
But that love's interpreters
Are the eyes, — ye may believe —
And those sunny eyes were hers.
With speeches bland he press'd her hand,
And talk'd in most impassion'd sonnet,
Till she confess'd, with melting breast,
She lov'd him like — *the last new bonnet!*

For joy the *Ritter* reel'd —
*She* sigh'd, and smil'd, and sigh'd, —
So 'twas settled — almost seal'd —
From that hour she was a *bride!*
And while they sat in tender chat
Of hearts that glow'd on Hymen's altar, —
A sudden flash, — a white *moustâche*, —
And whack! — a voice that made them falter!

Oh! — such a glaring eye!
"*Madame!* Who 's your paramour?
By my Father's battle-cry
He's a ghost this very hour!
Draw, traitor, draw! my sword's the law, —
Fit tribunal for base encroacher!
'*Let blood*'s the rule,' hot heads to cool,
So *there!* there 's at you — Mister Poacher!"

Now wildly from her trance,
Where like Niobe she gazed,
The lady flew ascance,
And spoke "Now Heaven be prais'd!
Thou 'rt come *at last!* My woes are past!"
This said she grew a little bolder;
Each word that fell told like a spell
And then — she sobb'd upon his shoulder: —

"Oh! how I've mourn'd and mourn'd,
Till life and health did droop!
When tidings none return'd
From my Gottlieb, or his troop!
Like turtle-dove I wail'd my love" —
("*He?*" "Bless thee, dear, 'twas but a *neighbour*,)
So came to draw life from the Spa; —
*(Do, dearest, sheath that ugly sabre!)*

"I've drank six pints to-day,
Just from that little *flasche*...
Wilt taste?" "No!" "Well, how grey
Time has turn'd thy dear moustâche!
Speak, Gottlieb, speak! look at my cheek!
See how 'tis channell'd o'er with crying!
I've such a *cough* — since you went off,
Both Diel and Dhöring* thought me dying.

"They did indeed; quite true;
I was dying, would have died:
My grief Heaven only knew;
Still I wept, and prayed, and sigh'd
For thy return, before the urn
Had clos'd, — I felt it *closing*, — o'er me.
The thought, how cold! the mould, the mould,
And not a Gottlieb to deplore me!

* Two distinguished physicians of Ems.

" Think, — only think ! " aloud
She sobb'd; the soldier sigh'd,
" Have I snatch'd thee from a shroud, —
Just arrived to save my bride ! "
He ceas'd to speak ; o'er his rough cheek
Repentant tears ran fast and faster.
" True, he was rash; that white moustache,
But love was such a jealous master !

" To suspect her gave him pain, —
Oh ! it pain'd him to the core !
But, once himself again,
All he 'd do was — *to adore !* "
A long salute confirm'd the suit,
For ever banish'd all upbraiding !
Next morning there, — thrice happy pair !
All Ems beheld them promenading !

ASCHAFFENBURG, July 3d. — We this morning left Frankfort, and after a delightful drive, have arrived in time to visit the château, gardens, convent, and other objects, to which the stranger's attention is directed. Their Royal Highnesses have made the circuit of these on foot as usual, and have returned to the inn much pleased with the scene and situation.

The field of Dettingen lies between this and Hanau, and I have several hours to accomplish that pilgrimage.

I have known men of undoubted taste, and of acknowledged reputation for learning, who would

have been staggered by a simple question in Continental topography. I have heard men who could make an eloquent speech in the senate, and who could give no adequate account of its original constitution. I have met with men, — warm patriots too, — who had traced at great expense and personal danger, the route of Hannibal across the Alps to the Lake of Thrasymenus and the gates of Spoleto, and who had never bestowed one hour's study to trace the victorious march of Marlborough. In short, there are men, — brave soldiers, and subjects of Britain, — men who have spent many months in Germany, but who have never visited the field of Dettingen, or the plains of Blenheim.

This presents an anomaly of sentiment and action for which it is difficult to account, and which it would be impossible to believe, were it not supported upon the daily evidence of facts.

That those of our travelling countrymen who have passed their days in the quiet retirement of social life, should be met on the field of Dettingen, is highly creditable to their feelings; but that the soldier, in whose bosom the admiration of glorious deeds may be supposed to have kindled the strongest flame, should so seldom visit, and be so little con-

versant with, the battle-fields of his ancestors, is both surprizing and mortifying.

"Son!" — said the gallant Heppenheim, presenting a family sword to the young warrior, — "visit the battle-fields of thy country as thou wouldest the burial-ground of thy fathers! Let thy piety towards the one, and thy patriotism towards the other, glow with equal and undiminished ardour. Choose the bravest for thy model in the field; select the wisest for thy counsellors in the hall! Visit the battle-fields of thy country! Recal the struggles it encountered, the armies it subdued. Where a victory was achieved, carefully weigh and consider the principal means and circumstances by which it was secured. Where our arms have been unsuccessful, ascertain the cause, visit the spot, compare time and circumstances; reflect with impartiality, and pronounce with caution. A single defeat may be more instructive than twenty victories. Employ thy utmost efforts to secure victory, and let its advantages be used with discretion. To the inexperienced, success may be more dangerous than a reverse. Victory, like prosperity, requires vigilance and moderation. Where the mind is most pleased, the judgment is least guarded; and too much of the cup of pleasure will paralyze the hand of the most approved soldier.

In time of peace let us not forget the arts of war, and these in their turn will secure the former. . . . I shall not, like the Carthaginian of old, exact from my son the performance of a vow. Thy country's enemies are thine. She now claims the assistance of thy hand,—give her also thy heart. The sword with which I gird thee, has long been as a sickle in the harvest. The enemy have fallen before its sweeping edge, like sheaves under the scythe of the reaper. It has been the palladium of thy family; — it shall be thine. Let it never be drawn but in the cause of right — in defence of thy country, and it will be thy defence. Observe the motto on its blade: — 'Death, but not dishonour!' It was the war cry of thy ancestors; it has descended to thee bright with a hundred victories; and there is yet space for thine. The hacks upon its edge are epochs in its history. May that history be still further illustrated by thy own deeds. Son! receive the *sword* of *Heppenheim*; and let the shrine where thou payest thy first vows be, the battle-fields of thy ancestors!"

"Get me a true and intelligent guide," said I, stepping into the inn at Aschaffenburg, "I will visit the field of Dettingen." "The field of Detting?" * interrupted mine host. "The same.

* It is generally pronounced Detting in conversation.

It is a pilgrimage which every patriot ought to undertake who passes this Bavarian frontier." — "It is but seldom," observed mine host of the Spread Eagle, "that the place is enquired for" — "What! is it possible that so many of my compatriots pass and repass, without one small tribute to the scene of one of the most splendid dramas in the catalogue of British achievements?" — "It is precisely as I have stated." — "You astonish me. Pray how do your numerous guests contrive to amuse themselves, for I observe that your house is quite full?"

"Why, as for amusement, I find little difficulty with your countrymen. The first question *milord* addresses on alighting is, 'What wines have you?' I answer him — as I have now the honour of doing — by handing *die wein preise.* Milord orders a flask of Johannisberg, and another of Neckar, with dinner at six o'clock, and the business is settled."....

"But the ladies," I interposed, — "do the ladies not sometimes make an excursion to Dettingen?"

"Not one," replied my host, "when milady arrives, she says to me, 'How are your beds? — are they well aired? — are there any.... what you call 'em? — were they slept in last night?' I say yes, milady, there are no what you

call 'em, and the graf von Blinkenan and die Grafinn slept in them last night. Upon this milady alights, examines the bed, the lock, descends to dinner, drinks tea at nine, and going to bed, leaves orders for post horses at nine next morning, and I hear no more of her."

"But you have a fine old château here; surely they visit that at least."

"Some do, and some do not," answered my landlord; "it is nevertheless a very fine château, a very old château too, for it was in the Red Scutcheon Chamber that George, King of England, second of that name, and of glorious memory, slept, if soldiers like him could sleep, on the eve of the great battle."

"I thank you heartily for this information; — the Red Scutcheon Chamber is itself worth a pilgrimage; — let us see that by all means."

"Why, to tell you truth," replied my host, "I never was in the chamber myself." ....

"What! never in the chamber of George II.? How long, pray, have you been host at Aschaffenburg?"

"Thirty-eight years. I was born here, and my father — Heaven be his rest! — was landlord of the Spread Eagle before me."

"Thirty-eight years!" said I, "and not once in the Red Scutcheon Chamber?... Well, I must

henceforth object nothing to my countrymen, who have not visited the field of Dettingen."

"Shall I call the *yager?*" enquired the landlord; "he can make a good story of it, and knows every body and every thing."

"Who is the *yager?*"

"The yager," resumed my landlord, "is, or rather *was*, a young man of seemly parts, for he is *now* short of a leg and an arm. The one was carried away by a shot at Wagram, and the other by a frosty night in Russland. His tongue, nevertheless, remains active and uninjured, and he will tell you all about Detting and the Red Scutcheon Chamber. It is but six months since he found a skull turned up by the plough on the field of Detting; he has shown it to several of your English *officiren*, and they say that a sight of the skull is quite as good, and the same as if they had actually spent a day on the field: — shall I call him?"

"By all means, call the yager, and see that he bring his *skull* with him: — an old soldier, will more readily do justice to his subject, — he will find me in front of the château."

Aschaffenburg is to Frankfort what Richmond is to London, — a place of general resort on Sundays and holidays, where wine, music, and dancing

are to be had as cheap and as good of the kind as any in Germany. The beautiful river that flows under its walls, offers a cool and delightful summer communication between the commercial capital and this rural retreat. The bridge by which the town is approached from the west is of great length, lofty, and imposing, and offers a fine specimen of the old *pontifical* architecture. It opens into a magnificent avenue, composed of double rows of tall poplars, the youngest of which may have waved over the army of Marlborough. Barges pass and repass under the arches of the bridge, forming a busy line of commerce between the frontier and interior of Bavaria, of which Aschaffenburg is here the key.

The château is a handsome red stone structure, occupying the precipitous bank of the river, and in the distance forming a handsome and striking feature in the landscape, which is still farther enriched by the neighbouring church spire, of lofty and singular construction. The windows of the château command the country for many miles round, and render it a desirable point for military observation. The advantages of its position, and the picturesque character of its scenery, are fully appreciated by the reigning family. It maintains a strong military depôt. Some of the finest effusions of that pen which is one day to be laid

aside for the sceptre, were composed within these royal precincts. The gardens of the château are extensive, and hang pendent over the waters of the Maine. Tranquillity reigns in their enclosure. The nightingales have selected them for their retreat. To a mind deeply imbued with classical images and recollections, these gardens appeared a second Pindus, and the bright stream by which they are watered another Helicon. It is not surprising that the crown Prince of Bavaria * should have become an elegant poet.

Before I had time to proceed in my contemplations, the *yager* made his appearance. "Eccelenz," said he, slightly touching a broad forehead, upon which was mounted a military cocked hat, brown with the rust of an irksome peace, "*was befehlen sie?*" My attention was powerfully arrested by his whole exterior. He stood full six feet high, as erect and stately upon one foot as many others could do on a pair. Not a muscle of his face moved during my short scrutiny. The ancient moustache still curled luxuriantly upon his upper lip. His cheeks were weatherbeaten and lank; his nose slightly aquiline, thin towards its apex, on its left side a scar, running

* Now King — highly popular as an enlightened sovereign, a liberal patron of men of genius, and himself distinguished as an author of elegant and classic taste.

to what anatomists call the " external angular process of the frontal bone," and in its clear, prominent ridge giving token of some past but deadly rencontre. The eye of the same side had escaped, as it were, miraculously, and was not a whit inferior in expression and lustre to its fellow on the right. On the contrary, it seemed not a little proud of the scar in its neighbourhood. He wore a green frock-coat, which appeared an old and well tried friend. Attempts had been made to modernise it. The worsted braiding had been recently stript from the faded lapelle, while the green fresh surface it had occupied was distinctly marked out. The contrast was strikingly applicable to the wearer; his exterior had suffered more from climate and circumstance than his coat. The shadow left by the braiding spoke for the texture and colour of the one in its best days, the other was left to conjecture. The sleeve on the right side was empty, and looped to a button on the chest. The left, and lower extremity had been substituted by a wooden pillar, which a few rude instruments had fashioned to its purpose, and enabled to balance that stately wreck of which it now formed a prop. A button-hole on the left breast made a frugal confession of farther services, displaying about an inch of riband with an alternate stripe of scarlet, yellow, and green. A

black varnished stock secured the neck, and gave the head a more martial elevation. The coat was buttoned close up to the gorge, but its original buttons had been changed. I did not enquire the cause, — it was trifling, — but the measure was no less expedient or even imperative. The same order which had recalled the Bourbon to his throne, had also proscribed the button on the coat of the yager. A small lace loop, amid all these changes, was still retained on the right shoulder. It had confined the sword-belt, and was delicately worked with the well known emblem of industry. As I continued to observe him some time with attention and in silence, his rigid expression began to relax, the muscles of the lip quivered with a slight nervous convulsion, evincing some degree of impatience at the scrutiny he had undergone. He no doubt took me for one of those numerous travellers whose aim is the discovery of odd characters, who — provided they are amused with the exterior which has often been the sport of most painful circumstances — enquire no farther, reflect no farther, but indulge in a hearty laugh, and on their return home make their friends merry for a twelvemonth with a ludicrous picture of the " fellow they once met with at Aschaffenburg !"

It is cruel to sport with wounded feelings, — to laugh at the misfortunes of others, unless where we have *relieved* them, and the sufferer laughs with us.

" I am much obliged to the landlord," said I, " for the promptitude with which he has supplied my greatest want, that of an intelligent guide."

The *yager*, re-assured by this little introduction, and the gravity of my manner, repeated his first salutation, — advanced three steps, — faced to the right, and with an expression of lively interest in my behalf, enquired " with what objects his *Eccelenz* would wish to commence his observations ? "

" We shall begin," I replied, " with the château, — walk through the gardens, — look into the church, — and conclude by a visit to the bridge through the principal street, — a view from the ramparts —" — " And," he interrupted, pointing to a neat and genteel building on the left hand, " the interior of the convent — *nicht wahr ?*" . . .

" With all my heart ; and afterwards we shall take the cool of the evening and make good our descent upon Dettingen."

The eye of the veteran flashed fire as I pronounced the name. He seemed to gain in stature; and the wooden leg on the left side, as if suddenly animated at the word, was brought into active

operation with the floor where we stood. "Yes," said I, in order that no doubt might be left of the fact, "in the evening, God willing, we shall visit the field of Dettingen!"

I was sensibly gratified with the evident satisfaction this piece of unexpected intelligence had conveyed, though, at the time, I could assign no adequate cause for so pleasing an effect. Doubtless it was the spirit of the old soldier stirring within him. In tracing the positions of an ancient field, he recalls the vivid picture of his own adventures. His criticisms of the different positions of rival squadrons are chastened by personal experience. Where he commends or where he blames, his personal history supplies him with a hundred modern instances to illustrate his points of attack and defence. He has his little prejudices, it is true, as well as his partialities; but his praise, where it is bestowed, has that hearty pith of expression in it, that overpowering burst of natural eloquence about it, that it strikes on the ear like the sound of a war-trumpet, and the sympathising pulse throbs with a wild and electric sensation. No, none but the truly brave can eulogise the brave, or duly appreciate a brave man's actions.

The heavy tread of my conductor's club along the hall, as he bustled on before me, recalled my

scattered ideas, and reminded me that I was now in the château. He halted, — opened a door, — stood for a moment with the bulb of the lock in his hand, and beckoning me to enter, "This," said he, "is the Red Scutcheon Chamber!"

My attention was instantly arrested. "The Red Scutcheon Chamber," I repeated, "and the chamber where George II. of England reposed on the eve of the battle?"

"Precisely!" answered my guide, — "*da ist die Königs zimmer!*"

There are feelings, conjured up by circumstances and associations, which every one has experienced more or less, and which awake powerful and lasting impressions, such as we choose rather to encourage than control. It is this feeling which sheds a halo around the crumbling remains of antiquity, and makes the desert blossom like the rose. What were the shores of the Tyber, the heights of Tusculum, or even the field of Marathon, but for the glorious recollections that have descended to us like an inheritance, and been imbibed with the earliest and brightest dreams of youth! It is her 300 triumphs that have given to Rome an immortal ascendency over the spirit. It is the still brighter triumphs of eloquence and philosophy which have identified

themselves with every stone on the heights of Tusculum; and it is the triumph of liberty which has consecrated the field of Marathon! The mouldering and mossy crucifix which arrests the pilgrim's steps amid the pathless solitudes of the Apennines, owes its influence to the same source of association. The fragment of a broken spear or of a rusty buckler, picked up by the simple ploughman, has converted his field into a camp, peopled it with rival armies, and called to light transactions, persons, and times, which had long slumbered under the mask of ages.

Ask the pilgrim why he encounters so many pains and privations to be able to kneel at the steps of St. Peter's. He will admit that it is not the simple gratification of saluting the toe of St. Peter's statue; but he has heard, and "his fathers have told him," that the place is blessed with the more special presence of the Divinity, and that it is *there* he must sue for protection and forgiveness. Thus, what he has never seen has become sacred from association, — and so it is in respect to every thing else. The chair I was once shown in the library, and the house over which I was conducted, in one of the streets of Ferrara, in point of materials and execution, were both of the most ordinary description, — nothing, amid the proud monuments

around to call for a moment's observation, — but they were the house and the chair of Ariosto!

In like manner, to the uninformed traveller, the Red Scutcheon Chamber of Aschaffenburg would present scarcely one feature of attraction. He would enter it without interest, and leave it without one accompanying recollection. But tell him that it was there a British sovereign reposed in his armour, — disposed of his resources, — arranged his system of operations for the battle that was to immortalise the following day, — and he will instantly return and feel as if every panel of the wainscotting had become suddenly animated, and himself a spectator in the opening drama.

With feelings very much akin to these, I stood in the solitude of this chamber — impressed still more strongly by the recollection of a portrait, to which was attached a domestic legend. The portrait was that of a young soldier represented — I will not say with what taste — with his fair hair clotted with blood. The legend was brief, and on the back of the canvass, — "Fell in combat, June, 26th, 1743."

The yager, like a sensible guide, after announcing the chamber, left me to draw from the circumstance such meditations and reflections as the time and place suggested. I had often been annoyed

by the obtrusive eloquence of former *ciceroni*; and so interrupted in my reveries by their impertinent criticisms and attentions, that I became strongly prepossessed in his favour. A good cicerone should be like a faithful chronicle, which we can open and shut at pleasure, without having a mass of heterogeneous and irrelevant matter pressed forcibly and unseasonably upon us. With the veteran who has bit off the ends of fifty thousand cartridges, or so, there is good companionship, — always something to be had for asking, and something in reserve.

The sound of a post-bugle rang in the distance. A rider on a richly caparisoned steed pulled up in front of the château. A bustling was heard in front of the guard-room; the men were suddenly called out; two officers sprung forward to their place; a carriage at nearly the same instant drove up to the door; the soldiers presented arms; two attendants flew to the steps of the carriage, from which there alighted a light and elegant figure, with an expression of grace, dignity, and intelligence, which, more than the royal retinue by which she was accompanied, announced the Princess Royal of Bavaria.*

* Now Queen — daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, and never named in Germany without a tribute of praise.

The pomp of state, the blazonry of arms, and the glittering throng of attendants, may dazzle the eye, and flatter a weak imagination, but it is only to the qualities of the heart, to the accomplishments of mind, that the *heart* renders a willing homage. It is the presence of the divinity that imparts beauty and sanctity to the shrine, and where its living presence is demonstrated by so many external symptoms, there will ever be a heart to render homage, and a pen to record its praise.

* * *

"What," said I, as the yager returned, "*another* disappointment?"

"Eccelenz," replied he, "the convent will not be open to strangers till Thursday next."

"Thursday next!" I exclaimed; "I shall be at the baths of Liebenstein by Thursday next.... Is there no possibility of obtaining an *express* order under these circumstances?"

"I fear not," — answered my guide; "but," he resumed, "we may fall upon some expedient —"

"Expedient!" I interrupted; "what expedient?"

The yager looked cautiously around him: — "There are three ways of entering a fortress," whispered he, — "by capitulation, by storm, and by stratagem."

"I cannot," said I, "as a gentleman, resort to any stratagem that would compromise the profound respect I entertain for all similar institutions..... I should be delighted to obtain an order, but —"

"Eccelenz," interrupted the yager, "I am an old soldier, little given to speech, but ready to act with promptness and fidelity where my services are required..... You wish to see the convent?" — "Yes." — "And you cannot wait till next Thursday?" — "No." — "The regular line of march, then, is interrupted." — "It is, and I am sorry for it."

"And I am glad of it."

"How?" — "You shall hear. By the '*order*' you would only have seen 'die Nonnen' through the grating —"

"And perhaps the safer way too."

"But by the *stratagem*, you will see them at vespers, hear them sing, and look at their eyes till your own are dazzled."

"Oh, as for that, there would be but small risk: and yet a battery of bright eyes — you say right — is a thing to be — avoided."

"To be carried!" added the yager in amendment.

"You are a soldier," said I; "'*courage*' is your watchword, '*caution*' is mine."

"To-night, too, there will be a service at midnight. That is the time to see every thing to advantage. If you will, therefore, trust an ancient maréchal-de-camp —"

"Maréchal-de-camp!" I expressed my surprise at the title. "Did you say —"

"I said, if you will leave the affair to me, you shall not be disappointed."

"But," I argued, "without an 'order' the attempt looks like sacrilege; besides —"

"You have more hesitation in such matters than some of your countrymen. You would and you would not —"

"I would not, I confess, attempt any enterprize that might —"

"In a word, then," concluded the yager, "the only danger you will be exposed to will be the influence of *stars*; and, I must add, there have been recently added to the constellation two of incomparable brilliancy."

"I had heard something whispered at Frankfort," I said, "but nothing that led me to apprehend danger in this quarter."

"There is a young *Capitän* of your country

who could tell you otherwise," added the yager, with a significant glance; "and there is *one*, now within these walls, who could avenge the whole sex upon your apathy. Have you never heard of the Fraulein von Himmelstadt?" — "Fraulein von Himmelstadt!" I exclaimed. — The name instantly recalled the scene I had witnessed at Cologne: — "Certainly it is a name I have heard; but —"

"I thought so," replied the yager; "few, indeed, that have not heard of her, and none that have heard of, but would wish to *see* her."

"Pray," said I, "how happens it that the Fraulein von Himmelstadt has taken up her residence within these walls?"

"There is more of *love* than religion in the cause," answered my informant. "She arrived here last Tuesday under an escort of two maiden aunts. It is whispered she was on the point of eloping with a *foreigner*, but was, happily, frustrated by the vigilance of her keepers, and is now expected to do penance here for some time in consequence."

"And the aunts?"

"They have an apartment in the convent, and, it is said, mount guard in person every night, relieving each other at short intervals."

"But why all this vigilance? is any thing further apprehended?"

"Yes, now that they have removed her from *substantial* danger, they begin to torment themselves with shadows. They suspect even the sex of the pious sisters, — pretend that they hear feet, and see faces at the sky-lights. It was but last night that one of these heroines laid violent hands upon Father Joseph as he left the altar in the dark; and had he not called for help —"

"She took him for some adventurous knight, no doubt; one with an eye to the hidden treasure. They have set themselves a critical task. I know of no service that demands so much vigilance and precaution as that of watching a young beauty."

"And particularly," added the yager, "when the young beauty is indifferent to the success of that service. Walls are of small avail where the operations from without are seconded by disaffection within."

"You mean to say that the resolute measures adopted by the aunts do not meet with a lively co-operation on the part of the niece? Nothing, indeed, is more common than to repay such services with ingratitude!"

"In good sooth," said the yager, "I imagine that a cell, a few additional locks, bolts, and grating,

witha couple of *sphinxes* as sentinels, are not the most likely means to elicit feelings of gratitude in a young lady's mind."

"Certainly they are not the most likely; and still, strong though they be, there are instances on record where such measures have been completely defeated by the ingenuity of ardent minds, showing that love, amid all the obstruction thrown in its way, will often — no one knows how — obtain possession of the master-key..... But is it suspected that the lover is aware of the circumstance?"

The yager answered with a shrug evasive, — "No person *in* the convent *thinks* he is."

"Yes; but does any one *out* of the convent *know* he is?"

"Why," answered the yager, "there ought to be more information within the convent than out of it — this is always to be admitted — else why should people be sent there to cure them of ignorance; and if so —"

"True; the conclusion to be drawn is distinct. I by no means press the point. I am willing to give you credit for much more knowledge than you *profess*. I admire discretion — particularly where there is a convent. As you assure me, too, that there is no chance of an express '*order*,'

I shall do my best to overcome my scruples, and commend myself to your delicate execution of the plan proposed."

"Never fear." — He took a small metal figure from his breast like some ancestral saint or household god; but in which a second glance enabled me to recognise a *well-known* military attitude. "I would sooner — " he added, with energy, "sooner lose the reputation of a brave soldier — the glorious recollections elicited by a glance at this my tutelary genius, than betray the confidence reposed in me!" He replaced the figure in his breast.

"'Tis more than enough," I said; "and now that your genius has been invoked for the occasion, I feel quite confident of success. Your little idol, however, would not now, I fear, pass muster in the convent."

"True, .... there is not much of the saint; — there was a time, nevertheless, when a soldier would have been as welcome; — but saint or soldier, there is not a name in the calendar to which so much genuine devotion has been offered, — none at whose shrine so many great men have done homage, — none to whom so many fair priestesses offered incense, — none to whom genius in misfortune, a brave man in

neglect, could apply with such hopes of speedy relief, — none under whose auspices the soldier felt his courage more assured, or his merits more certain of notice. — Yes, you were right, it *is* an idol, and will be the soldier's idol when many prouder divinities have dropped from their niche." ....

The yager made an effort to proceed; but his voice was choked by the recollections and feelings which tumultuously seemed to demand utterance at the same moment. He was silent; .... the expression of his countenance had undergone a remarkable change. Every individual hair of his moustache seemed animated; his eye-brows lowered and knit themselves into half-a-dozen deeply indented furrows; his hands and teeth were clenched; a trembling seized his muscles; and as I looked upon his fine masculine features, they recalled to my mind the mingled expression of mental and bodily agony of the Laocoon.

"'Tis the *lead!*" he exclaimed with a struggle, "Russian *lead*," and stooping at the same time, pressed the only hand that remained faithful, to his groin; then making a strong effort to suppress the pain, and resume a forced smile, added calmly, "it is only the *lead!*"

I was not merely surprised, but sensibly touched by this sudden change and paroxysm of bodily

suffering, which all his mustered energy could neither subdue nor disguise. My eager enquiries into the cause, were only answered by a repetition of the same words, — "The lead; the lead!*" The cold perspiration gathered in thick drops upon forehead, and his lips were compressed with a convulsive effort, — struggling powerfully against the confession of pain..... The cause soon became manifest; — it was indeed lead, and lead that he may probably carry with him to the grave. What could be done? "Vita brevis — ars longa;" — something at least to alleviate intolerable pain, of which the least motion brought on a fresh accession. This was distressing. No person was in sight, neither to fetch a remedy nor to support the sufferer, who might die if left even for a few minutes. There was no time to deliberate. I placed him with as much tenderness as I could against an abutment of the rampart, and, encouraging him to bear up courageously for a little, I left him, and in less than ten minutes returned with what I conceived would prove useful. He was half doubled with the pain; but at my request drank, unhesitatingly, what I had hastily prepared from the travelling chest. I watched with anxiety for the effect. We had now assistance at hand, and I proposed to remove him; but he dreaded to change his po-

* A musket bullet, deeply lodged in the body.

sition; — experience forbade, and we forbore in anxious anticipation of the result. At length he removed his hand from his side, and raised himself erect. His features were relaxed, his eye brightened; and wiping with his faded lapelle the stagnant drops which pain had extorted from his forehead, he expressed himself in a look which would have made a bankrupt of common speech, and in which I felt myself greatly overpaid. He was now able to walk. We would have taken him to the inn, but he declined. I saw him, therefore, into his own very humble cabin, and have left him for a little at rest, without any violent return of pain, upon his still more humble bed, — a soldier's — almost a Spartan — couch. . . . .

Half-past eleven. — Upon learning the history of the yager in detail, I feel inspired, and have been endeavouring to inspire him also, with hope. To-morrow, by the time we have passed Rosbrun, Mr. ——— of Hanau will have seen him, and being an experienced and skilful surgeon, he may possibly succeed in removing the bullet. I shall leave a letter, with a mechanical suggestion or two. I have not mentioned the circumstance to His Royal Highness, judging from a previous incident that if I did, it would in all probability delay the departure for an hour or two, which would

derange the journey. I have often witnessed the deep sympathy manifested by the royal Duke in cases equally humble, and less interesting than this of the poor yager. I shall see him again at half-past five in the morning. But, alas! in this case I feel the force of Boerhaave's confession, — "Nullum ego cognosco remedium nisi quod tempestivo usu fiat tale."

July 4th. Six, morning. — To my question of "How have you slept?" — "Better," — he answered very significantly, "better than I have often done in *bivouac*, and better than I ever did under the enemy's fire — but," he added, "I took the draught at four, and have since been free from pain." There are, as every one knows, moments in disease when the most skilful physician knows not whether to hope or to fear, and it is with this incertitude I have left the bedside of my heroic patient. In his present symptoms there is much to hope, and much to destroy that hope; but in his speech, or the mental expression on his features, there is neither. His, indeed, appears a hard fate, and a hard pillow, after so many hard campaigns. But if ever I have witnessed an example of pure philosophy, here is an instance that has a peculiar claim upon my admiration and remembrance. When I fret at trifles, and become impatient under the

affliction of trivial and temporary pain, let me remember the yager; and if I cannot imitate him in fortitude, let it be my endeavour at least to imitate him in silence.

* * *

Baÿerischenhof, 4th. Ten P. M. — Though now familiar with the Spessart Forest, I think I was more struck than ever with its wild waving magnificence as we threaded its mazes to-day. The venerable oaks of which it is chiefly composed appeared more venerable than ever; while their descendants and sucessors appeared to have gained amazingly in height and girth since we passed in the opposite direction only six weeks ago. How am I to account for this? Was it the result of that comparison which the mind insensibly drew between the dwarf forests where we have latterly resided, and the immemorial woods of the Spessart? — or did it arise from the deepened shade of the trees, — a peculiar state of the atmosphere, — or the particular hour of the day? But to whatever cause the effect is to be ascribed, it was strikingly original; particularly from the occasional open eminences, where an undulating and interminable forest, reflecting every cloud upon its ocean of leaves, afforded a scene, and source of reflection, which equally engaged the eye and the imagination.

The sound of the forest horn struck frequently upon our ears, and, like that of the swineherd who strolled lazily by the road-side, seemed in fine harmony with the immense solitude through which we moved. Of some of these primordial oaks, in point of shade and dimensions, I had formed no adequate notion. Many of them are hollowed into caverns, offering gratuitous shelter to the belated traveller; or, accommodation to a detachment of Schiller's robbers.

* * *

Thursday, 7th. — Those qualities which are so necessary to render conversation pleasant and instructive, His Royal Highness possesses in an eminent degree. He excels in historical recollections, not only of England but of Europe, and its various governments. He is intimately acquainted with the political events which have been, or continue to be, agitated in the different cabinets. This, perhaps, is nothing more than might be expected; but the intimate knowledge of persons, circumstances, and situations, which he evinces on all occasions, is at least extraordinary.

In Germany, where the subject is frequently suggested by the ground over which we pass, the march and campaigns of Marlborough are a natural and favourite topic of military discussion.

These His Royal Highness often introduces, and dilates upon with the minuteness of a historian and the proud feelings of a patriot.

It has been repeatedly observed to me as a thing remarkable both in subject-matter and in degree, that a prince of the blood should have accumulated such a mass of historical information.

In expressing himself he has a free and easy command of the vigorous and genuine pith of the English language. I have not hitherto observed his making use of a foreign expression to convey an English idea — a practice which is every day becoming less fashionable.

* * *

ALTENSTEIN, 8th. — The most expert and daring *Jehu* I have yet seen in Germany is the present coachman of Her Serene Highness, the reigning duchess. He is one of those numerous *anciens militaires* who are every where met with in high families — from the groom of the stole to the groom in the stables, exercising their respective functions with a military air and precision which recall those past events and political changes which have transformed the late fiery *chasseur* into the peaceful domestic. The clatter of their iron-heeled boots behind the chair at dinner is, to

persons not over partial to bustle and military parade on such occasions, rather startling than otherwise.

The hero of this brief sketch is a man about thirty-six; of rather Herculean mould; a full compliment of *moustache;* an ear to which the thunder is music, and an eye that would not even wink at its flash. He had served near the "Old Guard," in the Corps d'Artillerie, — well knew the power of *cent bouches au feu*, and how to distribute the harnessed train with the speed and precision of an arrow.

I was standing in front of the château this morning, as he drew up his four beautiful blood-horses at the door, harnessed to a handsome Cassel-built calèche. A servant announced orders for him to proceed to Liebenstein with the equipage, and there wait for Her Serene Highness. While this short message was delivering, his steeds evinced great spirit and impatience. The moment it was finished, he brandished his whip, gave the word "Jetzt — fort!" slackened the rein of his leaders, and away he flew down the steep and circuitous descent which leads to the Baths. From the dangerous elbow that closed the first stage of the road, and the reckless rapidity with which he rushed upon it, I felt unpleasant appre-

hensions for the result. An English servant, who was ascending at the instant, and had seen much good driving in his time, was equally alarmed, and exclaimed, with all his might, to halt, drag, &c. But to all this Jehu only answered by a crack of the whip, — a shake of the head, — *Gott bewar!* — turned the angle at a gallop, and looked back to laugh at the fears of his pursuers.

11th. — To Mr. Swaine, an English gentleman residing upon his property in this district, we have been indebted for the use of a valuable library, comprising most of the recent publications of note in London. Mr. Swaine is the only Englishman I have met with as an established resident in Upper Saxony. He has made extensive purchases in land, and is improving it to great advantage.

* * *

Beer is the universal beverage in this country. It is drank at all hours and by all classes. Smoking being practised to a similar extent, some diluent was indispensable, and thus beer and tobacco entered into friendly association.

Here every man is, or has been, a soldier. The profession of arms includes every class of the community. The only road to preferment in the state runs through the provinces of war, and is proportionally crowded by aspiring delegates.

The passion for military glory is carried to an extreme. It admits of no rival, or if it meets, extinguishes it. During the active campaign, such a passion is a first-rate merit to the individual, and a subject for admiration and example to others. But in the time of peace, in retirement, such a passion accommodates itself with difficulty to existing circumstances. The gallant soldier is often a discontented citizen. His proud recollections of the pomp and circumstance of war destroy all relish for the arts of peace. Instead of enjoying life he only endures existence, and endures only in the hope of another war. If his military rank or family consideration can procure him a post at court, he is still happy. *There* the mimic ensigns still meet his eye, — his reminiscences are refreshed, — his passion flattered by the importance attached to its object. Thus a predilection for arms, and a prejudice against commerce or agriculture, grow up together, and strengthen with their growth. He feels that he is a soldier, — only a soldier. He hears that to be a soldier is to be every thing becoming a man, with an immeasurable distance between the sword and the ploughshare.

Those of the petty officers who cannot aspire to a court residence, yet inheriting all the pride

of ancestry, — feeling all the importance attached to the former, are objects of commiseration, and the more so as that feeling is awarded them.

An invitation to a state dinner is to them an event, — a *feuille d'histoire*, — but with a very hurtful tendency. By an ideal patron, who will neither dispense with their absence nor profitably require their presence, the stimulus of expectation is ever kept painfully alive. The effort to subdue the suggestions of a proud spirit to a conformity with circumstances is interrupted. Maxims of economy are again infringed upon; — purposes of reform and retrenchment disregarded or destroyed. Then comes the Jew with his cent. per cent.!

To be at court is the paramount object with all. They feel no life without it, indulge no wish beyond it, and to be, yet not to be, there, is a state that implies much present misery and augurs more. The more that hope is fostered the more disappointments are felt. The mind, once enervated by long cherished images of ideal prosperity, falls an easy prey to the sudden shocks of adversity; — the bark that floats safely on the tranquil sea will founder in the winter storm.

"I ask for *hopes* or *no* hopes," said a veteran to me, "yet I can obtain neither! Like the Moslem

prophet, I feel suspended between heaven and earth, hope attracting me towards the one, and apprehension towards the other. Yesterday my appointment was fixed for to-day. To-day I am informed that *matters of importance are under consideration, — that I had better call again.* Thus, for the last five years, there has always been some demurrer, — some political procrastination, — interests that have clashed with my half-fledged hopes of comfort. I have been appointed, reappointed, and disappointed. I have been flattered with the confidence, complimented for my services, compassionated for my misfortunes, and for my claims I have had the free and full exercise of my philosophy. I have felt all the nauseating doses of hope deferred; of anxiety protracted; of memorials repeated, acknowledged, represented, forgotten! . . . Should you halt at the baths of Boklet, you will find me under the usual tree, with a soldier's comforts, — a segar and a glass of *bier*— all that long service has yet secured. I have sown the harvest of wheat — but others have reaped it and left me the tares. But, should you find me with less *hope*, you will find me nevertheless, with more resolution. The hopes I had earned I must earn again. That independence

so justly due, but so hopelessly deferred, I may yet secure by a different route. . . .

"I'll tell you — I like the forests — I always liked them, and the Black Forest more than any other. I was born there. It is well stocked with game. I am a tolerable shot, and have no dislike to venison. There earth is not measured by the acre. There every haunted hollow shall be my home! my canopy a *camp-volant;* my fastness some caverned oak; my household servants a leash of trusty hounds; my drink the wild grape; my bread the ripe chestnuts; the soft moss, — too soft for a soldier, — to dream upon; the antlered herd for my *commissariat;* my own good pleasure for commander-in-chief — and for my *companions.*" . . . The veteran paused; — smoked vehemently. "There's the rub! I fear she will not enter into the picture, and how many delectable dreams has woman made or marred! . . . We were to have been married long ago. . . . Nothing stood in the way but her father. — 'He did not approve,' he said, 'of my suing his daughter till I had succeeded in my suit at court.' I have told him of my success there! So long as there was hope of my rising at the table, I rose with the father. The thriving courtier was a thriving wooer. The baron was

never named in my hearing till last night, and it was ominous!

"Pauline, heaven bless her! never estimates a true lover by his drapery; but smiles the more, the more that fortune frowns upon him.

"What could I not do, suffer, or undertake for such an angel! Watching, waiting, hoping, fearing — want itself were welcome, so that she were kept from weeping. This morning, when we met, she turned away her eyes — she would not look me in the face. — For a moment I was deeply hurt by the change. Alas! those eyes were red with weeping! — she but sought to spare me one additional pang — the confession of her secret sorrow.

"Who, I say, would not glory to be the slave of such a *Valeda!*.... No; I will not bury my hopes and heart in the Black Forest. I will do more — more than I ever thought I could do — more than any but a lover *can* do! I will linger on one twelvemonth more at court. — *The sky may yet rain pearls.*"....

This occurred six weeks ago. No favour at court followed. But heaven and an unexpected legacy have this week made my friend and his adored Pauline happy and independent for life. The post bugles announce their departure for

Bavaria; and to-night the neglected courtier is the Count of Lilienthal.

* * *

KÜNZELSAU, Wednesday night.— On the heights of Mergentheim there is an isolated linden-tree by the road-side — one of the forest out-posts, inviting the traveller to admire its stately growth, and, if he please, refresh himself under its shade. The morning was very hot, and the ascent from Mergentheim laborious. Halting at this point, to allow *schwager* time to repair his harness of ropes and light a fresh pipe, His Royal Highness was so much struck with the landscape that here opened upon us, that he alighted, had the luncheon spread upon the soft moss under the tree, and enjoyed at once a kingly repast and a kingly prospect. The former consisted of cold fowl, *gibier piqué au lard*, a bottle of Volnay, bread, and barley-water; the latter comprised towns, terraced hills, forests, flocks, vineyards, and their villages. At this elevated point, and after driving through the sultry and confined valley of Bischoffsheim, the air was peculiarly balmy, invigorating, and, so to speak, spiritual. His Royal Highness, during the journey, has repeatedly mentioned the agreeable surprise this halt at noon afforded him. The tree may one

day, perhaps, obtain the flattering designation of *Der Königs Baum.* *

In these different tours I have met with various traits of honesty and conscientious feeling, which must ever redound to the honour of the German character; the more so when occurring in that class which is termed the uneducated, and among whom a mercenary spirit is said more generally to predominate.

On a late occasion a dinner was given by His Royal Highness at the Bäyerischenhof Hotel, Wurtzburg. When the account was presented to me the following morning with the *quittung*, I was surprised by the landlord's presenting me with a rouleau of half-thaler pieces, neatly done up and sealed. I enquired the meaning of this. "Three months ago," he replied, "when His Excellency the Graf v. Munster† did me the honour to occupy these apartments, on his way to Meiningen, you paid me the sum of — florins. When you were gone, I calculated the bill over again, and, greatly to my surprise and regret, I discovered an overcharge of seventeen florins, which I immediately deducted, sealed

* The King's Tree.

† Earl of Munster; — the title under which the Royal Duke travelled in Germany.

up, and have now the happiness and satisfaction to return. I beg to assure you, at the same time, that it would have been forwarded long since, had you not informed me that His Excellency would sleep here on his way to Louisburg."

DEINACH, Black Forest, 15th July, 1825. — Arrived here last night. The country indescribably beautiful. His Royal Highness has enjoyed every hour of the journey. Notwithstanding his having travelled fourteen hours each day, I never saw him in better health or in higher spirits.

The Queen has condescended to express, in very gracious terms, the pleasure she felt in seeing me a second time.

The royal establishment remains as it was on the former visit to Louisburg. There are six ladies of honour, accomplished and amiable women; about the same number of gentlemen; the Comte de Göerlitz, Baron de Gemingen, Baron de Wechmar, General de Buneau, the physician, treasurer, &c.

* * *

Deinach is a most singular place, and in every respect unlike any thing that we have yet seen. But in the Black Forest — so little of which is known or frequented — strange places were expected. In many points it resembles the baths of

Lucca, in the Apennines, and loses nothing by the comparison — not even in the sky, which to-day is quite trans-alpine.

Of the waters I can as yet say nothing. At table last night I was informed that they are pre-eminent for a peculiar property of softening and beautifying the skin, — a sort of natural *kalydor*!

17th. — Nothing can exceed the attentions received from every member of the household — too delicate to appear obtrusive — a circumstance which greatly enhances their value. The Queen's physician is dead since the former visit; Dr. Ulmer has succeeded him. He is young; has his wife here, and a remarkably fine little boy, much noticed by His Royal Highness, who is very partial to children. Colonel and Mrs. F. are expected at Stutgardt by the 1st of August on their return from Switzerland. They are on their way to Schaffhausen.

To-day great numbers of peasantry from the neighbouring communes have arrived to spend a gay afternoon. The costume is very like that worn at Berne.

* * *

The verdure of the valleys, which here intersect the forest, is the most rich and velvet-like I ever saw. Each of these valleys has its mountain

brook, by which it is traversed in a thousand fantastic meanders.

We are here so completely overtopped by the pine forest, that the sun takes leave at five o'clock; and if we would lengthen our *days*, we must follow him to the mountains. The long delightful twilight that succeeds is a very agreeable substitute for the broad day; and to this circumstance Deinach owes much of its peculiar attraction during the sultry months. There is always a fresh current of air, with abundance and depth of shade at hand.

* * *

HERCYNIA. — This immense forest has been partially cut down in many places, and tracts of rich arable, towns and principalities have replaced it. The extensive portions of it which remain, are divided into the distinctive appellations of *Harzwald*, *Böhmerwald*, *Thuringenwald*, and the *Schwarzwald*, or Black Forest, where I now write.

In this highly romantic and beautiful recess, the Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg has for many years fixed her summer residence. From many local circumstances, and the benefit she has so often derived from the periodical use of its waters,

Her Majesty is particularly attached to this solitude.

In addition to the royal château and extensive offices, the village contains abundant accommodation for the numerous strangers and invalids who annually resort to the salubrious water and grateful shade of Deinach.

It is here that, laying aside the artificial state and more external forms of royalty, Her Majesty enters into the simple pastimes and tranquil occupations of private life, and where every member of her court enjoys the like immunities.

The presence of such a personage is of infinite importance to the prosperity of the place. The announcement of her visit is the signal of happy rendezvous to the towns and communes with which this portion of the forest abounds. Each, taking its holiday in succession, sends forth its wealthier portion of inhabitants to enjoy their week's pastime in the presence of the Queen. These again are replaced by others, so that the baths of Deinach present a constant succession of visitors.

At stated times, also, the inferior peasantry are invited to the celebration of games and other pastimes peculiar to this district of the ancient Hercynia, which gives a new character to the place and

people. Music and dancing are heard at all hours. In addition to Her Majesty's band, which plays a series of national airs during dinner and supper, there is always one or more itinerant Bohemian bands, which fill up every pause, making music the special business of life.

The village occupies the centre of what may be called a tri-corn valley, and from which the wooded acclivities at certain points rise almost perpendicularly.* From this circumstance, and the depth of the valley, the day is materially curtailed of its summer proportions, and, as already observed, a long delightful twilight for morning and evening recreation ensues.

On the north side, and built on a lofty ridge of rocks, the ancient *bourg* presents an imposing mass of ruins. Like every other place of similar date and origin, it has been strongly fortified, and, according to tradition, has stood the test of many a siege. The ruins well repay a visit. From the tower the admirer of forest scenery may obtain an extensive view over the richly variegated country of the Black Forest.

The family to which this baronial fastness and territory descended through a long line of bellicose ancestry is now extinct. One of them, a count

* See the engraving of Deinach.

of *Sablestein* was, I am informed, ambassador to the court of England in the reign of Elizabeth, but failed in securing for his sovereign the smiles of the maiden Queen. Why she did not accept, — or why the Count of Sablestein did not more energetically press upon her Majesty, — the object of his special mission, are interesting state secrets. But reflecting that want of discernment and caprice have marred the happiness of thousands in love affairs, — even that of an English queen, — we can only, on reverting to the fact, exclaim with regret, — "*'Twas pity!*"

* * *

The hours and domestic arrangements of Her Majesty's household are managed with primitive simplicity; — every thing worthy of imitation she recommends by personal example.

At the head of these is the practice of early rising, which is universal with the court, as it is with all classes of the community.

The Queen is every morning visible at six o'clock, nor does the vigour of her mind allow even bodily indisposition to interfere with the extreme regularity of her habits, unless under circumstances of urgent necessity.

The economy of *time*, and the nicely adjusted proportions in which it is distributed to the various

and important duties of the day, attest the wise and judicious employment of a *matériel* which no art can accumulate, which the next moment may forfeit, and in the wise appropriation of which consists the true philosophy of life.

Between six and seven o'clock at latest, breakfast is served to each member of the household in his respective chamber, after the French fashion. It consists of coffee, warm milk, and fresh rolls, and is left on the toilet-table for the solitary repast of the inmate or guest.

The social breakfast of England is unknown in this country, unless where occasionally introduced. The Queen and her ladies all follow the national custom of breakfasting thus early, and alone.

From this hour till dinner is allotted as the season for business or study. The ladies enjoy the comfort of dishabille, knitting, and needlework; the gentlemen that of their dressing-gown, a novel, and a sofa. Unless on extraordinary occasions, it is rare that either quit their apartment much before the hour of dinner. This, however, does not preclude friendly and familiar visits. The ladies are not afraid of being surprised in the disguise of a morning dress, or with their temples clustered with *papillots*. They do not comprehend how a visit under such circumstances

should frighten them from their strict propriety, or make them blush to appear, — as the finest forms of ancient Greece appeared, — undistorted by modern *corsets* — the dictates of a barbarous fashion, — which, originally intended as a corrective for spinal obliquity, became a fruitful cause of it; — that is, till the recent and immortal *Calisthenics* were introduced!

Dinner. — At one o'clock the band takes its station under the windows of the drawing-room. The company assemble from their several apartments; the usual compliments are exchanged; and conversation, for which the weather here, as every where else, is a fertile resource, is kept up till the Queen is announced by the opening of the folding doors of the royal *entrée.*

The gentlemen now file off to the left, and the ladies to the right, forming a crescent, in the middle of which Her Majesty, led by her royal Brother, pauses to receive the homage of her household, and the presentation of such guests as rank or circumstances may have brought to her table. In these cases, the goodness of her heart, her courtly, and prepossessing manner, never fail to put the stranger at his ease, and to show how little native dignity requires the specious

accessaries of pomp and "circumstance" to give it effect.

After addressing obliging enquiries, as is her custom, to every individual in the circle, the doors of the banquet room are thrown open — Her Majesty, leaning on the arm of His Royal Highness, enters and takes her seat near the centre of the table, with the Duke on her right, and the guest of the day occupying the chair on her left. The company immediately follow by two and two, the chamberlain, offering his arm to the lady who has the right of precedence; and the others — following according to their birth or station in the household — take their places round the table, of oval form and liberal dimensions. In the centre is a plateau richly ornamented, and exhibiting in tasteful distribution bouquets of fruits and flowers, some natural, others artificial. Vases of precious metal and baskets of filigree work, each with an appropriate complement of flowers or fruit, are stationed at regular intervals along the centre of the table, producing a very pleasing effect, and diverting the eye during the intervals of the successive courses.

Before each guest are placed two square pieces of bread, black and white: — the former is that of general preference. Three small crystal flasks,

holding something less than a pint, are arranged in front of each plate, one containing white Rhenish or Neckar wine, the other Claret or Burgundy, and the third excellent spring water. Thus accommodated, every one drinks according to his liking, and quaffs the pure juice, or reduces it by dilution to the standard of his taste and habit. This is very agreeable; it prevents much unnecessary, and much unmeaning compliment. Conversation suffers no interruption from the Gothic custom of giving and accepting pledges; of being compelled, or of compelling others, to drop the knife and fork at a signal, and to drink, *malgrè soi.*

The same attention to general convenience is observed in serving the dinner. All the carving of joints and cutting up of poultry is perpetrated agreeably to Horace's maxim, not before the eyes of the company, *non oculis subjecta,* but behind the scenes, or at the sideboard, and thence distributed at table *secundum regulam.* At the sideboard stands the maître d'hôtel in his state uniform, and keeping a vigilant eye on the performance. On his right and left two silver censers are constantly burning, serving the double purpose of diffusing an agreeable incense over the apartment, and of restoring to their legitimate temperature such

dishes as have lost a degree or two by a careless or premature importation from the kitchen.

Behind Her Majesty's chair stand two pages in blue and silver. Behind every other at table, a servant in livery, consisting of orange faced with black, and terminating inferiorly in a pair of high-heeled, powerful Hessian boots. The latter peculiarity, it is probable, originates in the precautionary habits of feudal times, when the retainers who assisted at the *feast* might be summoned the next moment to mount and take part in the *fight*. At first sight such equipment appears rather uncouth. In a country where carpets are never laid down in the eating apartments, the clattering of a score of iron heels is attended with some noise in their various evolutions on the *parquet*. The ear, however, soon accommodates itself to the case; and long custom renders it rather *agreeable* than otherwise. The Germans are totally a military people; every conversation turns upon warlike reminiscences; and to put one of these fine fellows of six feet *

* It does not appear that the Germans, of this district at least, have degenerated very greatly in size since the days of *Sidonius Apollinaris*, who says, that, being in Germany, and finding the men so very tall, he could not address verses of *six feet* to patrons who were *seven feet* high:—

Spernit *senipedam* stylum Thalia,
Ex quo *septipedes* vidit patronas.

into shoes and socks would be like dismounting a life-guardsman. The degradation would be felt by either party; but the German would experience in the transformation rather a sense of emasculation than of practical reprimand.

During the repast, several of the more choice and costly wines of France or Spain are handed round in glasses, repeated at short intervals, and generally in fresh variety. Dishes of elaborate study, and alluring in scent and aspect, are in constant progress round the circle, sufficient to tempt an epicure beyond his strength, and to pamper the most fastidious appetite.

Her Majesty, opposite to whom I have the honour of a place, dines sparingly, and limits her diet almost exclusively to vegetable and farinaceous dishes, accompanied with a glass of Malaga during dinner. She observed to me jocularly today after dinner, "The ladies will never admit in England that they can possibly have gout; there is something in the name so offensive to their delicacy; but I assure you I make no secret of the matter, and suffer from gout exceedingly at times."

At the conclusion of dinner, which seldom occupies a full hour, Her Majesty rises from table, and, retiring to the drawing-room in the

same manner she entered, is followed by the company as before. Here she converses affably with her guests during the time that coffee and liqueurs are handed round the circle, first partaking of the former herself, and then recommending the beverage to others. This being the winding up of the entertainment. Her Majesty retires to her private apartments, or enters her carriage — which is always in waiting at this hour, if the weather be favourable — and, accompanied by His Royal Highness, takes a drive of some hours through the romantic passes of the forest. The company then separate; some retiring to the quiet indulgence of an *après dinęr*, others to take a stroll through some of the picturesque and shadowy windings of the forest, — to mix with the company at the baths, — to join a donkey party to the ruins of *Sablestein*, — and all to do as they please.

At five o'clock tea is announced, and, as often as the weather will permit, served in the open air. This is a delightful variety, and possesses all the attractions of a little *fête champêtre*. The three favourite spots to which Her Majesty resorts on these occasions, are *Wilhelmshöhe*, a beautiful Doric temple, on a commanding eminence at the verge of the forest, overhung by a steep, lofty

ridge of pines, and combining, in one view, every striking or interesting feature of the landscape.

The second is the *Tower of Sablestein*, already alluded to, which takes in a much greater extent of country, and presents a most interesting bird's eye view of the forest, the village, and baths, — the clear rapid stream by which they are intersected, — the rich green stripe of meadow through which it meanders, — the gardens and shrubberies, and, crowning all, the deep forest-curtain which nature, in wild luxuriance, has drawn around this peaceful retreat.

The third is the *Rose-garten*, and properly so called, from the luxuriance and variety with which the rose is here made to answer the purposes of rural embellishment.

At these parties the band is always in attendance, and the conductor, an intelligent man and scientific musician, never fails, by the judicious selection of his pieces, to captivate the minds as well as the ears of the company.

At one of these little fêtes last night the Prince of *Hohenzollern* was a party. His Highness, who had taken an active part in the recent war, and distinguished himself on various occasions in Spain and Portugal, still suffered from the effects

of his wounds, and is now under the direction of his physicians, trying the effect of the baths.

Much interesting conversation passed between His Royal Highness and the Prince. The latter having occasion to allude to his own personal mishap, observed with perfect nonchalance: — "*C'est seulement une balle égarée qui m'a traversé l'épaule!* And on contrasting the present with the past state of affairs, added, — "*Mais . . . que j'étais bien aise de revoir ma chère Souabe!*" a compliment which Swabia may with great justice return to the Prince, — no man can take a warmer interest in her prosperity.

On leaving the open air, the Queen retires to her apartments, and the company to the drawing-room, where music, conversation, and the *novels of Sir Walter Scott**, afford delightful occupation till the hour of supper. In these parts, however, even ladies of delicate health are not deterred from walking abroad and enjoying the freshness and beauty of evening scenes, by the dread of pestilential vapours or chilling dews. From the

* Among the numberless objects, natural and artificial, which are designated in every part of the world by this illustrious name in literature, Sir Walter is, probably, not aware that there is a new cut of road, not far from Louisburg, which, in 1822, was pointed out to me by Count de G—— as *Le Chemin de Walter Scott!*

latter, their geographical position affords a very agreeable immunity. The clouds of vapour which, at sunset, exhale from the dense vegetable kingdom, and float on the wide ocean of pines, offer to the contemplative and the scientific observer an endless succession of interesting and impressive phenomena.

Here the maxim of "early to bed and early to rise" is strictly observed and practised. The supper-table is deserted by ten o'clock at latest, and the household, unless on extraordinary occasions, distributed through their several apartments.

Wednesday, July, 20th. — Her Majesty has to-night given orders for an excursion to Wildbad to-morrow, about sixteen miles. Servants have been despatched to make arrangements for Her Majesty's and His Royal Highness's reception, and all is bustle and anticipation. The court seem delighted with the treat preparing, and assure me that the baths of Wildbad are, in scenery and situation, very superior to any thing I have yet beheld in the country of Wurtemberg.

Baths of Wildbad, 21st. — In the carriage at four o'clock, in company with Count de G—— and two of the Queen's chamberlains. A beautiful morning. The sun just clearing the eastern

parts of the forest. As we ascend, the distant ramifications of the valleys are charged with a blue watery vapour, and present the striking illusion of majestic rivers winding through islands of forest. The goat-herd is blowing his horn; the goats and geese are hastening to the summons. Every cottage seems to send forth a pair of each. Long and noisy congratulations among the former. The boy discharges at once the office of goose and goat-herd. The peasantry are every where abroad, but principally women, and each with a basket laced to her shoulders. The men appear more frequent as we proceed, but generally seated at the door, and smoking.

The forest becomes more intricate; the view is interrupted; the road often very rugged and precipitous, enclosed with majestic pines, meeting at a hundred feet over head. A long winding avenue, with a vista here and there opening over a vast extent of forest. The rustling or rush of deer heard at short intervals, or seen bounding across the road singly and in troops. A beautiful spring, gushing apparently from the solid rock; the moss above richly enamelled with flowers. Mules and their bells in the distance. A frightful ravine on the left, with a solitary goat peering over its precipice. I observe few birds, but catch their

song at intervals from the valleys. The forest opens on orchards and corn-fields. A village succeeds. An appearance of comfort. The clank of looms at work. A strong odour of tobacco. We cross a river with a handsome bridge. The country opens — populous and highly cultivated. A river on our right. A fine amphitheatre of wooded hills before and beyond. Houses of superior architecture scattered along the banks of the river. *Wildbad* in the distance. Recross the river, and in ten minutes alight at the "*König von Wurtemberg*," the great rendezvous of the place.

Wildbad appears full of company. There is a great stir among the local authorities and inhabitants. Great preparations are making to receive the royal visitors with becoming demonstrations of loyal attachment. This place was a favourite resort of the late king's, and owes many of its improvements and decorations to his taste and munificence. Nature has given it that striking character of scenery and situation which it would be difficult for any suggestion of art to improve. Much, nevertheless, has been done, and much expended in aiding nature in the developement of her forest and mountain features. I have followed the stream for a mile above its entrance into the town. The rocks on either side

rising precipitously and in fantastic shapes, are generally crowned with little wooden temples, of one or more subdivisions, approached by zigzag flights of stairs — here of wood, and there cut out of the natural rock. These command a variety of landscape and each window a different one. They are favourite retreats, during the heat of mid-day, with the ladies, whom I observed as the general occupiers, in small knitting or needle-work parties, and surrounded by their attendant knights. It would be tedious to enumerate all that struck me as singular in the number and style of the embellishments, here crowded upon each other. The Germans are decidedly partial to romantic scenes and subjects. Their imaginations are constantly wandering from the cold path of reality, and peopling their existence with beings and scenes of the imagination, or a fanciful adaptation of art and nature, to some striking passage in history or traditionary pictures of romance. They are highly poetical in their feelings and language; habitually sentimental, and almost always classical in their allusions and inferences. Though rather taciturn in society, the German, when left *alone*, is communicative to every thing around him. Wood, stone, glass, — every thing capable of receiving the impression of his knife, diamond, or pencil, becomes

the depositary of those rare thoughts and sentiments which struggled for utterance.

In illustration of this passion, scarcely an inch of wood or stone was left in any of these grottos or temples unenriched with distichs, extracts, or anagrams, descriptive of the place, some person of the place, or to the inscribers' expressed sorrow, of some distant place! Many of these too — like others of the classics — had suffered egregiously by the ignorance or malicious interpretation of *commentators*. Others again were partially or totally obliterated by the second editions of itinerant poets and philosophers, through which the unfortunate original glimmered in detached fragments shapelessly disguised. — But such is the fate of all scribblers, whether on wood, stone, or paper! Their immortality is at the mercy of each new comer. The fine burst of patriotic feeling, the profound axioms of philosophic research, which should have sanctified the wood from which they spoke, are here tortured into the most unequivocal contrast, or bespattered with the effusions of some insane lover or inspired *bürschen!* Among the great number of names which still courted attention in these Druid-albums, that of "Graf von Lilienzell" was eminently conspicuous, and, it may be added, universal. Doors, windows, seats,

even the floor, all bore record, by a variety of mutilations, to the endearing name of Graf von Lilienzell. But the spoiler had been there; the commentator had sedulously pursued the pathetic *graf* from place to place; and with a pertinacity of evil purpose, and a most happy tact for malicious transformation, had, by diligent addition or subtraction, converted the most sentimental distichs into low comedy or serious burlesque! I could only smile and moralize, "Did the Graf von Lilienzell but witness this, it would break his heart to behold the martyrdom and mutilations which have passed over his finest effusions."

One inscription struck me as a very fair *traduction* from an English poet; — it stood thus: —

Has te strem lät congealet
Bÿ de fring ov ihr villow
Wen je ruschus refealet
In de lyt op is bellows;
Has de bold bursth on j
From de tark klod tat bound
It flask te sule ov tatj tru
De tark lasches round it.
Karl Kopfstück aus London, im yahr, 1824.

I could not but lament, on perusing these somewhat intricate lines, that to many a traveller their beauty would be as a hidden treasure — defying, perhaps, the most daring scrutiny to divulge its

mystery. But it is soothing to reflect that lessons of the first importance to man have often been conveyed in language as oracular — or even more so than that of " Karl Kopfstück aus London."

On returning from my researches in the temples, I observed a delicate *Swedish* glove, attached to a branch of underwood, but whether as a trophy, a signal, or a *challenge*, I know not. Having broken, in my hasty descent, the twig to which it had been carefully attached, and surmising that it might be of the *latter* description, I replaced it with great care, and left the issue to some more adventurous traveller, who might have chivalry enough to take it up.

I next visited the baths, and of these the *Prinzen-Bad* in particular, — a magnificent bath, in space and construction worthy of a Roman senator.

There are at this time several officers, and a number of privates, who had been severely wounded in the late campaigns, taking the benefit of these baths by the authority of government. They assured me that they had almost individually experienced great and continued relief from their use.

I have had this opinion of the water confirmed by the united testimony of several officers of rank,

with whom I subsequently conferred on the subject. The physician who presides at the baths has some extraordinary cases on record; and to these I with great confidence refer the incredulous. The patient who doubts the testimony of a *resident* physician deserves to be a patient for life! It is the physician's peculiar province to discover the virtues of the water, and the one sole duty of the patient to benefit by the discovery.

* * *

At four o'clock the Queen's arrival was announced, and in a few minutes Her Majesty alighted from her favourite calèche, supported by His Royal Highness, and attended by a guard of honour, composed of all the notables of the place. This unexpected visit from the "good Queen" diffused joy and satisfaction over the whole town, which found utterance in a thousand different ways. To witness the truly parental solicitude with which Her Majesty enquired into the circumstances of individuals, — their health, — their family, — their good or ill fortune, — and the sincere interest she took in the welfare of all, — was a scene that did every heart good. The people on their part crowded round Her Majesty with expressions of grateful and loyal attachment. It was a delightful recognition of parental anxiety

and encouragement on one hand, and of filial attachment and obligation on the other.

Such pictures are uncommon; it is, indeed, of rare occurrence that the subject is allowed to express his gratitude, his wrongs, or even his loyal attachment in the royal hearing. Here the meanest peasant may approach the royal person without fear of repulse, and may bring his complaint with a full assurance of being heard. Even at her palace of Louisburg, surrounded by all the show and circumstance of regal condition, Her Majesty is always accessible, — always engaged in suggesting plans for the general welfare, and in providing for the happiness of individuals. As *reigning* Queen she observed the same system of beneficence and affability; — qualities which, on her becoming dowager of the kingdom, were limited, but never checked in their operation. While she reigned it was in the affections of the people, offering an example which has been revived with additional lustre in the present king and his amiable consort.

At five o'clock an entertainment was prepared in the open air, under the shade of a huge chesnut tree which overhangs the brook. In front of this the water, struggling through a rocky channel and falling in foamy sheets from a ledge of

rock, is collected into a tranquil pool or basin, and reposes from the noise and agitation which had marked its course. Around the tree are seats of accommodation for the weary or the contemplative. It was under this shade that the late king uniformly spent some hours every fine day during his visits to the baths; — a circumstance which gave it no ordinary power of association in the Queen's mind — recalling many peaceful hours and awakening many painful as well as pleasing recollections.

Upon arriving at this spot, the Queen, surrounded by nearly the whole population of the place, took her seat on the rustic chair which her late consort had so frequently occupied. On her right sat His Royal Highness and the ladies of her court, and on the left the gentlemen of the household, headed by the venerable lord chamberlain, Count de Göerlitz.

A great many persons were presented, — all apparently delighted with their reception. Several were also presented to His Royal Highness, with whom he entered into conversation, and left an impression of affability, which was afterwards acknowledged with gratifying expressions of admiration.

The peasantry, as usual, were admitted without restraint to Her Majesty's presence, and enjoyed,

with satisfaction, that for which many of them had this morning travelled far, — the privilege of a long look at the "good Queen."

A band of excellent musicians stood at a convenient distance in a circle, and continued to pour forth their loyal and patriotic airs in great beauty and abundance. These were sympathetically responded to by the national dance, which brought numbers of the peasants into active operation along the densely peopled avenue.

* * *

These ceremonies being concluded, and every demonstration of loyal attachment evinced towards the Queen, a great concourse of people accompanied her on her return to the hôtel, where the civil and military authorities took their leave. The multitude, in continued peals, shouted, Long live the good Queen! In a few minutes more, Her Majesty passed the outskirts of the forest on her return to Deinach, accompanied by the prayers of all, and the grateful acknowledgments of some by whom that day's visit was to be treasured as the happiest of their lives.

* * *

In retracing our steps through the forest in the summer twilight, the scenery presented, in many respects, a striking contrast to that of the morning.

The *charring* fires flashed in various directions amid the deep recesses of the pines, and added a new feature to the landscape. Here and there a troop of cattle, led by a veteran of the herd with a bell round his neck, which rung responsive to every step, crossed the road, seeking their stalls by many an intricate path. In forest scenery, evening seems to call forth every animal to the enjoyment of the pursuits, or the pleasures, for which nature intended it. Every thing that moves seems now abroad and in full activity, from the snail that creeps lazily at the edge of the road, to the deer that dart across our path, or pursue each other with the impetuosity of rage or pleasure through the winding labyrinths of the forest.

The glow-worm had kindled her lamp under every tree. I was struck with the profusion. The shrill cry of the night hawk came from the rocks above, while from the ravines and valleys the nightingale entertained us with the old story of love and treason.

From time to time a lurking *yager* was observed watching near a stream or fountain, where the fated deer was expected to take his last evening beverage. At intervals a shot rang through the recesses of the forest, which was answered by the

scream of the hawk or the precipitate bound of a stag across the path.

The Count de Göerlitz entertained us with several interesting anecdotes of the ancient dukes of Franconia — each, in his turn, the Tiberius or the Augustus of his country, but all — and at all times — formidable to its enemies.

Another gentleman of rank, alluding to a certain ducal family — the subject of a very bold publication at this time in private circulation — favoured me with the particulars of the early life, pursuits, and predilections, of one who was described as " un prince morne et silencieux."

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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